

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Maxim

The person who insists upon having everything generally gets nothing.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1932

SOUR GRAPES

Our local contemporary, after reams of editorial criticism of the Canadian Prime Minister for having given the British delegates a raw deal at the Imperial Conference, now discovers that "the Englishman has been just a little too smart for our Canadian statesmen."

Moreover, it finds that the Canadian manufacturer's tariff "has been extended to the British manufacturer as well and he can take advantage of the Canadian tariff at the expense of the Canadian consumer."

Just how the British manufacturer can take advantage of the Canadian tariff except by way of the preferences which it was the object of the Conference to establish, our contemporary does not explain.

Neither does it attempt to reconcile its previous argument, namely, that the preferences to British manufacturers are not as substantial as under the Dunning Budget, with its present contention that they are so substantial the Canadian consumer is going to suffer!

After the partisan spleen it exhibits every time it mentions the Imperial Conference, we are not surprised at our contemporary's expressed conviction that "the Liberals were sure to be on the right ground in voting against any measure brought forward by the Bennett administration."

That, obviously, explains the motive of the Parley knockers and the reason why they are now at odds with public opinion and with such responsible Liberal newspapers as the Toronto Globe.

The favorable reception throughout the Empire of agreements negotiated at a conference at which Premier Bennett presided is a bitter pill for them to swallow.

And they will never forgive the Bennett Government for succeeding where Liberal Governments, the professed apostles of tariff preferences, failed to achieve results.

It is a plain case of sour grapes!

WAR DEBTS OUTLOOK

Now that the presidential election is settled in the United States, the question of war debts, which both parties sidestepped to a large extent in the election campaign, will be prominent.

An exchange notes that President-elect Roosevelt stated in one, at least, of his campaign speeches that he would take with him to Washington his predecessor in Albany, former Governor "Al" Smith.

Mr. Smith has earned a high position in the Roosevelt Cabinet, and it would surprise few to see him Secretary of State, with much to say about foreign policy and especially the war-debts question.

Since he was the first public man in the United States to make constructive suggestion about disposal of these debts, there is reason to believe that he would grapple with this all-important problem as bodily as he spoke about it.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Denunciation by the United Kingdom of that nation's trade agreement with Russia, says the New York Sun, which was announced at the opening of Parliament, indicates the extent to which British foreign policy may be affected by compliance with the agreements reached at the Ottawa Conference last summer.

The Dominions have been insistent on relief in the British market from competition with Soviet exports, and London has promptly fulfilled its bargain on this subject.

We have had the League of Nations only a few years now, and in that short time it has done much. It has bound up some wounds of the last war, cured some ills of the present, and prevented some evils for the future.

It cannot attempt everything at once—to give peace in twelve years to a planet which has been distracted by war for more than double that number of centuries. It can only attempt what a sufficient number of its supporters want it to attempt.

The essential fallacy of French policy is that, in trying to maintain a disparity of strength in its own favor, it is all the time accumulating against itself forces of which its confused reckoning takes no account.

It is unconsciously "re-arming" Germany by the fastest route. The process has gone far enough already.

If it goes the length of refusing to the Reich that equality of military status which is due her today upon any fair reading of the Treaty of Versailles, it may prove the fatal hinge of the next generation's history.

While Germany is in the throes of a domestic political struggle such as the country has not known since the Weimar Constitution was inscribed, it is safe to say that back of the tremendous upheaval which is now going on lies the stress of the economic situation.

Add however bitterly the parties fight for the control of the Reich as a means of implementing their respective programmes, upon outstanding issue they are in substantial agreement.

The following comment from the New York Journal of Commerce expresses what is becoming a very general view.

"In the course of a Canadian parliamentary debate on the Ottawa agreements, spokesmen for ratification emphasized the fact that the market for Canadian farm products in the United States had practically disappeared.

In September Canada sold only \$220,000 of her farm products to this country, as compared with \$4,532,000 in September, 1929, and \$11,888,000 in September, 1920.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

DIAGNOSIS

"When we remember that there are about 1000 diseases and conditions, and that each one is capable of producing, on an average basis, about twenty symptoms; that less than one in a hundred of these diseases has a 'sure' or definitely true sign that can be recognized; that each one has many other diseases similar in nature; that each one must be recognized and distinguished from others, not by a single symptom but by certain combinations or groups of symptoms; that these groupings are never the same in the same disease, whether in the same or different patients; then, and only then, will we awaken to the fact that this part of diagnosis is too complicated for the unaided mind of man."

What is diagnosis? Diagnosis is the art or science of signs or symptoms by which one disease is distinguished from another.

How does a physician equip himself, how does he get the "aid" necessary to enable him to diagnose an ailment?

Dr. W. L. Kilgus, Texarkana, Texas, points out that the physician must know the normal human body in health, its purpose, and normal uses, and be able to recognize anything that is not normal, any changes, during life.

This can only be done by much schooling, much study, much observation, much practice at medical school and hospital.

Only in this way can a physician really know the patient and know the disease.

Every action in the body that is not normal may be produced by a certain number of diseases. For example: liver enlargement is produced by 25 diseases; spleen enlargement is produced by 55 diseases; these two signs (enlargement of liver and spleen) are found together in just 14 diseases.

Then these 14 diseases have little differences which help the physician get nearer the actual disease causing the trouble.

The point then is that while there may be virtue in the treatment given by "healers" and others who are not regular physicians, and that help has been given sufferers by these healers cannot be denied, nevertheless the training before going to medical college and hospital in recognizing what is normal and what is abnormal, equips the regular physician to make a diagnosis and give treatment on a scientific basis.

Complaints are frequently heard that affairs in Canada and elsewhere are stagnant, which is one more reason why hard-earned savings should not be confided to the first promoter who comes along.

That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

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Is Stevenson Neglected?

(Toronto Globe)

Last century's closing years, sometimes called "the mauve decade," brought several literary leaders into tremendous prominence.

One thinks first, perhaps, of Kipling, but hardly less enthusiastically of Robert Louis Stevenson. Around the name and personality of the author of "Treasure Island" there developed a glamour which seemed imperishable.

This arose from his supreme gifts of style, his ability to write a rip-roaring adventure story and to indulge in a little sentimentality, but not too much for ordinary taste.

It may as well be admitted that Stevenson has not quite the hold on the public he once possessed. This fact comes with something of a shock in the following comment from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's chapter of reminiscences in a new book, "Fifty Years: 1882-1932."

"Today I seldom see the name of Robert Louis Stevenson printed but it is followed by some disparaging remark. Well, have it as you will, my juniors, and take the admission that our loyalty to Stevenson ran to excess. For us he arrived at the happy, stimulating moment; for here was a man who had played with words as we were learning to play, did it like a master, and used words to tell of 'men and women doing things' (to use the Aristotelian phrase) telling those deeds, too, in the fine objective way we were beginning to envy in the French."

Stevenson wrote for another age, one less hurried. His style, crisp, colorful and beautiful as it is, seems "slow" for this generation. He sets down his yarn in measured terms without psychology or sophistication. It is clean and stimulating, often romantic. It seems to have come direct from those splendid eyes which Mark Twain said "burned with red, smouldering fire under the penthouse of his brows, and they made him beautiful."

When changing tastes lessen the grip of "Kildnapp" or "Prince Otto," there will still be the unchanging charm of "Treasure Island." When the Essays are replaced by something more arresting for the time—though that is improbable—there will still be the haunting wistfulness of "Requiem." And though the world may undergo further evolution of taste, it will still find an undying beauty in "A Child's Garden of Verse," for it speaks a universal language. Recall the all-conquering simplicity of "The Land of Counterpane," or "Looking Forward," with this gentle threat: "When I am grown to man's estate I shall be very proud and great, and tell the other girls and boys Not to meddle with my toys. Is there any real danger from posterity's judgment for the output of such a mind?"

"Double-Crossed By The Devil"

(Exchange)

John Drinkwater, the distinguished English author, who is to address the Pledais Club in this city next week, recently wrote an article for the London Daily Express entitled "Is It Good To Be Fifty?" His answer is an emphatic affirmative. He says that on arriving at that age, instead of feeling that the best of life was past, and that he was now on the first steps of a tiresome decline, he realized that he was getting the best of both worlds—youth and age.

None of the relish has gone, and experience has taught him how most fully to enjoy it. He was no longer afraid of gossip, irresponsible opinions, petty detraction. He had learned one lesson at least—that no one but himself could write him down. Attacks that used to make him tingle for days were now no more than pin pricks which he forgot in ten minutes.

Friendships that once had been solicitously tended were now assured in a security which no accident could disturb. Work seemed more important than ever, and the material rewards of work more enjoyable. In his view, the man of fifty who is not at the top of his delight and prepared to stay there for another twenty years or so has somehow been double-crossed by the devil.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. BACKACHE, BLOOD IN URINE, HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, STIFF JOINTS, SWELLING OF THE FEET, URINARY TRACT DISEASES. MOST THE PRICE. For Bad Blood!

criticism of the negotiated Trade pacts. It is clearly evident from the statements released from high responsible quarters following the publication of the duties that business generally both in Canada and Great Britain is well pleased with the new tariffs arising out of the Ottawa Conference.



THE POOL

Come with me, follow me, swift as a moth, Lift the wood-woodes waken. Ere the long leaves and look down, look down Where the light is shaken, Amber and brown, On the woven ivory roots of the reed, On a floating flower and a wet of weed And a feather of froth.

Here in the night all wonders are, Lapped in the lift of the ripple's swing,— A silver shell and a shaken star, And a white moth's wing. Here the young moon when the mists unclose Swims like the bud of a golden rose.

I would live like an elf where the wild grapes cling, I would chase the thrush From the red rose-berries. All the day long I would laugh and sing With the black choke-cherries.

I would shake the bees from the milkweed blooms, And cool, O cool, Night after night I would leap in the pool, And sleep with the fish in the roots of the rush.

Clear, O clear my dreams should be made Of emerald light and amber shade, Of silver shallows and golden glooms. Sweet, O sweet my dreams should be As the dark sweet water enfolding me Safe as a blind shell under the sea.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, in "The Lamp of Poor Souls."

Death Of A Tree

(Vancouver Province)

They have cut down Milton's Elm. For 500 years it had stood in Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire, where the Chiltern Hills send down their runlets to the Thames. It was still a noble and a spreading tree to view, but it had become dangerous—or the authorities, as authorities will, said it had—and after a long dispute between the preservers and the destroyers, the destroyers had their way. But the stump is to be preserved as a memorial to the great poet of Puritan England. "Let it long remain" says the London Times, "a memorial to the endurance of an ancient tree."

A 500-year-old tree is nothing uncommon in our British North American experience, but our trees, even when they go back to the days of the Saxon kings, can not convey such a tradition as that of Milton's Elm. Our racial and national memory of them is too short. But Milton's Elm, when its seed germinated—or when, as the common elm of England is wont to do, it sprang from the roots of some mighty forbear—grew up in a community of men with a long past of ordered and recorded existence. Henry VI, of Lancaster had been ten years on his disputed throne when Milton's Elm thrust its first shoots through the Bucks marl, and the Wars of Roses were brewing, and it was to spread its branches and bud its springtime leaves through five centuries to come, in the air of human deeds, great and small, splendid and obscure, in the procession and pageant of a nation's history.

Milton's elm had already lived nearly half its appointed time when Milton came to Chalfont St. Giles, blind and sorrowful, with the proofs of Paradise Lost in his pocket. He was London's poet born and bred, the second figure in the great literature of our speech and kindred, and he came down to the Chiltern Hills, to refresh his spirit and rest his weary body. Perhaps he sat under the great elm, correcting his proofs, or writing the first books of Paradise Regained. Perhaps he only felt the influence of the tree, viewless to his darkened sight. Perhaps he has left us its fitting epitaph in the sounding music of his austere verse:

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail, Or knock the heart; no weakness, no contempt, Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

The London Police

(Exchange)

The handling of the recent riots by the London police is bound to call forth world wide comment. A London magazine recently contained an article in which it was urged that the authorities turn down the proposals to equip London police-

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Miss C. H. Langenhahn, Vermillion, Sask., writes: "My face was covered with pimples, and I hated to be seen by anyone, as I was a dreadful sight. I got no relief until a friend, who had had the same trouble, told me to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and after I had taken two bottles I am happy to say my face is all cleared of the pimples." For sale at all drug and general stores; by The T. Millburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

charges against his man dropped; there are not a thousand loopholes in the criminal law by which an unscrupulous lawyer can free his man; there are not a lot of criminals who go untouched because, they have influence." There are other factors, of course, which assist the British police. Great Britain is a small island with comparatively few exits. There is always a Scotland Yard man at each port watching incoming and outgoing traffic. Once the alarm is raised it is extremely difficult to escape detection.

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