

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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BUY A POPPY

Poppy Day has become a recognized institution in most Canadian communities, where the sale of replicas of the Flander's poppy, that blood-red badge of courage, has been the means adopted for the raising of funds wherewith to relieve distress among newly returned men and their families. In Charlottetown this week the appeal to "Buy a Poppy" is being made, and poppies may be purchased up to Remembrance Day, Nov. 11. We trust that this year, as in the past, there will be a generous response to this appeal, which has the endorsement of all sections of the community.

WAR DEBTS MUST WAIT

The policy of the Roosevelt Administration in the United States with the gold experiment, NIRA and the other things pretty well mingled, has not met with any degree of enthusiasm in many quarters. The New York Sun points out that as long as the speculative element in the gold-market governs the situation, there can be no expectation of agreement in settlement of war-debts between Britain and U. S. A. The comment by that newspaper, making due allowance for the United States viewpoint, shows the opinion of recent Washington experiments. The Sun states:

"There can be no adjustment reasonably satisfactory to both nations which does not involve some stable ratio between the dollar and the pound. But the President is apparently resolved to keep on hammering down the purchasing power of the dollar in hope that he can thus restore relative commodity prices to somewhere near the levels of 1926. By daily altering the American price for newly mined gold he has emphasized the speculative element which it is his policy to maintain in the market for that metal. On top of all this he now prepares to go actively into the foreign gold markets, a step which cautious folk observe with grave misgivings. In these circumstances the British negotiators evidently believe that they are wasting their time in Washington.

"Unfortunately, however, it is not the British who will suffer most from failure to settle the debt question. If they do not pay or cannot pay we shall be left holding the bag. In so far as international commerce and finance are involved, it is to our advantage as well as to theirs that this vexatious obstacle be got out of the way. But the American Government seems committed to the theory that it should remove other obstacles before tackling this one."

FOSSIL FOREST OF N. S.

A cross section of prehistoric geography is contained within the Joggins coal district in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, where there is a veritable fossil forest. Few sections on this continent, states the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian National Railways, have furnished such a clear and realistic picture of past geography as this part of the province of Nova Scotia. A world-renowned section of the carboniferous formation occurs in the sea-cliff thereabouts where the inclined series of beds is seen in unbroken order for a distance of ten miles. The coal measures are full of interesting markings and structures that show the conditions under which they accumulated. Fossil tree stumps, rooted in place and erect, though enveloped in sand and subsequently turned to stone by mineralizing and underground waters, mark the sites of coal forests of the medieval stage of earth history. Reptile skeletons in some of the stumps shows that primitive lizards found refuge in hollow trunks. Foot marks on the surface of mud layers, now

completely indurated, relegate these creatures to the mud flats of long ago. Raindrop pits tell of passing showers, mud cracks of intervals of warm dry sunshine during the building up of the deposits. Made famous by Sir William Dawson, the great geologist, one time president of McGill University, and a native of Pictou, Nova Scotia, fossils from this district are found in museums all over the world. People in some parts of Canada, as well as abroad, should know the Maritimes better.

SWEET AUBURN

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain," is to undergo material restoration. British newspapers note that a project for rebuilding at least the rectory is being promoted by Henry L. Gavan. Visiting the Goldsmith country, he was stirred to find that the stone ruins of the birthplace of the author of "The Deserted Village" and the home of "The Vicar of Wakefield" were being used as a byre, a cattle shelter. Lissoy, in County Westmeath, Ireland, "was assuredly Auburn," according to Stephen Gwynne. Antiquarians locate the village site about a crossroads a mile or so from the present Three Jolly Pigeons Inn, so called from the one in Sheridan's "She Stoops to Conquer." It is in the delectable country not far from Killarney. In the near-by hamlet of Fergney there remains in a church a window commemorating the Goldsmiths. In the neighboring hamlet of Pallasmore young Goldsmith and young Maria Edgeworth (she who was to write novels) attended the same school.

"Here," says Mr. Gavan, "in this rectory Goldsmith created the 'Vicar,' after his father, who was passing rich on 40 pounds a year; here he spent his early years, formed his earliest impressions, and it was here he hoped in his wanderings he would pass his last days." To Lissoy, as Sweet Auburn, his heart was forever turning back. It is a scene of low hills and lush fields. What happened to it? "The Deserted Village" says:

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn: Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen, And desolation saddens all thy green; One only master grasps the whole domain, And half a tillage stints the smiling plain.

Among aphoristic lines in the account is one with which President Roosevelt gave point to a proposal in a recent message: "I'll spare the land, to hastening ill a prey. Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

EDITORIAL NOTES

"New Brunswick," says the Fredricton Gleaner, "pays bounties on wildcats as a protection for deer and it has been suggested that a bounty on bears be imposed on account of the damage done by these animals. But this province, so far, has escaped the position of Prince Edward Island which pays a bounty on skunks in an attempt to rid the province of animals which upon escaping from captivity multiplied so rapidly that the poultry industry was threatened."

An Anti-Noise League has been organized in Yorkshire, England. It is proposed, according to the Leeds Yorkshire Post, "to concentrate first on noisy motor horns," and efforts will be made to get an order prohibiting the sounding of motor horns between certain hours of the night. Such an order, it is said, exists in Paris, where the high-pitched taxi-horns used to make night hideous, and it seems to have proved surprisingly effective, not only in suppressing nocturnal horn-blowing, but in accustoming taxi-drivers not to use their horns unnecessarily even during the day.

Notes By The Way

Germany may want peace ardently, but Hitler apparently intends that she shall not have much chance to realize her desire while he is in command. It takes a statesman to advance the cause of peace; it cannot be done by a fanatical politician.—The Providence Journal

It is a far cry from the tales of political intrigues which stirred the British American colonies 200 years ago, and the state of unrest which now agitates practically all continental Europe, yet there is an analogy between the two in the fact that freedom of speech and of the press figure prominently in both. While in Berlin a British newspaper correspondent was being held on the suspicion of espionage, and treason, because he wrote what are believed to be the facts regarding Nazi meetings and demonstrations, New York was celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the persecution carried out by the government of the day in New York against John Peter Zenger, because he dared to print the truth about the public administration of the colony. The fact that Zenger was cleared by a jury of charges of libel is regarded as having firmly established the freedom of the press on the North American Continent.

Employers and employees have found that frequent disputes are good for neither, and there has also been in process of development a conception of social justice quite different from that which prevailed in former years. This is not an approach to what is termed socialism, since the latter, as it is generally understood, does not aim at social justice at all. There is inherent in British people a sense of caution which is averse to violent change, and a conservatism which stands them in good stead in time of trouble. In their case there is no danger that social liberty will degenerate into license.

On November 9 London stages its Lord Mayor's Show. Such a pageant in the world's greatest city puts the clock back many centuries. As one writer expresses it: "Music is in the air, it creeps through the narrow alleyways, echoes through the little squares as the procession twines its way from the Guildhall to the Law Courts and back again. Bands and tableaux, City Fathers in their dignified carriages, and most glorious of all, my Lord Mayor in his great gilt coach with the Lord Mayor's coachman, bewigged and bepowdered, on the box. That night the lights of the grand old Guildhall flash on the most brilliant scene of all the city year, the Lord Mayor's banquet. Thither repair the greatest in the land. His Majesty's Ministers, ambassadors, church dignitaries, the famous in all the professions, clad in richly colored robes and uniforms near as brilliant as their ladies' jewels. Off the city's gold plate they regale themselves with dishes rich and rare, and afterwards listen to the Prime Minister making his most important policy speech of the year."

The Italian's have taken themselves to a display of fireworks over the eleventh anniversary of the Fascism regime, the celebration including a massed parade of the veterans and a great rally of the Black Shirts, along with a review of 20,000 holders of decorations for valor and the inspection of the new public works exhibit. Two months ago it was stated that during the decade of Fascism nearly ten million acres of land had been restored to agriculture and more especially for the production of wheat. This is three times the amount of land which had been put under crop during the half-century from 1870 to 1922. Taken broad and large, there can be no doubt that Italy has immensely improved her position under the Fascist administration; and Premier Mussolini is not far astray in his assurance that the activities launched under his own leadership during his term as practical dictator of the Italian policy has the solid backing of the Italian people.

The panic-stricken capitulation of the Soviet government before Japanese militarism is certainly not due to the Soviets professed love of freedom, but to their internal weakness. Japan knows full well that Soviet Russia is not in a position to carry on any kind of a war (except on its own civil population); it knows the havoc and destruction brought about by the General Line and the Five-Year Plan failure. That is why Japan can do with the Bolsheviks exactly what it pleases and why their position in the Far East is so helpless. They have not even the resources of their subversive revolutionary activities at the time when they could best use them and want them most. Lack of money and the temporary predominance of the Narcomindel policy are responsible for the fact



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Ours

WEIGHT IS DETERMINED BY THREE MAIN FACTORS

"Three things determine the weight of any person; how much he eats, how much he exercises, and how much he inherits," says Dr. Wm. I. Fishbein in SCHOLASTIC COACH.

"To this might well be added 'how much he rests,' although this might be included in how much or how little he exercises. Although the tables of heights and weights are not used as much as they were formerly, nevertheless parent and child should have a clear idea of the correct weight for the child. This weight should be that at which the child feels strongest and most active—most willing to play or work. It is safer for children to be a few pounds overweight than a few pounds underweight, for underweight in children may mean undernourishment in a great many cases.

This means that if the parents, or the parent the child most resembles was a good average weight at the present age of the child then attempts to increase weight in the underweight child would be wise.

If, by inheritance, a child tends to be slender, attempts to increase the weight will only lead to digestive upsets and will thus not help the general health or physique. Attempts to decrease the weight of a child who, by heredity, tends to be fat, will likewise have ill effects. If, after a careful study, it is decided that he child is overweight because he is exercising too little and eating too much, it is satisfactory to put him on a reducing program.

Dr. Fishbein states further. "It is important to bear in mind the distinction between underweight and undernourishment; between overweight and overeating; between overweight due to over-eating and that due to gland disturbances or to overweight which is due only to body build. The short stocky individual with large muscles will weigh more in proportion to his height than the slender long-muscled type."

"Children who are underweight but who are not undernourished are in no need of a gain in weight." I believe these little "reminders" from Dr. Fishbein should make parents take note of their children's weight, avoiding stuffing the child with food because he happens to be slender but not undernourished; seeing that he gets more food if he is undernourished; and cutting down on his food intake if he is overeating and underexercising.

Old Time Cook Book

(Winnipeg Free Press)

In a recent issue of the Sunday Times M. E. V. Lucas commemorates a cook book of 1769 containing "near 800 original recipes." Mr. Lucas calls it a lyrical book, and gives some extracts and a word about the author, whose bicentenary it is of her birth. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Whittaker, she was cook in various important mansions until reaching the mature age of thirty when she married a gardener named Raffald and in the course of wedded years presented him with sixteen daughters—a considerable addition to the census. Besides such demands upon her time and energies, she opened one or two shops of the confectioner's sort; gave demonstrations in cooking and domestic economy; kept a registry for servants, wrote for the papers, and published "The Experienced English Housekeeper, Cook, etc.," wrote purely for practice.

Once a popular book, it is now so rare that nobody but Mr. Lucas has run across it with its entertaining recipes. The first one quoted recalls Herrick to him, as it would to most of us.

"Gather your red roses when they are dry and full blown, pick off the leaves, and to every peck put one quart of water, then put them into a cold still, and make a slow fire under it; the slower you distill it the better it is; then bottle it, and cork it in two or three days' time, and keep it for use. N. B.—You may distil bean-flowers the same way."

But the gem of those which delighted Mr. Lucas is called "Rabbits Surprised"—and very appropriately.

"The Misty Isle"

GLORIES OF A HOLIDAY IN NORTH END OF SKYE

("W. J. A." The Weekly Scotsman)

The recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to the island of Skye brought everything pertaining to the "misty isle" before the public eye, and many resolutions to spend a holiday there were devoutly expressed. When the average Lowlander thinks of a holiday in Skye, his mental picture is one of crags, mountains, peaks, and corries, and the Coollins. The Coollins dominate over all other attractions, and, if he is a hiker, the newcomer to Skye is almost sure to spend his first holiday there to the south of Portree.

I have just returned from the island where I formed one of a party of three, consisting of uncle and niece, and a girl chum of the latter. We arrived at Portree on a lovely, shimmering, hazy evening. The little town was like a bit of fairyland and the glamour of the island fell on us before we had stepped ashore.

Half-a-mile beyond Loch Leatham, in full view of the Storr, we erected our tents. A glorious morning followed. We were up at 6 a. m. and found the Storr hidden in light, drifting mist which momentarily cleared in patches, and gave us fleeting glimpses of the mighty rock faces. Ross was smoking from end to end, and the Ross-shire coast was hidden in rolling clouds, pierced by the highest peaks. The sun, higher in the sky, was faintly visible through pale pink clouds. Truly we were in an enchanted land.

We set out for Staffin, having decided to keep to the road for the first day. There is not much of special interest on the road, but the ever-changing scene to the east—sparkling sea, rocky islands, and a multitude of mountains on the mainland—made a series of pictures which are vividly remembered. On our way we visited the Kilt Rock and Meall Waterfall, the latter 170 feet. This is a pretty and unique scene.

It was still early afternoon when we arrived at Staffin, with its six churches, and we decided to go on to Brogaig, where we camped under the shadow of the Quiraing. What a peculiar place we were in—brown heath for miles around, and not a tree in sight. Houses were dotted everywhere; the land of the Skye crofters. Some of the crofts had modern houses, others were of the "black" type, with neither chimney or window, door serving the purposes of ventilation and smoke outlet.

Next day we climbed and explored the Quiraing. The air was crystal clear when we set out, and we made our way without incident, over hillocky ground to the base of the "Needle," a spire of rotten rock about 100 feet high. There we entered a steep cleft and climbed over Scree to the interior, and on to the "Table." What an amazing scene we beheld! Imagine a huge mass of rock, three-quarters of a mile long, quarter mile broad, and 1800 feet high, split in all directions as though a wedge had been driven down through the centre, resulting in great gullies and awful precipitous towers. Some of the towers we climbed easily and safely, others we found difficult and risky on account of the loose character of the rock. The summits of all the

all the meat of the back clean from the bones, but leave them whole, chop the meat exceeding fine, with a little shred parsley, lemon-peel, one ounce of beef-marrow, a spoonful of good cream, and a little salt. Beat the yolks of two hard eggs, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut, in a marble mortar, very fine; then mix all together, and put it in a tossing-pan. When it has stewed five minutes, lay it on the rabbits when you take the meat off and put it close down with your hand, to appear like whole rabbits. Then heat a salamander, and brown it all over, pour a good brown gravy made as thick as cream in the dish, stick a bunch of myrtle in their mouths, and serve them up with their livers broiled as frothed."

Mrs. Raffald was certainly a born cook. Some of the words occurring in the tried and proved elaborate recipes are pervers today: a'egar is malt vinegar; and stum is unfermented grape juice. But oyat, what is that? And amulet? an omelette? Mention ought to be made of Mrs. Raffald's collaboration with a famous gynaecologist on a manual, her contribution being, no doubt, empirical. She died at the early age of 48. D'd any of the sixteen daughters inherit this wonderful mother's talents and capacity for work? Of all the recipes quoted by Mr. Lucas, it is "Surprised Rabbit" I should like to see on the board, if not to taste a morsel of it.

The Poet's Corner

PROMISE

Be not so desolate Because thy dreams have flown And the hall of the heart is empty And silent as stone, As age left by children Sad and alone.

Those delicate children, Thy dreams, still endure: All pure and lovely things Went to the Pure. Sigh not: unto the fold Their way was sure.

Thy gentlest dreams, thy frailest, Even those that were Born and lost in a heart-beat, Shall meet thee there. They are become immortal In shining air.

The lights innumerable That led thee on and on, The Masque of Time ended, Shall glow into one. It shall be with thee forever Thy travel done.

—George Russell, "A. E."

towers are level and carpeted with lovely springy turf.

The view was magnificent. To the south a range of cliffs and mountains extended to the Storr. Ross to the east was spread out like a map, the houses at Garloch, 20 miles away across the Minch, were visible to the naked eye. Ru Rhea, Ru Colgan and Point of Stoer lapped over each other till the eye rested on far Cape Wrath. At our feet the mighty green-topped cliffs behind Fiodgarry led the eye to the Shiant Islands and Lewis, with the lighthouse on Eye Peninsula twinkling in the sunlight like a distant star.

From the Quiraing there is a chimney leading up to Meall na Sutrach, which we were told had been climbed. It looked fearfully dangerous, but the girls were determined to make the ascent. One of them started to climb even as I was trying to dissuade them, and was soon a third of the way up, and in difficulties. Pieces of the rock were breaking away, so that she had to test every hold. Slowly she climbed higher, jamming herself against every projection. About ten feet from the top she stopped full five minutes without moving a muscle, while we two, far below, looked on helplessly with our hearts in our mouths. After the longest five minutes of my life, she began to move again and quickly got to safety. The other girl went next, and was much slower in making the ascent. At a point about half-way up she dislodged a stone, crashed down. She swung face outwards, but managed to jam a knee against a projection. After a pause she came down a foot or two, then stopped and shouted that she could neither move up or down. I immediately began climbing, and when I reached her I held on to a projection so that she could step on my elbow, then on my shoulder. She seemed to have recovered her nerve, and slowly and carefully climbed, while I remained where I was, being peppered with small stones. I was greatly relieved when she was vigorously hauled to safety. I found the rest of the climb extremely dangerous, especially the last ten feet or so, when the slope became less steep but the surface loose and sandy. I was thankful indeed to reach the grassy top. We had had enough thrills for one day, and went up the gentle slope to the summit of the Meall, where we had a fine view of the Outer Hebrides in addition to that already described. The sun had set when we got back to camp and after a hearty meal we retired to our tents.

(To Be Concluded)

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