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Cows, Pigs and Hens

If the farmer who had been depending entirely on wheat were supplied with a couple of cows, some pigs and a few hens, it would go a long way towards solving his living problem during the present and future crises.

Mr. E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, thus indicates the lines along which the relief of the prairie farmer may be affected. There is nothing grandiose about the plan. Underlying it may be detected the good old doctrine of hard work as a remedy for economic difficulties.

For cows, pigs and hens mean work of a continuous kind. The western farmer who produces nothing but wheat has his periods of strenuous labor, but once the crop is off his hands he is able to take his ease. If he chooses to go to town for a day or two, or to take a longer holiday in a milder climate, he can do so knowing that as he left his farm, so he will find it when he returns.

The farmer who raises cows, pigs, and hens, on the other hand, must give them attention several times a day. They tie him to his place. But they provide him with a living when his wheat is unsalable.

Mr. Beatty's advice will not be palatable to those wheatgrowers who want the country to assist them by taking over their wheat at a fixed price, and who fail to realize that a new situation has arisen in the world wheat market owing largely to the re-appearance of Russia as a wheat-exporting country.

As Mr. Beatty says, the world's wheat-growing industry is in the throes of change. But he does not doubt that "Western Canada, with its rich soil, its sound experience of modern wheat-farming methods, its unrivalled transportation and marketing equipment and its whole, high-situated wheat-producing organization, can in the long run face any rational form of competition."

Meanwhile, says the Vancouver Star, the prairie crisis must be aided over; the farmer must be relieved—not by uneconomic nostrums, but by measures calculated to enable him to stand on his own feet for the present and to prepare for the future by increasing the efficiency of his operations, while cutting down the expense of production.

Many Books

Despite the world-wide depression, 1930 was the most prolific year in the history of British publishing, according to figures recently published in London. A total of 15,393 books was issued during the year, as against 14,486 in 1929. "The ill winds of financial stringency has had a stimulating effect on reading, as can be proved from the statistics of public libraries," it is stated. When money is scarce for other amusements the joys of an armchair and a book are discovered.

Just what proportion of the output of the publishing trade during the year was of any permanent value it would be difficult to determine. Fiction, it is said, accounted for more than a quarter of the year's total, and marked increases were also shown in technology, history, biography, science, religion, sociology, the fine arts and travel. No one can deny the value of many of the books in the latter categories, though the tendency to popularize difficult scientific, religious and philosophical subjects has led to an immense output of literature of little value to the conscientious student. Whether misinformation is better than no information at all is a moot question. The past year has seen the publication in Great Britain of some admirable works, but their selection, amid so much that is flashy and trashy, requires both labor and discrimination.

A list of the really worth-while books of the year, made not in the interests of the publishing trade but of the intelligent reader, is really necessary in these days.

Rough on Bandits

Five out of six judges of the Court of Sessions in Montreal, recently interviewed by the Gazette, favor meeting out strokes of the lash as well as stiff jail sentences where crimes of violence have been committed. The attitude of these judges is significant of the determination of the Canadian judiciary to suppress such violations of the law as have been alarmingly prevalent in recent years in the republic to the south of us. One of the judges interviewed expressed the opinion that while it seemed unfortunate that punishment by whipping should be inflicted, without a doubt the lash spread more terror in the ranks of gangdom than any other form of correction. No worse mark could be obtained by a bandit than the knowledge of his having been whipped. His confederates in crime believe that after a flogging a man is no good for the trade any more; as he is continually haunted by visions of the cat o' nine tails. That the punishment is a drastic one cannot be denied; but herein lies its efficacy. It has already inspired more than one American gangster with a wholesome dread of Canadian justice. If it is necessary to use brutal methods to keep these gentry where they belong and to deter others on this side of the line from following their example, then the sooner this necessity is recognized the better.

Surplus Army Stocks

The distribution of surplus stocks of army clothing by the Department of National Defence came as a welcome Christmas gift and a seasonable form of relief to the out-of-work and needy in this Dominion. Winter weather always aggravates the hardships of unemployment, for while it is possible to get along in the warmer months with little shelter, and only sufficient clothing to cover one's nakedness, snow and winter storms bring the necessity of heavier clothing. To many this is a serious problem.

The Department can well afford to make such a distribution. At the close of the war, Canada found herself with a large surplus of clothing supplies on hand. So great was this that the permanent forces of the Dominion have been equipped from these stocks for the past twelve years. The keeping of this stock in good shape also constitutes quite a problem, so the disposal of the surplus is really economical, especially when it is remembered that enough of the stock has been reserved to meet the needs of the permanent forces for the next ten years.

The amount distributed is of the value of a quarter of a million dollars, and consisting of such goods as heavy winter underwear, service trousers, flannel shirts, socks and sweater jackets, all of stout workmanship for army use, it should prove a very appropriate form of relief measures. While it could hardly be classified as beating our swords into plowshares, it is at least turning the garments of Mars into clothing for the needy. It is an action both commendable and timely.

Editorial Notes

A thought for the New Year is that when a person contracts the habit of wasting time he is sure to waste a great deal that does not belong to him.

Efficiency, says a Vancouver exchange, is illustrated by a neighbor who had four keys, one for his house, one for his car, one for his spare tire and one for his desk. He carried those separately in his pocket and every now and then lost one or another of them. Tiring of this, he bought a convenient leather folder containing four hooks, fastened the four keys to the hooks, stuck them together into his pocket, and lost them all at once.

Notes by the Way

Unemployment in Britain has further increased. On December first the total number out of work was 2,305,639, or nearly 20,000 more than in the previous week and over 1,000,000 more than on the same date last year. These figures reveal how helpless the Labor Government has been to improve the labor situation in Great Britain.

Professor Leacock, looking into the future, finds that a great "sameness," which is to envelop and stifle mankind, has already begun. Among other salutary effects, this means that the solution of the problem of unemployment is at least in sight. There now exists a real motive for solving it. Hitherto unemployment only affected the poor. Now the accursed thing affects the rich. An unforeseen consequence of corporate organization is that the rich may at any time lose their money, without effort or fault of their own. This, in the old days of landed proprietorship, was not possible. Fortunes could not be lost without fault or folly; it needed at least a pack of cards. Hence by a queer twist of human destiny the very rich and the very poor are in the same boat. Such a situation is intolerable. This means economic salvation, or at least salvage, for both.

It has become fashionable to decry Democracy. Democracy, working through a gradually extended suffrage by means of representative government, has been tried for only a century. It is an experiment, still in its infancy, bound to stumble and falter and blunder for many years to come. The one overwhelming argument in its favor is that in a hundred thousand years mankind has not found anything permanently better and certainly not in the arbitrary tyranny and despotism of Lenin and Mussolini.

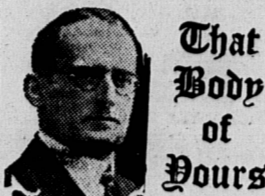
Almost too good to be true is the story of Judge S. Davis of Danbury, Conn., who, being summoned in his own court for violating a motor law, tried his own case and sentenced himself to pay an exemplary fine. Not long ago, however, says the Manchester Guardian, a story of even stricter justice came from East Africa, where a magistrate and his deputy, having broken the law by journeying together one night without a light, agreed that justice could best be served by each appearing before the other. The magistrate, taking precedence, tried his deputy and fined him five shillings. The deputy then tried the magistrate and fined him fifty shillings, justifying such severity by pointing out that, as this was the second case of the kind that day, the offense was evidently becoming far too common.

The important thing in life is not what comes to us but the attitude of mind in which we receive what comes. If every trouble sinks straight to the heart of personality, if every wind that blows shakes our house to its foundations, then indeed we have lost our independence and are slaves of every caprice of fortune. But if we can meet life as the oasis meets the desert with its barrier of palms and its fountain of living water at the center, if we can calmly and defiantly say it to the vexations of the world, thus far shall thou come and no farther, we are free sons of God, and possess the abundant life.—Rev. Julian C. Jaynes.

Addressing a large political meeting at Glasgow, recently, Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin declared that the idea of a coalition or "national" Government is an impossible one, as the Conservatives can never co-operate with a Government based on free trade principles. "A national Government sounds like a very nice 'thing to talk about,'" said Mr. Baldwin, "but we always have to remember this, that we cannot securely base any Government on any foundation that is not a foundation of common principles. I cannot co-operate with the prime minister on unemployment because I know that in no circumstances will the government depart from ancient Cobdenite paths." The largest party in Great Britain is committed to tariff protection and intra-Imperial preferences, which is also the Canadian Government's policy.

As long as we maintain the kind of conditions here in which the ordinary workman can be reasonably sure of finding and keeping a job, getting a decent amount of pay for his work and enjoying a fair amount of the luxuries of life, we shall have no earthly cause for getting exercised about the "red peril."

Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame.—Da Bury.



By James W. Barton, M.D. HELPING THE HEART

That Body of Ours

When you read from time to time how adrenalin has been injected through a needle directly into the heart muscle thus stimulating a heart into action, that has stopped beating, you may wonder why the heart is not damaged by being punctured by the needle.

And now we are learning that some Spanish physicians have been able to insert a fine tube—a catheter—from a vein in the arm right into the upper chamber of the right side of the heart itself.

Pictures are taken which show the little tube right in the auricle or upper chamber of the heart into which is received the impure blood of the body.

The little tube does not bother the patient or interfere with the heart action, as the pulse rate does not change in the least.

The catheter was removed as easily as it was put in.

The physicians believe that putting the tube directly into the heart is an easy, harmless, and useful method of making injections into the heart in cases of shock or collapse, and also for removing blood directly from the heart.

Were there is delay in heart action, where too much impure blood is in the heart, and where the heart is having difficulty in pushing blood forward, the use of this little tube should be of great help to patient and physician.

Sometimes the actual condition of the blood in the heart itself should be known by the physician and he is able to draw this blood directly from the heart and then examine it.

Sometimes also it is necessary to learn just the power and length of the closing or contraction of the auricles or receiving chamber of the heart, and by means of a measuring machine attached to the tube this also can be learned.

My thought of course in talking about the above experiments is to show how this wonderful organ, the heart, can carry on its work in spite of the insertion of this tube; how help can be given it when it is in difficulty; and how much can be learned about its walls and the blood within it.

Thus although we must always respect the heart for the work it does for us—keeping us alive—nevertheless it is reassuring to know that helpful material may be injected directly into its chamber, and harmful material removed.



INTERLUDE

To-day a wind of dream Blew down the raucous street . . . I heard a hidden stream Laugh somewhere at my feet.

I felt a mist of rain Trembling against my face I knew that wind had lain In many a haunted place.

I saw a sea-beach dim By many a silver dune, Where sandy hollows brim With magic of the moon.

I saw a shadowy ship Upon her seaward way, And felt upon my lip A kiss of yesterday.

I walked again beside The dark enchantress Night Until the dawn's white pride Brought back a lost delight.

O wind of dream, blow still, For I would have it stay . . . That ghostly pressure sweet and chill,

The kiss of yesterday. —L. M. Montgomery in Toronto Saturday Night.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. BACKACHE, BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM. 1087 THE PRINCE

The Question of Culture

(Montreal Gazette)

Culture is a broad term. Its ingredients are manifold. In our day the word is alike supposed to be indicative of modern achievements and regarded as an ideal steadily to be kept in sight. Some sort of culture has existed in all ages. Hence the distinction between our civilian estate and barbarism. But, whilst the idea of culture has suggested itself and is generally accepted, it is only within modern times culture has been formulated into a doctrine and much still remains to be done in order to better clear up the question as to its real significance and specific aims. We live in a world of immensely widened horizons. Man touches life at a thousand points unknown to our ancestors. Whether we are born with more wit than the folk of former generations is a debatable point, but their can be no doubt about the incalculable increase of the influences and facts brought to bear upon our minds. The sources of knowledge today untapped and placed within the reach of the average person easily render the modern means of education superior to anything ever previously known in human history. We have books and schools and educational facilities almost out of count, and the whole school tuition has become the privilege of all, a boon from which the poorest are not exempt, it is a remarkable fact that the methods and the values of education have been of recent years an outstanding feature of all the conferences held, with a view of getting some clearer understanding as to what are the objectives of a genuine culture. In some quarters the claims of what is called "classical" education are stressed as a means of broadening the mind and affording access to heroic examples of enterprise and culture, not to be gained in the same degree anywhere else. And thus far the advocates of classical learning would agree with Fontenelle in saying that a well-cultivated mind is made up of all the best minds of the preceding ages.

Yet there are others who no less strongly hold that this ancient book-learning is merely so much baggage, and that education, to be effectual, must be brought into closer harmony with modern conditions and with the pressing problems of the age in which we live. Hence the emphasis placed upon vocational training and the plea put forward that the real test of culture is efficiency in indeed the ability of a man to rightly tackle his day's job, whatever this may be, and to fulfil in a wider sphere those social obligations which render him a useful and loyal citizen among his fellows.

Surely, culture is something more than a set of artistic sensibilities, fed and nourished merely that they may be privately enjoyed. And again, the tendency to value it by the material returns a clever or sharp-witted person may command is far from any human ideal worthy of being elected to supreme place in life or made the sole object of pursuit. Matthew Arnold defines culture as "sweetness and light." He calls it the search after perfection. The passion for knowing things, and for satisfying thus far human curiosity, he regards as but the travesty of culture. Bookish enlightenment is not enough. The light may stimulate the growth of noxious weeds, or, on the other hand, nourish wholesome blooms. We do not need a cunning which fosters selfishness and dwarfs wisdom. Thought itself is a lifeless accretion of the intellect unless, with greater accumulation of things observed and facts brought within our reach, we are able to construe them wholesomely for ourselves and helpfully towards others. It is a poor culture which does not refine our character and intensify our sympathies as well as regulate our acts or select the conditions which afford an artistic thrill to our emotions.

Culture is something beyond delicacy of taste or mastery of new fields of knowledge. Wherever its effect is to beget in the individual a cold critical faculty or sense of aloofness from his fellows, culture entirely fails of its purpose. Addison tells us that the highest culture signifies evenness of development and that quality which is figured in the bloom of a flowering plant. It is, he reminds us, the precious flavor of the ripened man. And this, perhaps, comes as near any satisfactory definition of culture as may be found.

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Let Us Be Shy

(Harold Nicholson in Vanity Fair)

It is surely discreditable, under the age of 30, not to be shy. Self assurance in the young betokens a lack of sensibility: the boy or girl who is not shy at 22 will at 42 be a bore.

No, let us educate the younger generation to be shy in and out of season: to edge behind the furniture: to say spasmodic and indigestible things to twist their feet round the protective feet of sofas: to feel that their hands belong to someone else—that they are objects, which they long to put down on some table away from themselves.

For shyness is the protective fluid within which our personalities are able to develop into natural shapes. Without this fluid the character becomes merely stand arized or imitative: it is within the tender velvet sheath of shyness that the full flower of idiosyncrasy is nurtured: it is from this sheath alone that it can eventually unfurl itself, colored and undamaged.

Perhaps shyness is a purely Anglo-Saxon failing. I doubt whether even the tenderest of the Roman poets, whether Virgil even was shy. Horace, as we know, was one large jump of bounce. Nor was Dante shy—disagreeable was Dante, but never shy. Yes, I think shyness is an Anglo-Saxon quality. And as such it should be honored as a bond between the English-speaking nations.

Figures supplied by the annual report of the Dominion Experimental Station at Farnham, Que., show that it cost \$188.53 to produce an acre of cigar tobacco. The total yield was 1,677 pounds and the cost per pound, 11 1-3 cents.

A Happy New Year! As we come to the close of the year we wish to thank our friends and policyholders for the liberal patronage which has been extended to us during the past year, assuring them that our efforts to provide a complete insurance service will not be relaxed, and wishing one and all a Happy and Prosperous New Year. HYNDMAN & CO., Limited Established 1872 J. O. Hyndman President F. W. Hyndman Secretary

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