

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Maxims

Some men attain notoriety, some have notoriety thrust upon them; while there are others who foolishly go out of their way to seek it.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1933.

A NOTABLE EVENT

The formal opening of the new Prince of Wales College this evening is an event of more than provincial importance, as will be evidenced by the presence of distinguished representatives of the leading educational institutions of the Maritime at tonight's function. It is just a year ago this month since the fire which destroyed Old Prince of Wales. At that time not even the most optimistic would have predicted the success which has been achieved in rebuilding the college on its present magnificent lines.

After the formal opening proceedings this evening the public is invited to inspect the building, and as many as possible of our citizens should take advantage of this opportunity.

DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT

The double bereavement suffered by the Gordon family calls forth the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community. Only last week the passing of the beloved helpmate of the Rev. J. A. Gordon, D.D. was recorded, and her remains were laid to rest on Sunday. Now comes the sorrowful announcement that the husband has passed away.

Dr. Gordon was well and honourably known here and was regarded as one of our distinguished Islanders both at home and abroad. A native of Uigg, he recently took a leading part in the anniversary commemorating the landing of the first settlers in that district, and as minister of the Charlottetown Baptist Church endeared himself not only to the members of his congregation but to the community at large. His work in other parts of the Dominion was equally successful, and he was honoured as a student and theologian by various universities, obtaining honorary degrees in both Arts and Theology. For the past number of years he had spent the evening of his days with his wife in Montreal, where one of his sons (an address by whom was this week published in our columns) has the distinction of holding place as a foremost medical specialist.

Mr. J. P. Gordon, of the firm of Moore & McLeod, who is the sole remaining member of the family here, worthily upholds the name and reputation of the family; and to him more especially will go out the deep sympathy of the community generally.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

It is a truism that many ambitious parents want to provide their children with that which they themselves most lacked. Next, if they are in a position to do so, benevolent successful men desire the rising generation to enjoy privileges denied young people in their day. We have, among our own people, examples in this respect of Sir William Macdonald, to whose endowments and other philanthropies we recently referred, and, in a much smaller, but none the less appreciated, measure Mr. Adam Andrew and his School Libraries.

Andrew Carnegie was the Prince of such philanthropists. He lacked the benefit of an early scholastic education and his ardent desire, when able to do so, was to see that no "lad of parts" was similarly handicapped.

Andrew Carnegie was a native of Dunfermline, Scotland, and emigrated to the United States when he was thirteen years of age.

grated to the United States with his parents when he was thirteen years of age. His schooling done, he immediately commenced life as a telegraph boy in Pittsburg, where his father also found employment. He worked his way up in the employment of the Pennsylvania Railway Company until, at the age of twenty five, he became manager of the Pittsburg division. Eight years later he branched out for himself as an industrialist by founding the Union Steel Mills, Pittsburg, which in time emerged into the American Steel Trust with a capital of more millions than the average man can grasp the meaning.

As Carnegie began to prosper he sought outlets for philanthropies, beginning with endowments for the town of Carnegie, eight miles southwest of Pittsburgh, which was named after him. Then Pittsburg was benefited by huge contributions for municipal betterment; and afterwards his native town of Dunfermline came in for a share of his surplus wealth. One endowment there, called the Dunfermline Trust, provides an annual income of \$125,000 "to be used in attempts to bring into the monotonous lives of the toiling masses of Dunfermline more of sweetness and light."

Free public libraries throughout the United States and the British Empire were the chief means of distributing his largesse; but the teaching professions were also beneficiaries, he having donated \$10,000,000 for providing teachers in United States universities and colleges with pensions. The Hero Fund was one of his conceptions and endowments; while another was The Palace of Peace at the Hague. The bulk of his estate, after providing for his only daughter, was left in trust for education and library purposes; and it is from that foundation the Prince of Wales College and St. Dunstan's are benefiting today.

EDITORIAL NOTES

All the average man wants is a dollar that will buy lots of everything except what he has to sell.

Reference was made in these columns yesterday to the rejection in its original form of a resolution with respect to the so-called Russian cattle barter proposition which was brought up at the recent Holstein-Friesian Association meeting at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto. The meeting went on record as favouring such markets only "on a basis which will be mutually beneficial," and in discussion it was clearly pointed out that no proof had been produced of any bona fides offer from the Russian Government. This statement was made on the authority of the Toronto Mail and Empire. The local Liberal organ says it is informed by a member of the Association that the resolution referred to was passed unanimously. Either our contemporary's unnamed informant, or the Mail and Empire—one of the largest and most reputable newspapers in Canada,—is at fault. If the fault lay with the Mail and Empire, a correction by a responsible official of the organization would speedily have been forthcoming. We have seen no such correction, and must conclude, as the Mail and Empire trenchantly remarks: "If the original resolution had been adopted, those newspapers which have been misleading the public with their pro-Soviet propaganda would have gone into paroxysms of rejoicing—instead of printing as they did, as inconspicuously as possible, an obviously incomplete and garbled report of the proceedings."

What is needed to help foreign trade is mutual stabilization of currencies through international co-operation. Were Canada to attempt manipulation of currency it would only aggravate destruction of confidence, alarm capital and encourage sterilization of funds, which have been among the most unfavorable factors in the present depression.

Commenting on the fall of the Canadian dollar to new low levels in recent days, a financial writer in the New York Times has the following to say: "Although further fall in the Canadian dollar to a discount of more than 16 per cent, the lowest price since November 28 last, was linked in some quarters to the discussion of Great Britain's plan for restricting the importation of American goods finished in Canada, the cause of the persistent weakness of the exchange in the last two weeks appears to go deeper. 'In the agricultural districts talk of inflation as a cure for the farmer's ills is reported to have gained ground rapidly, and even in some sections of the Eastern part of Canada advocates of a further devaluation of the exchange have recently increased. Even though no definite measures have been advanced by responsible officials, widespread discussion of inflation cannot go on in a country without affecting the value of its exchange.'"

NOTES BY THE WAY

A survey made in the State of New Hampshire estimates that the tourist and recreation business brings \$75,000,000 into the state each year. The Portland Press Herald says it is estimated the business is worth \$100,000,000 a year to Maine, and it quite naturally observes that such a business ought to be nourished and skillfully developed in every possible way.

In Kentville, N. S., Miss Margaret A. Woodworth recently died at the age of ninety. A despatch says of her: "A daughter of Kings County pioneers, she conducted a drygoods business in Kentville for sixty years. Recently she was handicapped by ill health and poor sight, and she closed her store temporarily to rest with friends at Canard. She was planning to re-open the store when a stroke caused her death. She was a cousin of Sir Robert L.orden, and the late Sir Frederick Borden." There can have been few women conducting a business of their own sixty years and more ago, and there can be few men or women who have done so for sixty years, closed it on account of personal disability and then made plans to reopen it.

Mr. David S. Barry, veteran sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, wrote an article for The New Outlook, of which "Al" Smith is editor, and in which the writer charged that some members of the Senate had accepted bribes. There was at once a great noise and Mr. Barry was brought before the bar of the Senate. He was unable to give specific instances, but declared he believed his statement true, and quoted a speech by Senator Glass in which the latter had charged that members had sold their influence. This did not justify Mr. Barry's course and he was dismissed from his position. There is also talk of action against The New Outlook. Undisturbed by these manifestations of wrath the New York Herald-Tribune declares Mr. Barry, while he mistated the facts, understated the truth, and it goes on to flay the Senate.

The bill giving the Philippines Island their independence has ten years to run before it becomes effective. It is provided that in that ten-year period the islands shall not place any tariff upon American goods. They are to be open to American manufactures in the same sense that Ohio or New Jersey is open to them. But in that period the United States may impose tariff duties upon those exports which the Philippines may wish to ship. In one sense, the Philippines during that ten-year period are to be treated as part of the United States, and in another sense they are to be regarded as a foreign nation. Their right to protect their own industries is taken away from them while the United States asserts the right to protect its industries at their expense.

His personal adjutant announces that former Emperor Wilhelm will not return to Germany unless in his old capacity. Not even a suggestion that he may be asked to come back as 'an honored guest' appeals to the exile of Doorn. The elevation of Hitler to the Chancellorship may easily mean the Kaiser's return to the throne. Hitler is a militarist of the first water. Germany, under his direction, is to be more militaristic than ever. What more likely, then, than the re-establishment of the monarchy, traditionally the cornerstone and chief prop of the army system? The present trend of events in Germany looks like Wilhelm's big chance.—Border Cities Star.

These, in the day when Heaven was falling, The hour when Earth's foundations fled, Followed their mercenary calling And took their wages and are dead. Their shoulders held the sky suspended, They stood, and Earth's foundations stay; What God abandoned, these defended, And saved the sum of things for pay.

We find ourselves wanting to shout out loud when we read lines like those. Herbert Asquith, in "War's Catastrophe," has a very fine line— This is the field where Death and Hell meet, And all the lesser company are low.

Which is a splendid, modest, high-souled young gentleman's recognition of the values that go beyond life. Newbolt's poem "The Only Son" always stirs us—the whole poem, from the first line— O bitter wind towards the sunset blowing, To the last ones— Within her heart she rocks a dead My son, my little son.

And those lines remind us, by some curious association, of Spenser's lovely verse— Sleep, after toyle, port after stormie seas, Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please. which is the high alchemy of English words. Stevenson's poem on the Martyns' Graves is grand— Grey recumbent tombs of the dead Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor, Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races, And winds austere and pure.

Our favorite bit of Burns is the most hackneyed of all his lines— whose heart and beauty nothing can callous or tarnish— We twa hae rin about the braes And pu'd the gowans fine, officials, widespread discussion of inflation cannot go on in a country without affecting the value of its exchange."

Best Lines In Poetry (Winnipeg Free Press)

An article by James Douglas, in The Daily Express, on the best lines in poetry, touches on a subject of interest to nearly everybody, and one about which we had been thinking a little, of late, ourselves. Mr. Douglas gives examples of many exquisite and supreme lines of poetry, but we noticed, in handling his article around, that while all the quotations were wonderful bits of writing they did not make the same appeal to their readers. Further we found that it is not so easy to make a selection of "best lines." Some people have a much better eye for a fine line than others, and our own eye is far from being bright in picking out the gems. Many poems are all of a piece in their texture, and depend for their effect on the cumulative development of all the verses. And in others we suddenly see a single line that rises out of the text like a poem in itself. Such a line as Cleopatra's cry— Give me my robe, Put on my crown; I have immortal longings in me. always produces the "turning over" feeling in our breast which rouses the emotions. Another lovely simple line of an entirely different character is Rupert Brooke's There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter, which is perfectly beautiful and reminds us for no particular reason of Byron's She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies— lines which we love for their cool and fragrant imagery. There is a beautiful line in this verse by Bliss Carman— Was it a year, or lives ago, We took the grasses in our hands, And caught the summer flying low, Over the waving meadow lands, A delightful thought, exquisitely written down. There is a sob of beauty in Massfield's lines "On Growing Old"— My dog and I are old, too old for roving; and these, in the same poem— Only stay quiet while my mind remembers The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers. Some of the War poems are very short, every line perfect, and the whole a trumpet peal. Here is A. E. Housman's "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries"— These, in the day when Heaven was falling, The hour when Earth's foundations fled, Followed their mercenary calling And took their wages and are dead. Their shoulders held the sky suspended, They stood, and Earth's foundations stay; What God abandoned, these defended, And saved the sum of things for pay.

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The Poet's Corner

There is a truth in the heart's core of life, Unheeded, hidden, till we reach the close Of some long day of passion, toil, or strife, Too hurt for tears, too weary for repose. 'Tis this! That nothing matters after all Except the stars and the deep peace of snow. The songs of wind and wave that rise and fall, The wonder of green things that spring and blow; Then we are fain to spare the puny strength Of our small souls, to drop out of the race And be possessed of quietness at length; But morning comes, and once again we pace The world's vain high road, glamorous in our eyes; And only death, I think, will make us wise. —Lorna de Luichi.

But we've wandered monie a weary fit, Sin' Auld Lang Syne; We twa hae paddled in the burn Frae morning sun till dune, And sea between us braid hae roared Sin' Auld Lang Syne.

In this mood we remember with great approval Newman's lines— O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn the angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

O Cross that lifted up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee, I lay in dust like a glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

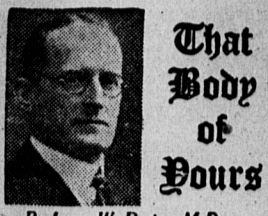
Coleridge wrote with an enchanted feather out of a magic ink-bottle. A heavy-set, sententious manderer in fairyland, with a sweeter, stranger pipe than Pan himself. William Blake is another poet touched by unearthly influences, with tranced glances into the supernatural and infernal worlds between which the life of man is thrown. Blake's lines are full of the mysterious hidden in words— Above Time's troubled fountains, On the great Atlantic Mountains, In my Golden House on high.

A door somewhere opens for an instant, and we hear the heart-sweeping chords of seraphs. So Blake impresses us; but there are those whom he leaves indifferent. Also in William Morris there is pure poetry, which to some is empty sound and painted shadow: There was a lady lived in a hall, Large of her eyes, and slim and tall; And ever she sung from noon to noon, Two red roses across the moon.

We have carried these lines by Morris in our head for thirty years; and these— I am threescore and ten, And my hair is all turn'd grey, But I met Sir John of the Fen Long ago on a summer day, And am glad to think of the moment when I took his life away.

There has fallen a splendid tear From the passion flower at the gate. Also this perfect picture of a perfect summer noon— And from the crazy lodge the poppy hangs in sleep. We would include the following verse by Kipling— Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie, Throated and throated the aching berg props the speechless sky— Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tiled wall, Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again.

That is very beautiful, and poetry. Macaulay would have to be included in our selections—



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours UP TO FIVE YEARS IMPORTANT AGE FROM NERVOUS STANDPOINT

A well known religious teacher once said that if he could have the training of a youngster until it was seven years of age, he did not care who carried on the instruction thereafter. His theory was that what is implanted in the child's mind up to the age of seven would make or mar the child's religious life.

Psychologists tell us that the age up to five, that is previous to the school age, is the most important period from the standpoint of nervous stability or instability. There are of course certain factors entering into it, that have considerable effect in making a child nervous, afraid, or unstable, such as any defect of the body, numerous sicknesses, an inherited nervousness, any or all of which may affect the child a long time after the defects have been corrected, or the illnesses ceased to exist.

How is this inferiority complex developed in the child, so that it remains until he is an adult? Dr. A. Zanker, Vienna, points out that it is not usually an inherited condition, but a condition that has formed in the earliest years of life and that was already fixed at about the age of five.

As one of the main types of this inferior complex patients he mentions the "coddled" child. This is the child that is coddled, petted, not allowed to play with other youngsters, whose part is always taken in disputes with other youngsters, or with other members of the family.

Another type is the neglected child; the child that is pushed away for various reasons and at this early age doesn't fight for his rights but simply takes what is given to him. The third type is the child with some physical defect which handicaps him from the very start in life. I believe it would mean fewer

heard on Laveria Scargill's whispering trees, And plied by Amo for my lover's Tees. cannot be left out, with its touching cry of the homesick exile. And the great line— Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the north, Goes in, too. The reader may like few or none of the lines given above. We have not even got to Keats' Magic casements opening on the foam Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn, which is more deathless than the nightingale whose song it immortalizes. Surely no other language is so crowded with poetry and so richly expressed. English, even when it is translating, performs miracles— Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

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