

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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A Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas to all our readers at home and abroad! May the day begin with bright anticipation and close with happy recollections. It is the brightest day of the year when the heavy pressure of our cares, joined to all the other things that harass life, are forgotten and selfish impulses, in the delight of bringing happiness into the lives of others, in recalling one's manifold blessings and the divine guidance that has been vouchsafed throughout the days and months that have passed since the last Christmas season. May there be in every heart, rich and poor, on this one day, a gaily decked Christmas tree, the best of all—

Children's faces looking up, holding wonder like a cup.

Frankincense And Myrrh

The Christmas story of the three kings, and how they journeyed to the East, following a strange star to a distant land where the King of the world was to be born, has been retold by a modern writer, in such a manner as to enhance the beauty and meaning of the incomparable original. From their palaces, the kings were told, these wise kings gathered gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. Great sacks of precious spices were loaded upon the backs of the camels, which were to bear them on their journey. Everything was in readiness, but one of the wise men seemed perplexed and would not come at once to join his two companions, who were eager and impatient to be on their way in the direction indicated by the star.

They were old, these two kings, and another wise man was young. When they asked him, he could not say why he waited. He knew that treasures had been ransacked for gifts for the King of Kings. He seemed there was nothing more which he could give, and yet he was content. He made no answer to the old men who shouted to him that it was time had come. The camels were impatient, and swayed and snorted. The shadows across the desert grew longer. And still the young king sat and thought deeply.

At length he smiled, and he ordered his servants to open the great treasure sack upon the back of the first of his camels. Then he went to a high chamber to which he had not been since he was a child. He emerged about, and presently came out and approached the caravan. In his hand he carried something which glinted in the sun.

The kings thought that he bore some new gift more rare and precious than any which they had been able to find in all their treasure hoards. They bent down to see, and when the camel drivers peered from the backs of the great beasts to find out what it was which glinted in the sun. They were curious about his last gift for which all the caravan had waited.

And the young king took a toy from his hand and placed it upon the sand. It was a dog of tin, painted white and speckled with black spots. Great patches of paint had worn away and left the metal clear, and that was why the toy shone in the sun as if it had been silver.

The youngest of the wise men handed a key in the side of the little black-and-white dog, and then he stepped aside so that the kings and the camel drivers could see. The dog leaped high in the air and turned a somersault. He turned another somersault, and then fell over upon its side and lay there with a set and painted grin upon its face.

A child, the son of a camel driver, laughed and clapped his hands, but the kings were stern. They rebuked the youngest of the wise men, and he paid no attention, but called to

his chief servant to make the first of all the camels kneel. Then he picked up the toy of tin, and, opening his mouth, he held it in the mouth of the treasure sack placed his last of the sack so that it rested upon the soft bags of incense.

"What folly has seized you?" cried the eldest of the wise men. "Is this a gift to bear to the King of Kings in a far country?"

And the young man answered and said: "For the King of Kings there are gifts of great richness, gold and frankincense and myrrh."

"But this," he said, "is for the child in Bethlehem!"

Links With Dickens

A curious little bit of Christmas news comes from Winnipeg. At a Christmas reading from Dickens given in the city, it was announced by the President of the Dickens Fellowship, that Bishop Bompas, a noted Anglican leader in Western Canada in early days, was a son of Sergeant Buzfuz, the original of "Sergeant Buzfuz," Dickens's famous attorney in the celebrated case of "Bardell V. Pickwick," one of the high spots in "Pickwick Papers."

Buzfuz has remained to this day a source of much merriment in this solemn take-off on the affectations of English courts. It was Buzfuz who disclosed, in the breach of promise suit, the deep import of the love messages of Mr. Pickwick when he wrote "Chops and tomato sauce" to the widow, Mrs. Bardell. A Toronto exchange recalls the irony with which Buzfuz is treated in Dickens' description of his opening of the case in court:

"Sergeant Buzfuz began by saying that never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed on him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most-oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him."

Under the cloak of his irony and his quaint characterizations, Dickens was ever the social reformer. He sought to remedy abuses and to promote happiness by legislation as well as by the diversions of his popular stories. When he visited Toronto in 1842 he observed, in his "American Notes," that the city had "a good stone prison," as well as "a handsome church, a Court House, public offices, many commodious private residences," and other evidences of comfortable living.

There is another link of Dickens with Canada in the residence of his third son, Inspector Francis Dickens, for many years in Western Canada as a distinguished officer in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, when he was stationed at Winnipeg and Fort Pitt.

Editorial Notes

'Tis more blessed to give than to receive.

When the cup of life is full and flowing over, says Thoreau, preserve some drop as a specimen sample.

This is the time of year when "the wistful stars shine like good memories."

A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

The Chinese do not celebrate Christmas, but they have a Christmas proverb: "Better do a kindness near home than go far to burn incense."

Notes By The Way

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill. But let it whistle as it will. We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Sir Walter Scott: Christmas comes but once a year. And when it comes it brings good cheer.

Christmas—a time to remember the poor, who are always with us. It is also the season of good will and good wishes to all, and the air is full of sincere kindness as the messages come and go, in personal greetings or by post, and telephone.

The sleet storm, which played such havoc with telephone and telegraph posts and wires here and elsewhere in the Maritimes, was even more severe and disastrous in Ontario. It has put a damper on the Christmas trade, both here and in the cities by the Great Lakes, checked travel, and merchants complain that heavy stocks laid on for the holiday trade remain unsold.

"Too much snow," which followed the sleet, is complained of in the Toronto papers. The Mail and Empire tells about it in its issue of Friday last: "We got the snow just a week before Christmas and we got lots of it—are still getting it in generous quantities. Also we have in the city about 15,000 workless men for whose families benevolent workers are laboring day and night to bring some Christmas cheer and happiness. What then is the reason that the plentiful supply of Christmas snow is a handicap and a torment to business and people?"

Some 600 men are employed to make certain streets, or a portion of them passable for pedestrians. Some relation ought to be found between the snow, the unemployed and fair ability to move about at a rate of travel that would not block every avenue with belated travelers and motorists. On the roads where the bus lines operate the piled up snow reduces the street width by six to eight feet, making travel not only slow where it should be speeded up, but makes it hazardous as well.

Toronto is a big city and a wealthy one, but there are many small towns that handle the too plentiful snow problem much better than the Ontario capital.

Why is the King Government unwilling to call a conference of Canadian employers and representatives of labor and to co-operate with them in maintaining activity in industry throughout the Dominion? It looks as though Premier King and his Cabinet colleagues are unwilling to have the facts disclosed concerning unemployment. The people want to know and the conference has been asked for. But the Minister of Labor, having stated that there is practically no unemployment in Canada might feel that it would be inconvenient to have existing condition officially established on evidence.

While the Government is doing nothing out of the usual to furnish employment for workers though the treasury overflows, private corporations and other employers are doing much. The Bell Telephone Company has made plans for extensions and replacements that will call for a gross outlay of \$31,000,000 in 1930.

The Washington Government has announced its willingness to give dollar for dollar to any state which makes a grant for improved highways within its boundaries. States which are niggardly in this matter, if any, will be avoided by motorists in the future and their punishment will fit the offence. A western exchange asks, "Will the King Government please note and for shame's sake help, as its predecessor did, to pay the cost of our highways?"

Motor car accidents that prove fatal are said to number three a day in Chicago, on an average throughout the year, with a much larger average of those who suffer from broken limbs, cuts and bruises. This goes on week days and Sundays. It seems to be a frightful toll in human flesh and blood, the cars exact out there in the Windy City.

The Supreme Court of the United States some time ago named Hon. Charles Evans Hughes as Special Master to report on the water diversion from Chicago to the Mississippi. He has made a voluminous report to the Court, recommending that the diversion of 8,000 cubic feet of water per second shall be diminished to 6,000 cubic feet by July 1930, and later to be further reduced from time to time. A number of states bordering on the Great Lakes have been all along opposed to the diversion and quite in accord with the Canadian contention.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

MUCOUS COLITIS

Just as you can have a catarrhal condition of the nose, throat, or eyes, so also you can have a catarrh of the last part of the large intestine.

As you know this large tube, containing the wastes from the food that are to be thrown out of the body, is about six feet long. It begins in the lower right part of the abdomen in the region of the appendix.

From this point it goes up the right side, then across under the liver and stomach to the left side, and then down the left side to the point where its contents leave the body.

Something irritates this tube, colon as it is called, and catarrhal mucous colitis is formed, hence the ailment known as mucous colitis.

Now what causes this trouble? To be quite frank physicians are somewhat in the dark about the cause.

It is usually found in individuals past the forty mark, more in women than in men, and is found most frequently in those who have lost the tone of the abdominal muscles; that is the abdominal muscles are 'dropped' a little. That certain foods may cause it as they do asthma and hay fever, is a new idea of its cause. Dr. Milton A. Bridges tells us that in 85 per cent of the cases the lower ribs of the right and left side are too close together, thus making abdomen naturally a little too narrow.

The symptoms, aside from the mucous that comes away from the intestine, are usually abdominal pain, mostly in the region of the appendix, fatigue usually in the afternoon, constant daily backache, 'indigestion,' gas, feeling of fullness, blood thin, and emotional unrest.

The X ray usually shows portions of intestine in a sort of spasm with tightening of the walls.

Now as so many of these cases are called chronic appendicitis it is well to have the X ray examination before any operation is performed.

The treatment is a prolonged one. These individuals are usually of the 'nervous' type, and mental treatment is frequently indicated.

They have usually tried 'everything,' including bran, figs, rough vegetables and fruits all of which are excellent as a 'laxative' for most individuals, but really harmful to these cases, as they irritate the intestine and increase the amount of mucus.

Therefore raw fruit and rough vegetables should not be used, but milk and fruit juices, clear soups, plenty of cream and butter if they can tolerate these.

Olive oil after meals, the mineral oils, and ememas of mineral or vegetable oils are soothing and help to prevent constipation.

Bending exercises to develop abdominal muscles, or wearing of an abdominal belt to hold organs up in position, should be of help.



FROM "WHAT'S IN THIS CHRISTMAS DAY?"

What's in this Christmas Day? Let Time's hoary wardens say. The Saxon grim— There's some of him; The Druid's hand is here, The Greek and Roman cheer: From East and West Is gathered of the best, From the new and from the old— All the glorious day will hold. From whitest sands to lichen'd rock The doors of Hope unlock, The gates of peace swing wide, At coming of bright Christmas-tide.

Nor time, nor space shall dare divide, Nor race, nor faith, nor ought beside, Children of men at Christmas-tide!

Let help who can That bears the name of man, Help in his chosen way, To keep this festive day. But over other glories all, Shining high and far, Lo, the stoop, regardful star Above the cradle in the stall! Where the angels met together With shepherds in the shining weather.— There's the fountain of this song, Song of ages, sweet and strong; Thence the deathless voice That bids the world rejoice. —John Vance Cheney.

No need to suffer with corns, or to run the risk of paring them. Remove them surely and painlessly with Holloway's Corn Remover.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY

BY A. F.

It was a cold winter night, and as we sat around the blazing fire-place some one called on grandfather MacPherson for a story.

Father Time had dealt kindly with the old man, and, although ninety years had passed over his head it had not dulled his memory. Many were the tales he could tell—tales of the long ago when the land was but a wilderness.

Tonight—he had seemed lost in thought as he sat slowly twirling his thumbs while gazing into the glowing embers but the request for a story recalled his thoughts from the past where they loved to dwell, and he smiled as he nodded his silvery head in acquiescence.

"I guess it would be seventy years ago that it happened"—Grandfather murmured in a quavering tone—half to himself, and then, as though he felt sure that the date was correct—he started his story.

"Well it was just before Christmas, this very time of the year, and I had been into Charlottetown. Business had detained me, and when at last I was fairly on the road for home, it was to find myself travelling alone. Farmers seeing a bad night approaching, had hurried for home as soon as possible, that they might not be overtaken in the coming storm.

I would not have left town that night, but my mother was ill and I was taking home medicine and other things she required. Besides, I knew she would be worried if I did not show up. So I drew up the buffalo and started. My, but it was an awful night! It makes me shiver to think of it, even now!

The snow had been falling but an hour or two yet it reached above my horse's knees. A piercing wind came from over the icy waters of the North River, while at times a blinding drift almost smothered me.

Every now and then I was obliged to stop and take my bearings, that I might not pass the proper turnings of the road, and also to rest my horse a minute.

I think I had gone about a mile past the Queen's Arms when the old grey stopped. I gave him a rest, and then tried to urge him on. Do you think he would budge! No, sir, he would not move!

Well I got out to lead him and what was my surprise and horror to find the body of a man lying face down in the snow.

With difficulty I placed him on the sleigh, and the old grey with his increased burden, once more floundered on.

"Thinking his team might be stuck in a drift ahead, I peered through the drift in every direction, but seeing nothing I turned my attention to the man beside me. He seemed to breathe but I was not sure. I felt his pulse and its faint beats showed that he still lived.

Groping among the parcels I came across some brandy that the Doctor had ordered for Mother, and I made him swallow a small quantity. He was not as far through as I had thought, for in a short time he opened his eyes and began to speak. What he said convinced me that he had been drinking too freely and had rolled off his sleigh.

For a while we talked, or rather, shouted to each other between the gusts of wind that screamed and shrieked through the leafless trees that skirted the road. Then we lapsed into silence. We had just come to a lane which I judged (from the description given by the man) must be our dividing road, and I turned to see if he was in shape to start. What was my surprise and chagrin to find that he was gone! Gone also was the little jar of brandy and a beef's heart.

It was useless to look for him so I went on, and after a few more miles of fearful tugging and plunging we stood in our own yard, both exhausted but safe.

Next morning I heard that a man had been lost during the storm, and was sure, from the description they gave of him, that he was the man I had picked up on the road.

The whole settlement turned out

Goethe The Modernist

Commentaries upon the life and works of Goethe would make a large library. Carlyle introduced him to English readers. Among the millions of noted men in our time, there have been two, Napoleon and Goethe, says the Chelsea sage, and gives the preference to the German philosopher. Wherefore? Because his own life was his greatest work. Because, whatsoever Goethe wrote came out of his inmost heart and is a transcript of his personal experience. Because he passed through all the successive phases of intellectual and spiritual experience which render his history a revelation for all ages.

Because, in Goethe is to be found a mind alert, eclectic, inquiring, forceful, gifted with remarkable insight and working itself through the seasonal vicissitudes and cross-lights of life into clearer knowledge, self-command and freedom. His name has deservedly become a synonym of culture, and his books, as Carlyle justly remarks, "a thousand-voiced Melody of Wisdom." The Little Theatre which Goethe established in Weimar, soon after his appointment as a Minister of State, the classical institute wherein Schiller, Wieland, Herder, taught, and the brightest intellectuals of Germany gathered for mutual converse and fellowship was characteristic of a movement for which a fitting comparison can only be found in the Elizabethan age or in the best part of the Victorian era.

Today we are telling each other somewhat plaintively that the Great War has acted like a travelling earthquake and toppled to ruin all our former ideas about God and mankind and the cosmos. Did no similar shaking occur when Goethe began to take note of mundane events? Then as now, there were wars and rumors of wars. The earthquake of Lisbon upset an intellectual not less than the physical continent. It is impossible to gauge the effect this upheaval had upon the mind of a sensitive lad, six years of age when it happened, and the controversy this catastrophe produced, at its height when Goethe was in his teens. No historic event ever wrought greater havoc in the minds of men. We know what Voltaire had to say about it. The thing to note is that Goethe lived in an age of transition, having all the tumultuous upsurge and marks of confusion such as belong to the times in which we live. This is one reason Goethe is to all intents and purposes a modernist, and as such merits a careful reading. His chief publications are sign-posts towards a citadel set on a hill.

Had Goethe any philosophy of life? He came strongly under the influence of Spinoza. He was a profound student of the scriptures. Almost to the Bible alone did I owe my moral culture." Goethe did not believe in negations. He hated scoffers and triflers. He asked two questions of every subject brought before him. What does it signify as towards myself? What does it signify for the world outside? He believed that every true philosophy must be the faithful translation of ideas into the language of the active and moral tendencies of a man's nature. It must be not a dialectic formula, but a true representation of character. The best genius he writes, "is that which receives everything to itself, to that which is called character."

And searched high and low, Many thought that the man had wandered about and had fallen into a hole in the river and been swept away by the strong under current. So the matter ended.

I had almost forgotten the occurrence, when, towards the end of March it was brought back to my mind in a shocking manner. A dog belonging to a farmer at whose home I was visiting,—had dragged in a frozen beef's heart. With a view to returning it to the owner, the farmer and I followed the dogs tracks on a light fall of snow. After a good tramp we came to where a hole had been scratched in the icy snow that still filled the ditches along the road sides.

Near this hole we could see a jar sticking in the snow and while digging it out, what should we find but the body of a man! A thought flashed through my brain, I seized the jar—yes, it was mine, and the dead man—was my fellow traveller on that awful night.

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THE LAND WE LOVE

By FRANK YEIGH

CANADA'S DAIRY INDUSTRY

Q. What is Canada's Dairy Industry? A. The total output of Canadian dairy products has continued to rise since 1922 when the production was valued at \$197,717,245 and, in 1927, \$279,066,920. While there have been market fluctuations during this period the increase on the whole has been steady, and the figures represent the total milk production. Canadian cheese continues to hold its high place for quality in the world markets and especially in Great Britain.

Christmas 1929. We extend to all our Customers and Friends Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year. The Royal Bank of Canada.

By means of exercise, instruction, reflection, brings it out and puts it into the greatest possible activity." And thus the acquired and innate materials of human experience are wrought into free activity and unity. The thing acquired must be made our own. Else it becomes artificial and "founders in contradictions." And the innate "can always find its way somehow. In short, Goethe would tell us the lost soul is—that of the man who idly surrenders to circumstances and following impulse, sinks down into self-indulgence. The real value and the mastery force of life are forever vested in selfhood. Writing to Falk, he says: We must try ourselves and most carefully examine all that we receive into our minds from without by way of nutriment. Otherwise we destroy our philosophy or our philosophy will destroy

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