

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 1933

FREEDOM OF TRADE

Mr. Mackenzie King and his party press are still harping on that catch-penny phrase "Liberal freedom of trade." One wonders what possible meaning they imagine it to have in the light of present world events.

So far as the Canadian farmer is concerned, the net result of Mr. Mackenzie King's boasted "freedom of trade" was the practically free entry of millions of pounds of New Zealand butter into Canada and the raising of higher tariffs against us in the United States, Belgium, France, Italy, and Germany.

His friends at Washington were so appreciative of Mr. King's pacific gestures that they took another half dozen turns on their tariff jackscrew.

THE HIGHER LEARNING

Shortage of funds is reported to be the cause of the delay in completing a monumental Scottish National Dictionary, which has been in preparation at Edinburgh since 1908.

Commenting on the incident, a Manchester Guardian correspondent offers the explanation that the Scottish bourgeoisie is "ashamed of its ancient language and puts the use of it on a par with the Cockney's dropping of his 'h'."

"If this be so," retorts a writer in the Winnipeg Free Press, "let the curses of Meg Merrilies fall upon the Scottish bourgeoisie. There is no remote similarity between the dropping of his and the use of broad Scots. The dropping of his comes from defective larynxes caused by London fog."

ing to be ashamed of."

The Scottish language, adds the Free Press scribe, "besides being rich and strange, is a musical and literary language and has been used by many great men. Gavin Douglas wrote a translation of the Aeneid in Broad Scots. It is the language of the poetry of Dunbar, Henryson and Robert Ferguson as well as the more often celebrated Robert Burns.

Ochoon for poor Castalian drinkers. When they fa' foul o' earthy jinkers! The winking, curs'd, delicious blinkers. Hae put me hyte, And gar me weat my waukrife winkers. Wi' ginlin sp'ite.

"The average man on reading that," maintains our Winnipeg contemporary's correspondent, "even the average member of a Burns club, will not deny the boasting need for Dr. Grant's dictionary."

SCIENCE NOT TO BLAME

The dislocation of labor by mechanical inventions, many of which owe their origin to the work done in the chemical laboratory, is a complaint heard in these days and in some quarters the blame for this state of affairs is largely attributed to scientific mechanical invention.

THE U. S. FARMER

One result of the much advertised National Recovery Act in the United States is that it is advancing the cost of everything the farmer buys. On the other hand, what the U.S. farmer sells is depreciating in value as the money he gets is worth 30 per cent less in terms of exchange than it was last year at the corresponding period.

Notes By The Way

We will do the things we most desire. We are generalised by our resolutions. Through them our hopes and aspirations become accomplished facts.

The news comes from Tokio that the Japanese Government has rejected a proposal made by an American missionary to establish a branch Christian church at Ogaki, in Gifu prefecture.

"Mussolini," says an exchange, "is the head of a progressive Italy, not because he is a dictator, but because of his qualities of leadership and his positive qualities. Hitler is dominating Germany and is going from strength to strength because he has made himself the symbol of the positive ambitions of the German people."

The Women's Institute movement in Great Britain was started there 18 years ago by a well-known Canadian, Mrs. Alfred T. Watt.

There is a story going the rounds that a great industrialist said to Franklin Roosevelt: "Mr. President, if you succeed in this recovery effort you will be regarded as the greatest President in American history."

The Canadian Bar Association was well advised, we believe, in not supporting a resolution to make kidnapping a capital offence.



By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE SINUSES ARE THE SOUNDING BOX FOR THE VOICE

Almost every day the average physician is asked about the sinuses in the face, because sinus trouble is now quite wide-spread.

As a matter of fact, the average cold in the head is sinus trouble, but fortunately the cold clears up before any pus is formed, and the openings of the sinuses into the nose are therefore not blocked.

The sinuses are simply little cavities or caverns in the bones of the face which so adjoin the nose, that they form the "sounding box" for the voice.

As you know the air comes up the wind pipe from the lungs, strikes against the vocal cords and noise or voice occurs. The voice however needs "resonance" or sounding box to give it the proper tone or expression, and this is the purpose of the sinuses.

You get an idea of what value the sinuses are to the voice when the sinuses are blocked by the common cold, or if you close your nostrils with your fingers and speak. There is simply a flat sound without any ring of resonance to it.

There are three sets of sinuses on each side of the face adjoining the nose, opposite the cheek, the eye and the forehead just above the eye.

The main point to remember about these sinuses is that they are all connected with the nose by small openings, and have the same lining or mucous membrane as the nose.

In fact the easiest way to get the idea is to think of the lining of the nose extending into these sinuses, just as the floor of a hall in a home might extend into the rooms adjoining the hall.

A change of temperature, change from the outdoors to the indoors, the eating of certain foods, the pollen of plants, and various other substances, inflame the mucous membrane or lining of the nose, and the individual develops a "cold."

Fortunately, in most cases, the cold simply irritates the lining and increases a flow of water. If this water is dammed back, thickens, and organisms increase within it pus is formed. This is really sinusitis.

Mr. Woodworth's Fallacy

Sentimentalists are always out gunning for parasites and beasts of prey; they destroy them, only to find that the balance is disturbed and that which was preyed upon becomes itself a relentless and destructive depredator.

Mr. Woodworth is a sentimentalist of the same sort. He argues that the capitalist has grown in power and voracity in the artificial circumstances of a mechanized civilization and under the tutelage of government, while at the same time his functional utility has diminished as capital, or productive capacity, and has increased to the point of superfluity.

Imperialist Britons have long upheld the theory that a mighty Empire is unquestionably the best guarantee of peace throughout the whole world. In this the Dominions may share the responsibility and the glory with the Old Country.

No one, says Sinner Boyer Ely of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, doubts that there is such a thing as partial overproduction; but this, he argues, is not the machine's fault. It is due to the bad judgment of the machine's owner and might occur in a non-machine civilization.

A paternal state and a planned economy are all very well in the abstract, but the deuce of a job to construct in the concrete. Most people are vaguely aware that the enormously complicated business of gathering materials from all over the world, fabricating them into goods to suit a thousand individual tastes, and making these generally available, together with innumerable services and conveniences, is a technique which has grown slowly and is beyond the power of any man or body to visualise or grasp in its entirety.

Ellen Terry's Home

(H. E. Wortham, in The London Daily Telegraph).

The other day I was walking in that charming borderland of Kent and Sussex where the Weald is preparing to turn into Romney Marsh. It is an old and largely unspoilt stretch of country, good for sheep and for those epicures who like winding lanes, half-timbered cottages and Kentish ale.

And as I walked along, thinking of nothing in particular, I suddenly came upon an unusually pleasing example of the Tudor farmhouse. It fronted the road at the foot of a little hill. Unlike so many Tudor houses it actually turned its wrinkled face towards the sun.

I changed a bell. Its Hans Andersen tones reverberated in odd contrast to the quietness and remoteness of the place, till the silence again made its enchantment felt. The half-open door, with a stately holly-hock for sentry, heightened the fairy-story atmosphere.

The house is almost exactly as she left it. You enter a tiny vestibule which no door separates from the stone-flagged living room. By the hearth—the open grate bears the date 1660—stands a plain settee, in its newness the pride of some young farmer's wife when George I was king.

The other room on the ground floor was Ellen Terry's sitting-room. So far as inanimate things can create the past it is Ellen Terry. Within this oak-beamed room, with its casement windows facing south and west, is contained her whole career.

The whole story of that long service to the stage is about me. A large filing case full of photographs of her roles. Presents from the Royal family, including one marked "From the Queen to Ellen Terry, 1889." Shelves filled with the books that have been written about her.

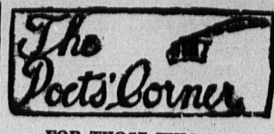
Upstairs in her bedroom — she was only moved downstairs for the last few days of her life—we stand in the presence rather of the woman than of the artist. Everything is as she left it. On the walls are photographs of her children and family. Only a Globe edition of Shakespeare that is falling to pieces reminds one of the actress who, one humorously remembers, so often forgot the words her emotion and intelligence had mastered.

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FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

"All honor to him who has won the prize," The world has cried for a thousand years; But to him who tries, and who fails and dies.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears, To all who fall in their deeds sublime; Their ghosts are many in the van of years, They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name, But greater many and many a time, Some pale-face fellow who dies in shame, And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn, And good is the man who refrains from wine; But the man who fails and still fights on, Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

—Joaquin Miller.

half hour spent in the middle of a placid afternoon, while the custodian thought of his half-consumed tea, and I lived in the days that will return no more.

"Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness, Yours still—yo mine: and forget the rest. . ."

Total Abstainers

(Toronto Globe) Premier Bennett admits he is like Mussolini and Hitler in two respects, and is not ashamed of it, in that he is a total abstainer and a non-smoker.

Despatches say the ovation that greeted the Premier was tremendous. Probably neither Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, pocketing his pipe, nor Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, clinging to his well-known cigar, in the same spotlight would have been received more enthusiastically.

DRUG SPECIALS list including \$1.00 Bottle Nujol, \$1.50 Bottle Fellows Syrup, \$1.00 Bottle Beef, Iron and Wine, 50c Box Gin Pills, 60c Box Chases Nerve Food, 60c Box Chase's Ointment, 50c Tube Mentholatum Shaving Cream, 50c Package Gillette Blades, 50c Jar Ponds Cream, 35c Tins of Talcum, 1 Pint of Essence of Vinegar, 8 oz. bottle of Wampoles Milk of Magnesia.

ROYAL BANK OF CANADA advertisement with image of a modern city and text: THIS MODERN WORLD The world of business becomes more and more complex; the boy or girl who enters it without training is under a handicap.

MINARD'S LINIMENT advertisement with image of a man and text: for PIMPLES Add an equal amount of cream, or sweet oil, to Minard's, and apply the mixture once daily.

Use Brahmin Tea Refreshing as only fresh, pure Orange Pekoe Tea can be. Sold only in red, airtight packages.

The Chew for You advertisement with image of a man and text: HICKEY & NICHOLSON'S BLACK TWIST CHEWING

MAIL IT TODAY! PRIZE CAMPAIGN DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS The Guardian, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Telephone 482 INFORMATION COUPON GENTLEMEN: Kindly send me receipt books for taking subscriptions to my local paper, The Charlottetown Guardian, and full details relative to the free offer of valuable Cash awards to be made in the great profit-sharing campaign.