

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Maxims

Some people are so polished that they cast reflections on others.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1932

HOOVER MESSAGE

President Hoover's message to Congress, published in full in yesterday's Guardian, strikes a hopeful note of co-operation, at least in so far as concerns United States' attitude to debtor nations that have sought to meet their war debt payments. Mr. Hoover, of course, is on the eve of retirement from office, and the policy of his successor, President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, has yet to be announced. But it can be safely assumed that Roosevelt policy will be in line with the Hoover message. It will be recalled that following the Presidential election, a conference took place between the two leaders, and doubtless the question of America's foreign policy was fully discussed at that time. There is good reason therefore to believe that United States will follow the precedent of Great Britain in maintaining a consistent course in foreign relations, irrespective of political changes at home. This precedent was created by Gladstone at the beginning of his third administration, when Lord Rosebery was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in succession to Lord Salisbury.

CHRISTMAS TOYS

Where does Santa get his Christmas toys? This question is of little concern to youngsters provided the toys arrive on scheduled time, but the answer, as furnished by the National Revenue Review, makes interesting reading for grown-ups. Many toys, of course, are made in Canada, but a greater part of the contents of Santa's pack is gathered from all parts of the world, especially from the United States and Germany. In the past fiscal year toy imports, not including dolls, were valued at \$1,333,884. This total was made up as follows:—United States \$541,885, Germany \$429,808, United Kingdom \$184,805, Japan \$137,147, Czechoslovakia \$17,384, France \$13,188. Dolls imported in the past fiscal year were valued at \$155,236, and came chiefly from Germany. The Dominion exported in the same period toys of all kinds valued at \$30,192, an increase of \$1,850 over similar exports in the previous year. In recent years the principal buyers of Canadian toys were the United States, Newfoundland and New Zealand. Exports to these countries have dropped considerably in the last fiscal year. The decrease was more than balanced however, by increased exports to the United Kingdom which purchased toys from Canada to the value of \$18,282, as against about eight hundred dollars' worth in the previous year. These relics of child life in the form of toys have come down to us from very ancient times, not only in actual playthings but, also, in art and books. Greek vases have been unearthed on which are depicted go-carts, babies' rattles and clappers shaped like hens and birds. Even the great classical writers do not forget the children; Pausanias telling us about a doll's ivory bed of exquisite workmanship; Aristophanes mentioning a little wagon bought in the market at Athens for one "obolus"; Horace praising hobby horses, and Plato, building bricks. In the Middle Ages tin soldiers were most in vogue, and ingeniously constructed tin horses which could be made to tilt. From the seventeenth century onward, dolls houses seem to have been one of the delights of childhood. Travellers to Europe may see at Berlin, London and Nuremberg the loveliest of miniature palaces, with even playthings in toy nursery cupboards for baby dolls as well as charming pictures, sliken curtains and pretty china and glass. In 1231 a lady in

Germany had a doll's house made and furnished which well shows the fashions of her day. It was especially rich in musical instruments, and had a library. This model little home was left to posterity with the hope that as many children as possible would see it as often as possible, with the aim and intent to make good housekeepers. The dolls themselves of those days, however, were rather disappointing. They were all grown-up ladies, stiff and straight in their bones and busks and old brocades; elaborate creatures for palace life; or else, quaint wooden figures, a little like the Dutch dolls that are still to be found in old country homes. But the conquering hosts of Toyland are still marching down the centuries, laying siege each year to homes and hearts. And may they long continue so to do.

FIRST EMPIRE FLIGHT

Twenty-five years ago this month, to be exact on Dec. 13, 1907, an item appeared in the press to the effect that Dr. Alex Graham Bell's flying machine rose to a considerable height after being taken from the workshop at Baddeck. The machine, which had not then a motor installed but was used as a glider, was in charge of the late Lieut. Selfridge, U. S. A., for whom Selfridge Field, Mount Clements, Mich., is named.

Previous to this, F. W. "Casey" Baldwin, a grandson of Hon. Robt. Baldwin, Premier of Canada before Confederation, made what is claimed to be one of the first public flights of an aeroplane in North America, when he flew a machine powered with a gasoline motor at Baddeck, which was the joint effort of himself as chief engineer, with Dr. Alex Graham Bell, J. A. D. McCurdy, Glenn R. Curtiss and others who organized an effort at Baddeck for the purpose of producing a successful flying machine. On this flight March 12, 1907, it is stated the plane which was named the "Red Bird" raced 130 feet then took off and at a general altitude of from ten to twenty feet flew for a distance of 219 feet and alighted without mishap. In the next flight, he crashed the "Red Bird." Mr. Baldwin designed a machine, the "White Wing" which made a world's record flight of 339 yards in 1908.

Baddeck figures prominently in the early history of aviation and the late Dr. Alexander Graham Bell is buried at the top of the hill overlooking the town and beautiful Bras d'Or Lake, a simple boulder marking his resting place.

CANADIAN FERTILIZER

Canada, notes a leaflet issued by the Federal Department of Agriculture, is now self-supporting in essential fertilizer items. Nitrogen of Canadian manufacture is to be had in abundance in the form of sulphate of ammonia, now processed cyanamid containing nitrate, ammonium phosphate and the organic fertilizers such as tankage, dried blood and fish meal. Really the only item of importance for the manufacture of mixed fertilizer or single application not produced in this country is potash.

Superphosphate is made on a large scale at New Westminster, B. C., Trull, B. C., Hamilton, Ontario and Bevel, Que., and it is gratifying to know that the quality of this superphosphate produced in Canada by virtue of up-to-date processes of manufacture, is superior to most foreign superphosphate in availability and physical condition. It may be said of the other items that they are at least equal and in some instances superior, to the best qualities of other countries in meeting the needs of Canadian fertilizer requirements.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Perhaps the most disquieting fact today is the refusal of leaders in certain lines of endeavor to admit that the machine has been the major source of the world's economic troubles. Such an attitude as this is blind and reactionary—and certainly does not display even an enlightened self-interest. It requires no great intelligence to understand what the machine has done—and what it will continue to do, if it is not brought under control in the service of mankind.

Difficult as the problems appear there is no occasion to lose faith in the capacity of the statesmen who gathered at Ottawa to build bigger markets within the Empire. They knew then that the monetary question was serious, and entered into agreements with this knowledge. Whether or not it is one of the matters being considered during Mr. Bennett's sojourn in London, Canadians may be certain that it has never dropped out of sight and that a solution will be found ultimately. In the interval, although Canadian products are not bringing the returns desired, the market for them in the United Kingdom is growing rapidly, and it is something to establish a better foothold. Were it possible to say the same for John Bull's products in Canada! There is some satisfaction in realizing that he does not easily weary in well-doing.

It is one of the greatest of Britain's traditions that although wars ever found her giving her gold as dust and blood as water to achieve victory, cessant on of hostilities found her equally ready to treat her foes chivalrously, to clear all pathways toward peaceful reconstruction. War debts and reparations are no new thing to Britain. The centuries have seen her engaged with various allies in combat with European autocracies. She fought Louis XIV. She fought Napoleon under revolutionary arms for more than twenty years. But although she always emerged victoriously, never did she impose humiliating terms upon her vanquished enemies. In the war with Louis XIV the terms were so temperate as to surprise even the French. In 1815, after Waterloo had overthrown Napoleon, Britain refused to accede to the demands of Russia, Prussia and Austria that crippling terms be imposed upon France.

It has been impossible, says the Baltimore Sun, for the British Government to understand that the opposition to revision of war debts in the United States is not based on a reasoned opinion which might be changed by a submission of facts or arguments. They have proceeded on the supposition that this section of American opinion was really interested in the issue, when the truth is that the gentlemen who hold these views are for the most part either incapable of understanding the position at all or simply use it for the want of some better means of convincing their clients that they are "fighting for America's interest." All the arguments and facts make it plain that their action is actually working against America's interest, but the prospects of convincing them of that will be no better next June than they are now.

"His Majesty's Government," is guided by traditions which permit Executive action. A committee can enter into agreements at a Lausanne conference with reasonable assurance that they will be approved by Parliament. "His Majesty's Government" need not sidestep responsibility in writing notes to Washington. They carry an authority which Washington notes lack, a difference which other nations will understand some day if they do not now. They invite frank and prompt attention. There is little doubt as to which is the better way of doing business.—Toronto Globe.

Two or three things stand out in any discussion of the Russian situation. One of them is the survival of the Soviet authority long past the limit of life allowed it by most of its prophetic critics. Another is the fact that the early frenzies of Sovietism are being gradually dropped and more conservative features adopted. After all, no one with any appreciation of what went on in Russia before the revolution can blame the Russian people for revolting or for being willing to follow revolutionary leaders. Almost anything was better than the rule of weak Romanoff and the cold-blooded intrigues who surrounded him. Having made a violent change in their form of government, the Russians are gradually finding out that a policy somewhere in between is more workable and slowly, but surely, the authorities are edging back to this compromise position.

The quarrel between Japan and

Christmas Cards

(G. V. F. in the Winnipeg Free Press)

During that season of the year when peace on earth good will to men is manifested by the despatch and receipt of Christmas and New Year's cards (the latter being a later invention than the former, since they come in handy to send to everybody not on your list who sent you a Christmas greeting,) one of the most aggravating woes is the failure to put an address on the card. Some people are the kind of people who always know the addresses of their friends. They write them down in a little book, and do not lose the book later, and when they get new addresses, they add them conscientiously to the list. But most people are not built that way. They think always that they can remember the addresses; and they do too, until the friends go to live in a place like Edmonton where you have to be a mathematical genius to remember the seven or eight figures involved; or perhaps until they go to England where an average address is The Gables, Bentinck Mailing, by Weevilbury, Lancs. It is about that time that you begin to lose track of your friends, and meditate on the changes time brings.

We once had a friend at college whose name was Henry Ford. He did not make motor-cars. He played rugby and dabbled in chemistry. He was clever and witty both, and he had the most alluring Floridan accent we have ever heard. To hear Henry say "And how," with the most liquid full rolling of the vowels was a liberal education in itself. We loved Henry. Then we separated, full of ideas of meeting again, but in the excitement of the last meeting we forgot to get his address. We last saw Henry almost impaled on an iron grill. Two of his friends were trying to lift him off without tearing his clothes and Henry, we are sorry to say, was singing "Daisies Won't Tell." A taxi cab whirled us out of Henry's life.

Since then, each Christmas, a card has arrived from Henry. It carries best wishes for the season and at the lower left hand corner the information is conveyed that Henry is living in New York city. Letters to that address have been returned by the United States mails with a suggestion that there are many Henry Fords in New York, to say nothing of Detroit, where there is another, and that they are unable to make delivery of our frenzied appeals for more news. What is Henry doing? He is apparently out of jail; but what is he doing Has he become a chemist in earnest? Does he still sing "Daisies Won't Tell"? Has he married, and if so, why? All these and many more questions we fain would know. But Henry will not tell me on his Christmas card, nor will he give me his address. Henry is as good as dead to us, and in the silent watches of the evening, we mourn the loss, for he was worth knowing. His baritone voice in the lower reaches of "Daisies Won't Tell" was among the most effective things we have ever known.

Surely everyone has had the same experience. Yet, year after year, when the choice of Christmas cards comes up for discussion, no one appears to think of the simple convenience of adding an adequate postal address. No one? There are exceptions of course. The people whom one wishes never to hear of again never fail to add the address, and their cards arrive, year after year, with the same deadly accuracy as an income tax statement. Their address stares at one from the mantle-piece all through the Christmas week, and at last, in desperation, one writes to them; and they answer the letter, and life becomes clouded by masses of unwanted tasks.

All this, of course, is a minor tribulation. It is not a thing to worry about, nor even to write a column about. Life is difficult enough without piling Pelion on Ossa over Christmas cards. But who can quell that faint feeling of impotence when the cards from the few chosen companions roll in, and one knows that that will be all for another year? Friends are hard to come by, and are held only by effort, and at this moment we want very much to hear from Henry Ford—not the man who makes motor-cars, but the one who sings "Daisies Won't Tell."

China over Manchuria is not the result of a sudden intemperate act on the part of one of the disputants, says the London Times. No doubt the forward movement of the Japanese Army in September of last year, and its subsequent occupation of territory more than twice the size of France, have actually produced the present crisis; but fundamentally the difficulty arises from a rivalry of races which, as events in Western Europe also show, is of all differences the least easy to compose.



That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

DENTISTS ARE NOW DOCTORS

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the manner in which the public and also physicians look upon the dental profession.

It is only perhaps ten or fifteen years ago since dentistry was looked upon as a sort of "mechanical" profession. A dentist simply pulled or filled teeth.

"Dentistry in the past has been operating upon a hind-end first plan of waiting for destruction to occur, and then through a process of patch work mechanics making all the hay possible while the sun shines. This has resulted in an unhealthful uneconomic, and unsocial situation and has put dentistry in the position of being considered by a profession as a business rather than a profession."

The above paragraph is from Dr. Joseph K. Kauffmann, a dentist of New York City.

Why has dentistry risen to its proper position as a profession?

Because it now teaches the public how to preserve the teeth and thus prevent disease, just as the medical profession by teaching hygiene to school children and adults, has lengthened the human life span by many years.

Your dentist now advises that you see him twice a year. This means that your little decay, any tartar at the gum margin of the teeth, any root infection may be detected and thus you will not only save your teeth, but your health also. No one can begin to estimate the damage to the entire workings of the body from infected teeth, from poor chewing surfaces, and from diseased gums.

This half-yearly or yearly visit to the dentist is thus really health insurance.

Just as there are research workers in medicine so are there research workers in dentistry.

Dental students to-day are alive to the great strides being made in their profession, and these new students, or recruits as Dr. Kauffmann calls them, "will place facts above opinions, truths above fables, prevention above cure, children above adults, the whole body above only the teeth, and profession above trade."

It is not to be wondered at therefore that the dentist is now rightly called doctor, because a doctor is really one who teaches. The dentist helps to teach people how to live properly.

Ill-Fed Communists

(Toronto Mail and Empire)

Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, the radical member of Parliament from Winnipeg—scene of the Communist revolution of 1919—is travelling around Ontario trying to stir up trouble among those who have been hard hit by a world-wide depression. For years past Mr. Woodsworth has been a chief apologist for Soviet Russia in and out of Parliament, and one wonders who is financing his campaign. No man can travel around the country week after week by rail and motor without having some means at his disposal. He may be well off in the goods of this world, but if so why does he not distribute his wealth among his fellow Socialists? Or is he like the Irishman who had two pigs?

The Brandon Sun, published not far from the scene of Mr. Woodsworth's home and major activities, strongly condemns the Labor M. P. and present leader of the C. C. F. for making unsupported statements regarding the condition of workers in the Riding Mountain Government Park. There is an apparent lack of accuracy in his allegations that the unemployed maintained at the park were or are ill-fed and badly used. The Brandon Sun does a further service by quoting Mr. J. A. McLaughlin, a Vancouver engineer of high standing, in criticism of Mr. Woodsworth's spiritual home. Mr. McLaughlin, after spending two years on a Government contract in Russia, says that 90 per cent. of the Russian workers would leave for Canada if they were free to do so and had the passage money. "Everywhere is evidence of fear. You seldom hear a person laugh. If the Soviet fed its own people properly it could not export a bushel of wheat."

The land of the Soviets is certainly not a workers' paradise, for when Mr. McLaughlin showed some of the Russian workers the bill of fare in a Canadian relief camp they thought it was simply capitalist propaganda. Mr. Woodsworth may be sincere, but, if so, he is ill-informed and, what is worse, he is constantly carried away by his own unfortunate facility for gib talk.

Lenin's Tomb, Moscow

(F. Yeats-Brown, in the Spectator)

Lenin's tomb, great in planning, but poor in detail, seemed to me an epitome of my Russian impressions. From the Red Square, especially at night, when the mausoleum of the greatest materialist of modern times stands foursquare, gleaming, monolithic against the Kremlin walls, and high and far above it the Red Flag flutters floodlighted, one gains an impression of strength and unity of purpose. But inside, the lighting effects are those of a cabaret, and the mummy that meets the visitor at the end of his pilgrimage, with small wax folded hands, and the flag of the Paris Commune at its feet, seems something of an anti-climax.

On the occasion of my visit I was surprised to see that the comrade in front of me kept on his cap. A policeman spoke to him roughly, telling him to take it off. The comrade obeyed, but winked at me.

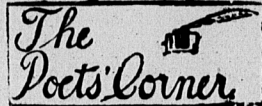
Lenin was a great figure, though an evil force in the world. He shook the earth more profoundly than Tamerlane or Chengis Khan, and founded his power on a terror hitherto unparalleled, but he was good and kind in private life. Now his yellow face, with his magnificently moulded forehead, thin red beard, sardonic smile, and wart by the right eye, is a peepshow for the people he loved.

Lights For Orators

(Ottawa Journal)

Among reports made to the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, one was unique. Presented by the Federation's two fraternal delegates to the British Trades Union Congress at Newcastle-on-Tyne, last September, it told how the British chose off orators. Thus:

"Speakers are not allowed to talk from the floor, but are required to appear before the Congress on a small raised platform



Over the landscape sere and dappled brown, Changing from scattered farm to scattered town, Piercing and restless, yellow eyes look down, As wild geese fly. Panoply of scattered surface strange, In silent movement, virile, strong, they change Their leadership, above the twilight range, Against the sky. Through ghost-like, leafless skeletons of trees, There steals unto my eyes upon the breeze, The vision of their trek from far-off seas, Throughout the night. The haunting call of passage, sounding clear, Which strays from domes of silence to my ear, Awakes my soul to wish to join them there. In deathless flight. —de Hauteville, Charlottetown.

Ideas For Christmas Gifts

FOR HIM

- Military Brushes Ivory Shaving Sets Farley's Shaving Set Coty's Shaving Set Potter & Moore Shaving Set Pipes Lighters Cigarettes Tobaccos

FOR HER

- Toiletries in beautiful Gift Sets Manicure Sets Yardley's Toilet Sets Ashes of Roses Toilet Sets Houbrant Toilet Sets Coty's Toilet Sets Evering in Paris Toilet Sets Gay Paree Toilet Sets Vanity Cases, Perfume, Atomizers, Dusting Powder, Bath Salts, etc.

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THE 2 MACS

140 Great George St.

JOE SAYS-- Come not to the Counsel uncalled. An inexpensive Gift which will PLEASE Those who have not already sent us their list kindly mention their own expiry date. This will prevent any delay in preparing our Christmas mailing list. The Charlottetown Guardian PHONE 132

which looks like a pulpit. When the chairman wishes to notify a speaker that his time is up, he pushes a button and a little red light appears in the box where the speaker is standing. Then, if he does not stop within the appointed time (one minute) the chairman presses another button which rings a bell. If he does not stop then, the assemblage in various effective ways brings him to realization that his time is up."

Admirable as this arrangement is, it is not entirely original. As long ago as before the war the Hungarian Parliament had a similar system, and one really more effective. Under the Hungarian device, the appearance of a green light told a deputy that he had a minute to go. If at the end of the minute he was still going, he was warned by a red light. Then, if he persisted in his eloquence, and exceeded another minute, he simply disappeared from the chamber through a trap door. Although the preference of many would be for the Hungarian plan, beginning over here might be made with the British system. It might be tried, as an experiment, at our next big banquet. Then, if it succeeded, it might be extended to our various legislatures, and even to some pulpits. The possibilities are the thing—if it worked—would be endless.

\$500 FOR LOSS OF FINGER NAIL

LONDON, Dec. 20. — (C.P.) — A 'cello player was awarded \$500 damages in the Civil Court at Leeds Assizes against a doctor in connection with an operation on a finger nail. It was stated that the operation had resulted in the loss of the delicate touch necessary for high-class 'cello playing. The plaintiff was Sydney Barker, musician, of Dewsbury, and the defendant was Dr. Philip R. Allison.

There Are Many New Things We Are Sure Will Delight You In Our Showing of CHRISTMAS GIFTS An exceptional display of Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Face Powders and Combs in Combination Sets and singly. Christmas Chocolates in the leading makes beautifully boxed for the holiday trade—Smokers Goods in Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarette and Cigar Cases, Smokers Sets, etc. Parisian Ivory Toilet and Manicure Sets, Boudoir Lamps, Brushes, Combs, Mirrors, Photo Frames, Perfume Bottles, Trays, etc., in various colors. Other articles include, Waterman Fountain Pens and Pencils, Walking Sticks, Thermos Bottles and Lunch Kits, Cameras, Ladies and Gents Travelling Sets and Cases, Hot Water Bottles, Rolls, Gillette and Auto Strip Safety Razors, Shavers Sets, Playing Cards, etc. We want you to look over our offerings. Now is the time to make your selections. E. A. FOSTER— CENTRAL DRUGSTORE HEADQUARTERS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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