

THE CHARLOTTE TOWN GUARDIAN

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1929

THE ELUSIVE STANLEY

At a month ago yesterday, the S. Stanley, which was lying in Halifax, was ordered to proceed to Tormentine to take up service there when the decision of the Railway authorities to place Montcalm on the Georgetown route was rescinded at the solution of a Prince County political order to the Stanley was made on Friday, Jan. 18th, and it was hoped that she would be able to Halifax "either Saturday evening or Sunday morning, so as to be ready to work on Monday morning, or at the latest not later than Tuesday."

The next definite information was given in a Canadian Press despatch, dated Jan. 24th, to the effect that the Stanley was stuck in the ice of the Gut of Canso while proceeding to the assistance of S. S. Terne, who was also ice-bound. Further news as to her movements were received at intervals for the next two days by the agents of the "Terne."

It was announced that the Stanley had been released and would be sent to Cuba, her original destination, after bunkering in Sydney. On Monday, Feb. 11th, it was announced in the local Liberal organ that the Stanley, now coaling at Sydney, was ordered to proceed to Borden. On her arrival on Monday evening, the car will leave for Halifax, to have propeller replaced.

Three days later a news item from Halifax paper announced that the Stanley would accompany the Terne to the Cape Breton fields. On the same day (13th) it was reported that the Stanley was on her way to the village of Dingwall, on the northeastern coast of Inverness County, Cape Breton, to remove a sick person to nearest hospital, the location of which was not mentioned. A Canadian Press despatch of Feb. 14th confirmed this report and stated that Stanley had reached Dingwall and had successfully transferred the patient; that the steamer had later left at North Sydney and "after undergoing minor repairs" would be for Tormentine "to relieve the ferry."

A later despatch from North Sydney, dated Feb. 16th, stated that Captain Rhude of the Stanley presented with a gold-headed cane, by the business men of the town, "in token of being the Captain to bring a foreign ship to port for the year 1929."

has definitely concluded that the trip to Borden is out of the question for the Stanley, remains a mystery. The Stanley seems to be the only messenger steamer available for Government and charitable errands in these waters. In any case, it was surely not unreasonable to expect that the railway authorities here should be informed as to the movements or expected movements of the steamer which was to relieve the car ferry and enable the urgent repairs to be made before the rush season began and the usual ice movements became serious.

For the first time since the accident to the car ferry, over a month ago, we now have definite news as to the Department's purpose with reference to our transportation,—the news, namely, that there will be no relief for repairs to the car ferry before spring. The Stanley, which has bobbed in and out of the story like the old uncle's will in a melodrama, is now definitely out of it, and may again be "dismantled" and shelved for the rest of the winter. During all the time in which her movements were wrapped in mystery, when nobody seemed to know whether she was going or coming, it was of course, a great consolation to have the assurance that Messrs. Sinclair and Jenkins were "keeping in close touch with the situation." It will doubtless be a relief to those gentlemen to be able to relax their vigilance now that the Stanley has been definitely located. They will now be able to resume their parliamentary duties with the self satisfaction that comes from public services heroically performed.

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL

No subject is more widely discussed than the fate of Democracy, and none, says the Montreal Gazette. None is of more vital importance. The early predictions made about the possible benefits to society of the democratic suffrage have vanished like morning mist. Nations are undergoing a severe process of disillusionment. It has been discovered that in the realm of social affairs, evolution can operate with a downward curve as well as an upward trend. The hidden factors of a complex problem have slowly but surely worked their way to the surface, and in these times we are much less confident about political panaceas than was the case half a century ago. The reactions, keenly felt, are variously stated. During the Great War it was said there was a break-down of statesmanship. After the Armistice came the cry for peaceful method and definite leadership. At this hour we are somehow uneasily conscious that democracy has missed or failed to make its proper connections. Horizons have widened. The orbits of human influence have immeasurably expanded. We live in a supersensitive age and world, and no thoughtful person can fail to note the tremendous issues suddenly flung into the scales, as compared with the heavy and unwieldy instrument, the ill-organized and very poorly educated plebs, the democratic idea presents. Said Ramsay Muir: "No people can be called fully civilized until there is widely diffused among its members the sense of their obligation, not merely to obey the law, but to obey it willingly and co-operate in maintaining and enforcing it." Can this really be said of the democracy of today with its vista of large relations, world-wide in their scope? Can this expansive vision of world affairs be met by groups bogged in party squabbles or trivial animosities? Has democracy in anywise moderated the selfish and disruptive force of iron dogmatism?

Such questions are not of a flattering sort. They will not down, however, and upon the whole it is well that a healthful spirit of self-criticism should prevail rather than that men should sit down in idle contentment, the hypnotized dupes of a social formula.

Notes By The Way

Many interesting facts concerning Canada's trade with China, are contained in the monthly circular letter of the Royal Bank for February. One of the facts stated is that Dominion trade with China is increasing more rapidly than with any other country notwithstanding the distracted state of that country through civil war. Prior to 1915 there were only two years in which Canadian exports to China had exceeded a million dollars, and in that year their value was only \$250,000. In the last twelve months the value of exports to China was in excess of \$14,000,000. And Canada is selling about ten times as much goods to China as it is buying from that country.

Few Canadians realize or appreciate the trend of Chinese culture and thought, or the fact that in ages past China was far in advance of Europe in the manufacture of paper, in printing, in banking and the issue of bank notes, which they called "flying money." We are now told that there were "billions of pieces of paper currency in circulation in China about 800 years ago.

It is pointed out that hitherto the West has expected the Chinese to adopt Western ideas, Western methods and Western Machinery, as well as to communicate in Western languages. Without the appreciation of the viewpoint that Eastern customs and Eastern thought are probably far better adapted to Eastern conditions, the West will seem lacking in both sympathy and understanding. Those who are well acquainted with the Chinese state that there are few countries in the world where friendship and respect play a large part in determining the channels of trade.

The consumption of electric energy in Canada is rapidly increasing. About 80 per cent of the productive power is located in Ontario and Quebec and the increase in 1928 over the previous year was 16 per cent. The horsepower produced by electric plants in 1928 was twice as great as that of 1924. On every side, in town and country, the uses of the electric current are extending and multiplying, thus calling for increased production. Ours is the electric age in world history, with every prospect of becoming more so in the years of the near future.

The aeroplane is becoming a commonplace thing and is also multiplying its forms and proportions. There are both smaller and larger planes now than ever before, and their names, purposes and performances are legion. There are, as at first, bi-planes and mono-planes. And there is the helicopter, capable of rising perpendicularly in the air to a great height and either making progress in any direction while it is up or descending on the spot whence it had ascended. And now we are told of the gyro-plane capable of doing still more wonderful things. The helicopter and gyroplane have not yet come into common use, but that is only a matter of time... They are coming.

The Earl of Birkenhead has been peering into the future and trying to forecast some of the miracles of the coming century, what the conditions of life on this planet will be in the year 2029. There is no doubt, from the pace at which new miracles have been enacted in the past quarter or half a century that other remarkable achievements and happenings await mankind. They may, however, be very different from what Lord Birkenhead expects.

He anticipates cheap power from harnessing the winds, the ocean tides and even the atoms. He tells us that a pound of coal can now be made to yield only one horse-power for an hour. "Yet locked up in the atoms which constitute a pound of water, there is ten million horsepower or hours." This colossal energy exists but science has not yet enabled us to turn it to useful work, but he confidently believes the problem will be solved before 2029.

With such power man will be able to alter the geography or the climate of the world. "Telephony and television will be developed beyond all present imagining, and epidemic diseases abolished. Cures for such scourges as cancer and tuberculosis, along with the abolition of epidemic maladies are fairly certain. The aged will be made young again—"by an ordinary and well-recognized matter of a few injections at appropriate intervals."

In such case octogenarians may become "an established part of the human race," and Lord Birkenhead tells us that "the results will be shattering. Marriage will be wholly changed. The character of the inhabitants could be determined by government. Production will become so cheap and wealth so abundant that men will work as machine minders for one or two hours a day and be free to devote the rest of their energies to whatever form of activity they enjoy."

The Pleasurable Pains Of Winter Sport

(E. E. Todd in the London Spectator)

Since so much has been written already about the pleasures of winter sports, and since the pamphlets of tourist agencies, railway posters, and the paeans of our unbroken friends all refer to the pleasures of life in a land of willow-pattern blue and white, it seems just that the pains should also be taken into consideration.

Before we are worn by skis, we imagine that these are helpful as the wings of Mercury. Those of us to whom the "flying dream" is a joy that is shattered by the morning, think that in Switzerland we shall realize, by day, a glorious skimming over fields magical as samite, that we shall swap and swoop and glide in a rhythm of ecstasy "from harmony to heavenly harmony!" But, alas, Dryden's poem attunes to the feelings of the novice not only in its first line but in its continuation:—"From harmony to heavenly harmony."

This universal frame began; When nature underneath a heap Of jarring atoms lay, And could not heave her head, The tuneful voice was heard from high—"Arise, ye more than dead."

The pamphlets of the agents are full of eulogies of the shimmering beauty of the virgin snow, but no mention is made of the fact that this substance, when frozen and splintered, can cut deeply, that it is as hard to fall on as a concrete pavement, that it invades the ears, pockets and breeches, and forms lumps of ice behind the knees. Railway posters portray flights of girls skimming (always skimming) down unbroken slopes. No artist has yet had the courage to limn the "sking face" with its mouth contorted in terror, its eyes blinded by snow, its scarred nose, its cut lips and its icicled eyebrows. Our friends say, "Switzerland is glorious. You must go there. You will be bitten by Winter Sports!" Their last statement is correct: skis can behave sharp.

And, yet, even in the earlier stages of our martyrdom, there are certain pleasures, though these may not be what we have anticipated. There is, for instance, the joy of finding that we can, in spite of knocking knees, hurl ourselves from the top of the slope, and there is the pleasure of finding that we are not utterly broken, when we emerge from under the heap of "jarring atoms" at the bottom. Later on comes the thrill of achieving our first turn in an emergency. And, later still, we really do experience the "heavenly harmony"; we almost glide, we really swap in an effort to retain our balance, and we swoop down one small valley and up the next. All the while the wind has been whistling past our ears, the tears have been streaming from our eyes. We have worn our skis for the first time: they have been kind to us and companionable to one another; they have not scissored at the turn or skidded on the icebank.

The peculiarity of this shattering pastime is that we are perpetually hearing the summons of the tuneful voice—"Arise thou more than dead." We cannot for long be content with the gentle slopes of our first day's sking. We must always be a little faster and we must always be a little more frightened. The pleasures of our first triumphs are fleeting. We pass from pain to pleasure, and on again from pleasure to pain. Like greedy children at a party, we demand more and more of the snow.

The above outlines are only a few samples from the many in Earl Birkenhead's risky forecast.

Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. Napoleon aimed at universal empire and ended his career at Saint Helena. The Kaiser of Germany had a like ambition and his imperial throne tumbled in the dust quickly and he now spends his latest years as a despoiled exile from the land where he once ruled in despotic power.

Is there not in these examples some lesson for the ruling powers at Washington? They are building a navy strong enough to rule the seven seas, not for national defence—no American citizen fears an attack—but solely for world dominance. Its advocates demand that it shall be strong enough to smash any possible combination of other naval combatants.

And not since the days of Nebuchadnezzar has the world contained a nation at once so rich, so powerful, whose rulers are so boastful of being able "to lick all creation," and so ambitious to dominate the world. Not by any means are all the United States people of the same way of thinking as their rulers. There is a large minority who are in their way opposed or indifferent to what is going on. But the aggrandizing "big navy" men easily get their own way.

our hostess, although we know that we shall suffer from the joys of fulfilment.

Our dreams match the emotions of the day, on some nights we approach precipices, hurtle down ravines and bedrizzle crevasses with our trembling skis. On night that follow triumphant days, we float gently over snow that is domestic as soapuds, and we glide hand in hand with an Ice Maiden, who has added to her charms by wearing the red shoes of Karen and a pair of scarlet skis that are swifter than seven-league boots. There are times of respite, a day's snow or thaw gives us time to go to the village and buy embrocation for our sprains and plaster for our blisters. We are glad of the excuse to rest, but by evening we are fretting again. Battered youths collect round the radiators, and sing, "I want to sell my little farm and go to ski!" Children nuzzle themselves up and down the corridors on the luggage trolley. Bandaged martyrs read up the technique of skating and describe the details of their latest runs.

From being the "favourite thing we hate" sking becomes the hated thing we love, and only when we are feeling too tender to ski do we turn to the kindlier pastimes of skating, lugging, talling, or skloring.

On Sundays we experience other emotions, as we watched the skijumping contests, and see men as birds flying. The whirling of their arms as they take off from the jump, the soaring rush through air, the clap of their skis on landing, the skimming down the precipitous slope, and the lovely turn at the end of the run arouse strange feelings in the minds of the spectators. We become filled with a pseudo-courage and a pseudo-fear. Alternately we experience the glory and the terror of it. The normal perspective of our lives grows dim, our boundaries become skis, our horizon becomes a ski.

On Sunday night our flying-skiing dream is a heavenly harmony, and we awake from ecstasy. But on Monday morning we continue our silly little funk falls, and sandwich together our pains and pleasures, as our pride and limbs are alternately hurt and saved. It is all very sad—as sad as England is flat.



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

CURING HYSTERIA

During my early days in medicine a patient came to my office and during the examination fell from a chair to the floor.

She was not in a faint, the pulse, while fast, was sound and regular, and I was at a loss as to the trouble. I endeavored to lift her, but she said she was powerless to move. I told her that her heart was quite all right and that there would be no danger in getting to her feet.

However no persuasion on my part had any effect, so I telephoned for a medical consultant who was a professor of medicine.

On arriving and making a short examination he ordered the patient to get on her feet. She said she was absolutely unable to get up.

I endeavored to help her, but the consultant motioned me away and said "She can get up all right, can walk, in fact can walk home; there's really nothing wrong with her."

And the patient did get up and walk. What was the trouble? Hysteria.

What is it that makes some individuals want to behave in this manner?

Simply that they do not adjust themselves to their circumstances, and do things like the above as a sort of protest.

Acting in this manner gets them a certain amount of sympathy and attention, which they seem to want or need.

Roughly this is their method of "getting back" at folks and circumstances.

Sometimes without any loss of dignity it may be possible to change surroundings to suit patient.

In the army, when no organic reason was found for the hysteria, the sudden application of an electric current to the patient's body, without his knowledge, made him leap from a cot where he had been lying "powerless" for weeks.

The thought then is to help the patient to adjust himself to his surroundings, once you are certain that there is really no underlying ailment.

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Take, oh! take those lips away, That so sweetly were forsworn, And those eyes like break of day, Lights that do mislead the morn! But my kisses bring again, Seals of love, though sealed in vain.
Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow, Which thy frozen bosom bears, On whose tops the pinks that grow Are of those that April wears! But first set my poor heart free, Bound in those icy chains by thee. —Beaumont and Fletcher.
THE LAND WE LOVE
By FRANK LEIGH
CANADA'S FIRST IRON FORGES
Where were Canada's first iron forges situated? A. The first iron forges in Canada were set up on the St. Maurice river of Quebec in 1730 by a Frenchman, de Franchville. It became the foremost industry under the French regime and the forges continued to be operated until 1880. Canada's iron industry has since expanded to great dimensions, as iron deposits have been discovered, while the future of the industry will no doubt lead to much greater development.

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More than 10,000 cases of typhus have been reported in the Ukraine Soviet, and many schools and movie houses are closed.
Entire families are helping to build a school for 300 pupils at Walthamstow, England, a clergyman being "clerk of works" and general laborer.
More than \$618,000,000 have been spent by Japan in the past five years in reconstruction work in the earthquake area.

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