THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1934

THE CIVIC ELECTION

An unprecedentedly small vote elected the Mayor and several Councillors of Charlottetown yesterday. The weather proved the stormiest of the winter, preventing all but the bravest or the enthusiasts from venturing further afield than necessity demanded. Hence it was for the greater part of the day the polling booths were conspicuous for the absence of the stir and bustle usually associated with elections. The afternoon found the weather moderated, and the committees acting for the various candidates made determined efforts, and with considerable success, to bring voters to the polls. The percentage, however, was small, but nevertheless sufficient to show the wishes of those who really have the best interests of the city at heart.

The choice for Mayor fell on Mr. Samuel Kennedy, who defeated Ex-Mayor Stewart by the very substantial majority of 319.

There was evidence from the outset that Mr. Stewart was fighting a forlorn hope; indeed this was so manifest that even before the official nomination day he declared his doubts about the advisability of again entering the field. Having done so, he has suffered the fate of every Mayor for the past thirty years who has had the temerity to seek a second term, the late Dr. James Warburton who held the office from 1897 to 1904 being the last to obtain re-election in this manner.

Mayor-elect Kennedy is to be congratulated on his victory, all the more noteworthy on account of the fact that at the outset he was opposed by two competitors, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Whear, the latter, at the last moment,—but not before a vigorous campaign—withdrawing from the contest.

The result of the election for Councillors in the various Wards is largely what was anticipated, except that Mr. Fred H. Trainor, the previous representative for Ward Three, went down to defeat before Mr. H. F. VanIderstine, who already, on a previous occasion, had contested a seat for the Council; and the failure of Mr. R. L. Day to obtain re-election in Ward Five.

Mr. Benjamin Rogers, Sr., regrettably failed, by a few votes to "make the grade" in Ward Five, where the successful candidates are Messrs P. W. Turner, Dr. James E. Blanchard, and Mr. Arthur H. MacDougald.

In Ward One Mr. A. A. Hennessey was once more returned by a substantial majority, and in Ward Two Mr. M. W. Reardon once more led the poll.

All but two of the incoming Councillors have had previous experience at the Council Board, a fact which should make for effective and satisfactory administration.

The die is cast for another two years, and it will be for the new Mayor and Councillors to justify their election by putting into effect the planks in their platforms on which they have been returned.

A FAR-FLUNG ARMY

One of the most interesting of new publications, according to the English reviews, is the Salvation Army "Year Book" for 1934. The book, in addition to information covering every phase of the Army's world activities, affords glimpses of the trying experiences found by officers in foreign lands.

For example, officers in Rhodesia, sleeping in a hut with open sides, were told a lion had passed within twenty-five feet of them. "We looked and, sure enough, there were the lion's spoors, and also those of a large hyena." An officer from Ahmednagar, India, reported: "During the last twenty days we have killed, inside our rooms, three snakes, thirteen scorpions, five centipedes, three rats and ten mice. Not so bad for so short a time!" And here are tidings of pioneering among the Santals of Bihar, India: "Two European officers visited some of the villages. The men stood open-mouthed in amazement at seeing white men. The women and children took panic and fled—their cows, buffaloes and goats with them. At one place the people attending our meetings, almost without exception, were covered with smallpox!"

In a West Indies hurricane an officer hurried to the Army's Girls' Home. He records: "The big three-storey building began to rock and sway. Then, with a rip and a roar, the roof went . . . the house fell into the water and we were scattered . . . Day dawned at last, revealing the awful extent of the havoc and the dead . . . I was called upon to organise a soup kitchen, and before eleven o'clock my wife, assisted by girls from the home, had tea and biscuits ready . . . We set off with our first load of dead, and all through the night we buried and prayed, dug graves and prayed again."

An Army officer, his wife and two little girls were in a walled Chinese town of 70,000 inhabitants that was besieged with bomb, shot and shell by an enemy host 40,000 strong. The Army officer was one of four Europeans sent by the beleaguered General to sue for peace. "Bullets flew over our heads in great numbers," he writes, "but we were protected by the parapet. We had brought a small white flag with us and held this up above the parapet. Then I fastened a rope round my body and climbed over the parapet. . . . On our way to the enemy's lines we were twice fired at, but none of us were wounded."

There are also reports of heroic work in the Leper Colonies, where Salvation Army officers mingle with the patients and tend their wounds, well knowing infection will probably mean life-long isolation and a lingering death.

As shown in the Year Book, the Army, with its 46,000 bandsmen, all unpaid, and its periodicals reaching a total of 1,662,716 copies per issue, is already preaching in 80 languages, and in 86 countries and colonies, but it continues its active throes of expansion. It has new work, already commenced or pending, in French Guiana, Yugo-Slavia and Bulgaria, as well as in Uganda and the Belgian Congo (Central Africa), Tanganyika (East Africa), and Algeria (North Africa.)

INCREASED MOVEMENT

Movement of fresh, frozen, and smoked fish by railway freight and express from Canada's Atlantic coast to points in the Dominion and the United States showed an increase in the first eleven months of 1933 as compared with the business done in the like period of 1932, according to the latest Fisheries News Bulletin. Express traffic fell off but heavier freight movement offset that decrease and put a balance on the right side of the account as a whole.

The net traffic gain was not a great one but it was substantial, 1,500,000 pounds, and an encouraging indication of improving conditions. Most of the increase was in the traffic to the United States.

Shipment total, as compiled by the Dominion Department of Fisheries from statements supplied by the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific Railway, was 49,471,000 pounds as against 47,910,000 pounds in January-November, 1932, but it is to be noted that the total in each case is exclusive of the fish carried by one of the express services during the month of November. Traffic statistics for this service are not available for November, 1933, at the moment of writing and therefore the November figures have also been left out of the reckoning so that proper comparison may be made.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Investigators in New York State found $2,000 of the proceeds of a robbery buried under the snow, which ought to facilitate snow removal in the neighborhood.

Our contemporary consoles itself with the reflection that had the Liberal non-confidence motion been carried in the House of Commons, it would have meant the defeat of the Bennett Government. Since the motion was defeated on a vote of 110 to 76—with two Progressive members joining with the Conservatives—it is much more to the point to conclude that after four years of the worst economic depression which the world has experienced, Monday's vote was a triumphant vindication of the Government's policies and of the fact that it retains the confidence of Parliament and of the people of Canada, whom Parliament represents.

All through the time-wasting speeches of Opposition members in the parliamentary Draft Address debate, not one word of understanding of Canada's difficulties, or gratification at the signs of recovery which are now apparent on every hand, was expressed. As Hon. Dr. Manion pointed out, the only person for whom Mr. Mackenzie King and his henchmen had a word of praise was the President of the United States. "If the present Prime Minister had taken the same arbitrary course followed by Mr. Roosevelt," added the Doctor, "I can see the purple being torn from the skies by the right honourable gentleman and his followers, to express their indignation."

Notes By The Way

The extraordinary series of tariff increases enacted by the United States Congress during the decade ending with 1930 set a new standard of high tariffs for the world and practically compelled other nations to erect compensating fiscal fortifications. During all that period the Mackenzie King Government was in power but it never saw its way to adopt measures for the safeguarding of Canada's interests. While the American republic was reducing its purchases of agricultural products and of manufactures of agricultural products from this country until these were virtually wiped out, Mr. King could think of nothing except to whisper, "Hush, hush, we must not antagonize our great friendly neighbor.

For a year past, the Reliance Grain Company of Winnipeg and its associates in New York have been making every possible effort to transfer as much grain trade as possible from Canadian ports to United States ports, where the company and its associates have business interests. The despatch conveying the information as to the handling of grain through New York recites that in 1931 58,554,000 bushels of wheat were handled through the Port of New York alone, and seventy per cent of the total was Canadian grain. The Canadian grain business is reported to be worth $14,000,000 to the Port of New York, and $6,000'000 to ships sailing from there. Here is one branch of Canadian industry which should be fully ventilated before the special committee at Ottawa.

The other day the Japanese Minister of the Navy boasted that the new auxiliary cruisers of Japan would outrank those of the United States at the end of 1936. Simultaneously a bill, already approved by the House, came before the Senate at Washington calling for an expenditure of $570,000,000 on the United States navy. And so this mutual madness brings war nearer and nearer.

Exploding stars that burn with a fire equal to 100,000,000 suns for six days and then are reduced from a diameter of 500,000 miles to little spheres 14 miles thick are the cause of cosmic rays, a scientist states. Strange that those who know so much about stars of such immensity—if there are any—cannot tell us exactly what is in the bowels of this little earth a hundred miles or so beneath the surface.

It will be very interesting to learn to what extent the parliamentary committee in Canada will go in its recommendations after having enquired into business practices in this country. The purpose of the committee as defined is to recommend "such measures as, in the opinion of the committee, may be considered necessary to secure, as far as possible, fair and just practices in the distribution and marketing systems of Canada with fair and just returns to producers, employes and employers not inconsistent with the rights of consumers." This is the most sweeping order ever given by Parliament in relation to business in this country.

Two ships are carrying thirty-two and a half tons of gold, worth more than $30,000,000 from England to the United States. The Greeks had legends or fables for this sort of thing which have been immortalized, but probably all Greek argosies that ever sailed the seas never carried so much gold as the Bremen and the Berengaria are now transporting.

Once a year Canadians are officially reminded through the medium of statistics of the extent of their loquacity over the telephone. However, they engage in more telephone conversations than the people of any other country. The report issued under the title of "Telephone Statistics for 1932" states the number of completed calls or the number of telephone conversations in Canada for 1932 has been estimated at 2,319,354,000 local calls which, added to 27,919,225 long-distance calls makes a total of 2,346,573,255 or an average of 1,861 calls per telephone during the year, or 223 calls per capita. This compares with an average of 222 calls per capita in the United States in 1931.

Emulation in class is a well known stimulus and of great value, if kept within bounds; wisely handled, it is a great aid to teachers and there is that point in letting children compete with one another. To compete against one's self alone requires strength of character seldom reached before adolescence is passed, and sometimes never. It is easy for a teacher to ask: Is the child doing its best? But how often will the teacher be satisfied that he has the answer right? Competition is not necessarily bad, though admittedly, if allowed to run wild, it may produce grave ills. There are faults that should certainly be eliminated from examinations, but while life is largely competitive, eductaion should train for that aspect of life, as it does for others.

It would be a good thing if successful candidates for public office everywhere could adopt that attitude with which Fiorella H. LaGuardia assumed his duties as mayor of New York. Mr. LaGuardia announced bluntly that he was not going to try to be a "good fellow. An elected public official under our form of government must be ungrateful," he said. "I have many friends who worked hard for my election. I cannot appoint them to office because they don't happen to be fitted to hold it. You can't be a good fellow and a good mayor.

Running through two phases of the address of Right Hon. R. B. Bennett at the Board of Trade banquet, says the Toronto Globe, was a parallel line of thought. In his references to problems both of external trade and of world currency he paid marked attention to the factors which seem to promise stable rather than spectacular results. "We now know," said the Prime Minister, "that the one thing the nation needs more than all else is a market for its goods that it can rely upon; a market that can't be taken from us by any caprice of a legislature, or by action in a selfish moment of those who happen to be in the majority." Almost overnight, he recalled, hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of our export sales had been swept away by the mere signature of the President of the United States.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

HEART RATE AND CIRCULATION VARY IN HEALTH

The blood makes a complete trip around the body in about twelve or thirteen seconds.

It has been found that under various circumstances it may go around in ten seconds or take as long as sixteen seconds in the same individual.

Now if parts of the body are needing the nourishment of the blood you can see that if the blood is carried to a part six times within a minute instead of four times, it is because there is more activity taking place and so more fresh blood must be carried to the part and more of the waste products of the blood be removed.

When you run you raise 150 or more pounds from the ground which amounts to several tons of weight in running a couple of hundred steps. Your heart must beat fast to supply the blood to the muscles in the legs doing all this work.

In hearts which are beginning to fail it has been found that the blood takes twenty seconds to make the round trip through the body, and when the failure becomes more marked it takes nearly fifty.

However where the thyroid gland in the neck is too active, the blood is sent around in about ten seconds. You can understand that with this rapid rate, every cell, every organ, every working part likewise works more rapidly and so tires or exhausts the individual.

Thus we find the patient with a rapid thyroid loses weight, becomes "drawn" looking and very nervous and irritable. When the thyroid is not active enough the blood travels more slowly, the processes work more slowly, the individual increases in weight and is not irritable.

Don't let your heart rate give you any concern. You may be resting quietly, heart beating 66 to the minute. You keep your finger on your pulse and the rate will gradually increase simply because you are testing it. If it should be very rapid every time you test it, then it might be wise to have a physical examination.

Canada's Maritime Interest

(Moncton Times)

Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Canada's High Commissioner in England, is doing good work for the Dominion by frequent contributions to the newspapers. In a recent issue of Fairplay, London, he writes: It is sometimes forgotten that, excluding the great inland sea of Hudson Bay, Canada possesses lakes covering 95,000 square miles and many rivers, accounting for a further 180,000 square miles. They serve as carriers of the Dominion's abundant output and as a medium for the carriage of her increasing imports. Ships from the Seven Seas enter her many ports day by day, year in and year out, and lend a cosmopolitan touch to her own internal shipping facilities, which involve no fewer than 9,000 ships. The total tonage cleared at her ports during the last fiscal year amounted to 84,120,000, involving over 120,000 ships of all nationalities.

These are significant figures, but they become even more significant when it is remembered that Canada is only 66 years old and has a population of a mere 10 million or so. What the future holds in store for her from both the shipping and the trade points of view may better, therefore, be left to the imagination than to deliberate calculation—and all the expansion which is to come will be dependent upon, and closely linked with, ships and the sea.

The whole history of Canada has, indeed, had more than an element of the maritime. The explorers of the dim days could never have exploited the mysterious hinterland of the continent were it not for the swift transport provided by the primitive birch canoes.

The mapping of the coasts, too, would never have progressed so rapidly had there not been the lure of fishing shoals, while the vast contacts which the Dominion has established with the Old World were primarily inspired by that adventurous love of the sea which she inherited from Britain and which sent her navigators hither and thither over the face of the globe, taking in her stride the laurels due to the constructions of the Royal William, the first ship to cross the Atlantic under her own steam.

Such prevision and such industry are not fundamentally matters upon which Canada congratulates herself. She regards them as the discharge of the obligations which the possession of such a rich heritage imposes. Were she to do otherwise her progress would be arrested. Her timber industry; the output of her dairy farms; the mounting yield of her incalculable mines; the harvests of her prairie lands; the increasing population of her manufacturing plant— all these must be brought from their source for sale, and such is her expansion that there is room for both her waterways and her railways.

Madhouse Politics

(Mail and Empire)

Implications of blasphemy which are inescapable in the effort of German "scholars" to rewrite the Bible with the gods of early Teuton myths substituting for Moses and other Old Testament figures, and with Christ transformed into a prophet of "pure Aryan blood," may be left to ecclesiastical tribunals.

Lay interest at the moment finds food for thought in the recent Nazi revision of the Psalms of David, employing German place names instead of those occurring in the original text. In the first place, it is either true or not true that the Old Testament was written by Jews and dealt with ancient Jewish folk life, ancient Jewish religious and political observances. If true, the modern German parody becomes sheer nonsense; and if untrue, how much more spurious is the Nazi perversion!

If Herr Hitler and his Nordic coterie of supermen think it beneath the dignity of flourishing Nazi-ism to accept upon faith an inherited religion, even upon a basis of poetry, the obvious remedy for this creator of new eras, Gothic model, is to create a new religion with a new poetry to go with it. He would not be the first upstart messiah who graduated into theology from madhouse politics.

The truth is, of course, that this mania to rewrite Jewish history as German history, substituting the oak of the Baltic for the cedars of Lebannon, merely reveals the parodists as fools and stupid knaves. Even the atheist who denies all gods and all religions is upon sounder ground. He is of course quite free to convince himself that there is no God and that Jesus never existed. But there is no warrant whatever, except that which guides the minds of madmen, for attempting to convince one's self that Jesus instead of being a Jew was a Prussian, that the Psalmist's reference to Zion was merely a typographical error for Berlin.

More graphically than his political changes, social repressions, industrial interferences and economic naivette does this excursion into Biblical revision reveal the mainsprings of Hitlerism. It is a megalomania of advanced pathological proportions; it is madness enthroned, unreason glorified by its temporary power. Herr Teudt, author of the re-written Psalms, magnanimously announces that he will not abolish the entire Old Testament, but will confine himself merely to "pruning" it to Teuton proportions. That reservation probably is dictated by the desirability of retaining those passages which describe God as smiting recalcitrant enemies—in the present instance, those who disagree with Herr Hitler.

Finally, the madness and unreason of the project is indicated by the total lack of political acuity behind it. Even in Germany there are millions of subjects who are more attached to the comforts of the mind which have been derived from the Bible than to the traditions of the German race. Germans have accepted the coalescence of separate states into an Empire, the transformation of an Empire into a Republic, the degradation of the Republic into a goggle-eyed Tyranny. But throughout these changes they have adhered to their God and the traditions of their churches. Political success seems to have come too easily to the Chancellor. He is determined, in his foamy arrogance, to discover a rock on which he may be dashed to pieces. And unquestionably he will find it. He is now on the right track.

A Picture Of Gloom

(Winnipeg Tribune)

Canada in the past four years has battled the storms of economic depression.

It has been the longest, most difficult and severe testing time a young nation ever had to face.

Canada is winning through. Slowly, but steadily, and surely. We are emerging from the wrack and stress of the long struggle.

Mr. King is sorry. At least that is a fair inference from his speech yesterday, when he labored for four hours to convince the people they are headed straight for disaster.

Encouragement—a word of hope and confidence for a sorely stricken people—Mr. King had none.

He surpassed all previous records with a four hour speech, all with one purpose—to paint a picture of gloom, with not one redeeming ray of light.

Statistics indicating improving conditions are cooked, Mr. King proclaimed that everything is going from bad to worse.

Even in his intense desire to oust Mr. Bennett and regain office Mr. King might pause. Is it necessary to pile on the gloom quite so heavily?

Goosey Gander

(Vancouver Province)

The New York Times gives the story, latest version, of the goose that laid the golden egg. It belonged to a farmer near Ouray, Colorado—an old gold mining camp—and he killed it for his Christmas dinner. He found nearly an ounce of pure gold dust in its craw—value $34 an ounce at any Federal Reserve Bank under President Roosevelt's scheme for raising commodity prices by buying all the native gold in sight. The farmer hopes to get rich by increasing his flock of geese from ten to a hundred. Also, as the veracious chronicler of this story relates, the farmer is going to develop a goose-diet of quicksilver and oil, which will turn his golden geese into so many peregrinating amalgamation plants, so that he can "clean up" on his golden geese and have them too.

We may take this story as a modern fable to suit the times. Aesop's ancient version, the goose that laid the golden egg died of avarice in its owners, who wern't content with a golden egg a day to keep their creditors away, and who tried to get all the gold at once. It is the way of fables to get their morals all mixed up, and so perhaps it is no wonder nowadays that it is hard to know whether gold for the goose is also gold for the gander. Is it, for instance, the goose that has gone off the gold standard? Is it the creditor that has killed the goose that used to lay the golden eggs of usury? And why, in all the versions, does the proverbially silly goose seem to be at least as wise as its owner?

We cannot answer these questions, being in that respect no worse off, apparently, than the economists and the bankers and the still functioning members of the official brain trusts. But we think that that Ouray farmer will do well if he breeds his gold-producing geese from a strain that not only knows that gold is where you find it, but knows where to look for it as well.

The Poets' Corner.

FROM "THE BURIED LIFE"

When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear;
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed;
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again:
The eye looks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.
And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth forever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The Hills where his life rose,
And the Sea where it goes.

—Matthew Arnold.

Hardy Northmen

(Montreal Gazette)

C. V. Combe, in an article in the Winnipeg Evening Tribune gives an understanding account of the work of mail carriers in the northern districts of Canada. In particular he describes the struggle of a Lake Winnipeg courier to perform his work in a blizzard with the temperature so cold that the thermometer registered 53 degrees below zero. It is also shown that dogs are the most reliable means of travel in such formidable circumstances.

In the bitter 45 to 53-below cold which prevailed during the six day Christmas blizzard on Lake Winnipeg dozens of hardy freighters and their teams held grim rendezvous with death—and won, he writes. Their experience and that of their friends in battles with other and less terrific storms enabled them to snatch themselves and their horses from annihilation in a mad wilderness of driving snow particles as sharp as needles.

The 60-mile an hour wind and the vast weight of snow on the dreary miles of lake ice set up such a pressure that the ice was forced down and water came up forming from two to 16 inches of lake slush in exposed parts. Woe to the team and the driver caught in this sub-zero weather. They were in danger of being frozen into their tracks and as certainly marked for death as if caught in a quicksand.

That is the greatest menace of northern travel, the more deadly because unexpected and seldom met. The annals of the north tell of many deaths in such circumstances. Only last winter an Indian of God's Lake, used as he was to the treachery of northern ice, was caught. His snowshoes froze down. In an effort to free them his hands became wet. He fell, rose again and before he knew it, was a pillar of ice—a grim warning to all that the north often exacts the extereme penalty for any lapse in judgment.

Conditions such as these gave Gordon Jesmer, mail courier between Hodgson, on the west side of Lake Winnipeg, and Berens River on the east, a 100-mile team trip of three days, his closest bout with death. He left Hodgson on December 19, headed northeast to Berens River, expecting to be welcomed there on December 22 with the Christmas mail.

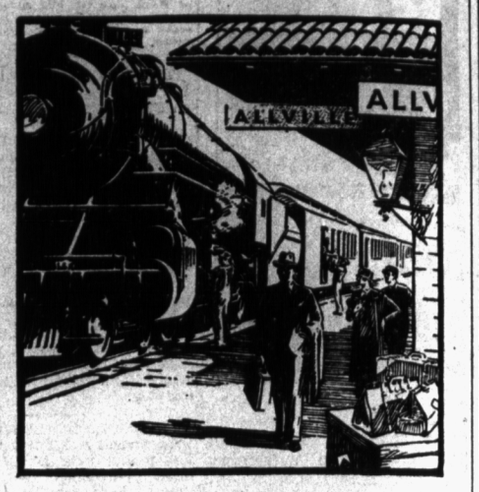
For two days he travelled up to schedule. Then the threatening weather broke in storm. The third day, while he was between Matheson Island and Rabbit Point, he ran into slush ice. The northeast wind was howling a blizzard. The thermometer dropped to 45 below in a few hours. He was making little headway. The slush rapidly deepened to 16 inches with deep loose snow on top.

The wet snow pushed ahead of the sleigh, began to cut his horses legs from under them. He got out and shovelled it repeatedly, wetting his feet, which, with his hands, began to freeze. All day long he kept doggedly on, convinced that his chances of life were better ahead than in retreat—a word the north doesn't like.

Just as nightfall began to descend, after only making 12 miles in a long day, he discerned land ahead. His horses stopped, played out. He cut them loose. They made for the shore. He followed them. Soon he was in the stopping house of Ole Anderson, an independent trader at Rabbit Point. His team was cared for first, according to the tradition of all good horsemen. Then his own frozen feet received attention.

For seven days he lay in that stopping house while the blizzard howled itself out and the temperatures dropped to 53 below zero. Then the wind died and they looked out over a scene of desolation and Arctic waste. The sleigh could be discerned a mile from shore.

A few hours later five dog teams yelped up to the store from Berens River. They were searching for the mail. Dogs and drivers, fresh from a long rest, raced over the snow to the mail bags. Before night they had completed Jesmer's mail delivery. He had worried more over the late Christmas mail than over his prospects of getting safely through. That is a tradition with the mail courier in Canada.



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