

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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TWO VOICES, ONE ORGAN

The absurd unreliability of the Liberal organ as a guide in the matter of political economy is evident from the following contradictory extracts in respect to the comparative taxation burdens of Canadians and Britishers, which appeared on two succeeding days in our contemporary's editorial columns: Patriot, Sept. 18 Patriot, Sept. 19 "Propaganda We can scarcely imagine in this easy land all that the Canadian he (the British budget) means, less (in taxes) U n m a r r i e d than the British! It is anything but a year must pay but a compulsory tax, and a married worker earning \$750. Higher incomes are all but confiscated."

Needless to say, the second quotation is from an article written after the absurdity of the first one had been brought home to our contemporary, either by re-reading it after publication or by some intelligent political friend who had refused to have such opinions foisted upon him.

WAR OR PEACE?

Among the papers left by Max Scheler, a German philosopher who died three years ago, a short treatise was discovered and published under the title "The Idea of Peace and Pacifism." The treatise undertakes to give an account of the numerous changes and alterations undergone by the idea of universal peace, a subject of timely interest in view of the forthcoming Disarmament Conference which will open in Geneva in February, 1932. The idea of a world peace, writes the German savant, is to be found in all the high cultures of mankind, beginning with Chinese, Indian and old Egyptian philosophies up to the present day. Are we still as far away from its realization as ever? Many sincere people believe that we are not. The flood of anti-war books, plays, films and propaganda speaks for itself. Nothing is more practical than the theory of the outlawry of war, nothing is more desirable than its accomplishment. In this age war on any scale is destructive not only of the nations that engage in it but of the world at large. There can be no war of any importance now that does not become general in its effects and influences. There can be no war in these days of scientific achievement in the use of poisonous gases, artillery, tanks and aerial warfare that is not fatal to the very development of civilization itself. Yet, in face of all that has been said and experienced of the horrors of war, today the Great Powers—except Germany and possibly Russia—are spending more on armaments than they were in 1913, even after present-day figures have been brought to the level of pre-war prices. This statement is not from the German author's treatise, but from facts compiled by the League of Nations Society in Canada.

Obviously the first requisite, as the Canadian Prime Minister pointed out in the House of Commons when the question was under discussion last July, is to create the will to peace. It is idle to think of world peace without disarmament. But disarmament cannot be a one-sided thing. Great Britain, for example, has reduced her naval armaments, but she cannot safely continue to do so while United States, France, Italy and Japan are increasing theirs. How is it possible to think in terms of disarmament if one nation has a million soldiers under arms, or an armada of battle cruisers, and another has none? Disarmament must be a world-wide state of mind. All the renunciations, all the declarations, all the resolu-

tions in favor of arbitration and peaceful settlement of disputes, are useless except to the extent that they influence people's minds to think in terms of peace.

Having regard to the time of year at which the Disarmament Conference will be held, the Prime Minister has assured the country that Canada will worthily discharge every obligation resting upon her in that regard. "And I trust," he added, "that the representations we will offer will not be unworthy of the great traditions of Canada in her struggle to maintain peace, in her belief in peaceful methods for the settlement of disputes, in her conviction that by recourse to judicial and arbitral methods the differences of peoples have been settled, the differences of nations may also be concluded."

STARTLING, IF TRUE

Gloomy are the predictions of modern scientists with regard to the destiny of the universe, but the events predicted are so far in the future that they need give us little concern. Moreover, the predictions are inconsistent with each other, and one cannot but suspect somewhere a flaw in evidence on which contradictory conclusions can be based and maintained.

For example, we are assured that in a certain number of thousands of millions of years (a few millions, more or less, are a bagatelle in these calculations) the sun will be radiated away in heat. The earth will become unfit for human or any living habitation. All life, love, and duty, and every other lovely thing for which we have most urgently striven will have vanished from this planet as a light extinguished.

The same thing, argue the astronomers, is true of the whole universe. The universe is running down. The second law of thermodynamics says so. Heat radiated away can never be recovered. Slowly but surely and inevitably, heat from our sun and all the other suns and stars will be radiated away. There will be one vast heat death. We living things are like icebergs drifting south; it is inevitable that we must go under.

But against this running down view, some physicists contend that the second law of thermodynamics although applicable generally, may not be applicable universally. In deep recesses of space, under conditions yet unborn, radiation may be reconstituted and matter may be reborn.

Evidence of any such winding up or running down of the universe is not yet forthcoming, but that does not prevent the scientists from discussing it at great length and with considerable heat. Indeed, the heat generated at these discussions is the most remarkable phenomena of all for it apparently radiates without the slightest diminution, in flagrant violation of all the laws of thermodynamics.

EDITORIAL NOTES

According to the Toronto Globe (Liberal) Quebec is the only Province which is making ends meet financially. Evidently the Globe places little reliance in the boasted "surplus" of the Lea Government, announced at the last session of the Legislature. It probably studied the Auditor's Report for itself and formed its own conclusion.

There is an old tradition, says a Moncton exchange, that if it rains on St. Swithin's Day, July 15, it will rain for forty days and forty nights and though time after time the fallacy of the tradition has been proven, yet there occur years in which rain does fall on so many days that it keeps alive the interest in the popular superstition. The present year seems to be one of these, for there has certainly been

NOTES BY THE WAY

For thousands of young men and women, the question whether or not to return to college this fall, or to continue their education into the higher branches, now that they have qualified for university entrance, is pressing for an answer. The time grows short and they must make up their minds quickly. Older persons who are battling the complex problems of everyday existence know the answer, well enough. It is that every youth who has the opportunity, or who can do so even at great sacrifice, should continue his education. The industrial world offers little, if anything, for newcomers. It will have little to offer in the future for the half-prepared. The most fortunate class today is composed of those able to go to school.

As Secretary of State for the Dominions, Mr. Thomas will have as Under Secretary, Malcolm MacDonald, son of the Prime Minister who has been in Parliament since 1923. Young MacDonald knows Europe, has toured the world, and visited Canada as a member of an Oxford debating team. He went through Canada again in 1929, en route to Japan, to study Oriental questions. He is thirty years of age and gives promise of many years of usefulness in public life.

The Germans were reported as bitterly resentful when the British Expeditionary Force began granting leave in November, 1914; they said that the Contemptible Little Army was not taking the might of Germany seriously. However, they soon learned better and moreover started sending their own officers and men home on a "spot of leaf."

Senator Gideon Robertson, says the Border Cities Star, will find general agreement in his assertion that men who refuse to accept gainful employment will be off the books for relief from either the Provincial or Federal Governments. The Star believes that most unemployed married and single men in Canada are anxious to be offered jobs. Once there is a chance to earn an honest living, these men will accept gladly. They are not idle of their own choice. It is because they have been unable to find anything to do that they seek relief work from the Governments. There may be a few who will turn down gainful employment. But that happens even in the best of times. The unemployed man who wants to work is given sympathy. No one can be expected to shed any tears over the few chaps who want to sit back and just do nothing.

Protagonists of disarmament will find unpleasant reading in recent despatches from Washington. It is announced, that— Naval ship construction costing in excess of \$200,000,000 will be under way shortly after the Navy Department awards contracts for the building of eleven destroyers to cost a total of \$50,000,000.

To say that civilization is hell-bent for perdition is sheer nonsense. Civilization is merrily galloping toward a great and profound change and that is all. No vital civilization ever came to an end. It continued in some other form. There is no crisis. There is merely a revolution—a revolution which lives faithfully up to its original definition: "a fundamental reconstruction of the whole fabric of society."

It is quite possible to have a strong character without very bright brains, and there may be a temptation, as Sir Josiah Stamp has suggested, to assume that if people "only had character everything else could be allowed to go." For the better correction of that attitude he enunciated the definite doctrine "The world is full of very good and very stupid people and a horrible mess they have got us into"—a very sound and stirring proposition, though it might be strengthened by the rider that some of the people who have made the mess are not only stupid but are also not particularly good. And it is also certain that we shall never get out of the mess without men of character to help us. But when all is said and done, there never was a time in the world's history when it was more necessary for good heads to be used. We simply must take better charge of our own affairs than we have done in the past, and to do that something more than mere "character" is needed.

An overdose of rain in this section of Canada, and the moisture which many times is prayed for has fallen with such regularity and intensity that it has caused widespread damage, especially to the grain crop.

That Body of Hours By James W. Barton, M.D.

WHY NOISE IS A MENACE TO HEALTH

Just as the affects of other harmful objects on the body have been discovered and actually measured so also are our research workers able to estimate the amount or degree of harm caused by noise. They admit that there are many individuals, particularly the hale and hearty, that can accustom themselves to living or working in a noisy environment, but in general noise has a harmful effect. The evil was increased in the case of mental workers, young children, the nervous, the fatigued and the sick.

Noises can now be measured by an instrument which might conveniently be called a noise thermometer, or noise meter. The complete range from the softest sound to one so loud that it pains the ear can be measured by this instrument. New York traffic noises appeared to be 10 degrees louder than those of London.

Now you and I are not interested in noises that pain the ear; we are concerned with the everyday noises that are round about us—street cars, trucks, auto horns, machinery, typewriters, phonographs, radios, outside store doors—on verandahs, or by open windows, factory and locomotive whistles and so forth.

Even if we are hale and hearty individuals there are times when we are tired, or need sleep, and every effort should be made by everybody to avoid the New York, London, and other Noise Abatement Commissions in their efforts to get rid of all the noise that can possibly be avoided.

We have all just so much strength or physical energy. We need this to do our work, particularly any and every kind of mental work.

How does noise affect us? The noise enters the ears and is carried to the brain. The brain is thus made conscious of the noise and sends impulses to all parts of the body, tensing all the muscles, increasing the heart rate, making the breathing more rapid, and so forth.

Now you can see that this is all unnecessary work, work that requires energy, and leaves just that much less strength or energy for our ordinary work. The brain can't think as clearly or for as long a period where there is much noise.

I speak of harmful effects of noise fairly often, as it is really a great deal more than a nuisance; it uses up our strength unnecessarily; and is a menace to health.

The Origin Of The Masthead Pennant

(E. Hughes in "The Sailor") It was a form of tariff that originated the Masthead Pennant. In the year 1651, England passed the Navigation Act, which forbade that colonial goods be imported to England except in ships manned by Englishmen, and European goods except in English vessels or in ships belonging to the country producing the goods.

As the carrying trade was the Dutch nation's chief source of wealth, they determined to fight. In 1652, their Fleet under Admiral Van Tromp inflicted a crushing defeat on the English, whose force was much inferior. The "Sea General" (as Admiral Robert Blake was called in those days) was in command of the British Fleet. He was forced to put into port for repairs. In this encounter Blake had only twenty-three ships—mostly commandeered merchantmen—against forty Dutch warships.

This success enthused Van Tromp; and he returned to Holland with a broom at the masthead of his ship, to signify that he would sweep the British from the seas. For retaliation purposes, it was imperative that the British should have an adequate fleet, which was begun under the supervision of Admiral Blake.

In 1653, Van Tromp, whilst escorting a large and valuable convoy from the Mediterranean with a fleet, was brought to action by Blake, off Portland. Incensed by the broom at the masthead of Van Tromp's flagship, Blake is reputed to have hoisted a whip at the masthead of his ship, indicating that he would whip the Dutch. In a running fight which lasted for three days, the Dutch were utterly defeated, losing eleven ships, while the British lost but one. The greater part of the convoy was captured by the British. This crushing defeat practically ended the career of Van Tromp, another defeat having been inflicted upon the Dutch in an engagement off Yarmouth and Texel in the same year. They were forced to acknowledge the supremacy of the British

THE POETRY OF SEPTEMBER

(Montreal Gazette)

No study is more interesting than that of the peculiar aspect nature wears at different seasons of the year. To September we have given a number only. It has not even the dignity of a name in our calendar. Nobody has ever yet found the knack of transposing numerals into vocabularies of speech, let alone any strain of poetry. Yet September so far surmounts its trite index that this month may justly be called the golden festival of the year. Gone are all the joyous impulses of the springtime blooms. Gone also the gray liveries of June and July. August, at the beginning rite with the zealous emotions of good old summertime at the latter end wears a set look and steadies the gait like some pilgrim, bemused and ready to wave a signal of farewell, indicative that the rapturous heyday of youth has passed, and amid an ever-shifting play of gleams and glooms, the early autumn has made its advent. Now do the grasses begin to bleach and the cornstalks wave their tresses over fawn-colored leaves, paling to lighter straw. The morning frost has touched the vines into limp resignation and steeped their foliage with bronzed hue. The gardens begin to show signs of ripe age. Fields are mostly shorn of their crops. The sunlight glints upon the furrows upturned by the plough. The woodlands are dry and the softer poplars and maples are yellowing to the sear and yellow leaf. The hawthorn bushes are loaded with berries. The brambles begin to show a tinge of arterial blood. The rowan tree dangles its glorious broaches in scarlet pride. The hedgerows and shrubs look as if they were being "toasted." Amid the broad mixture of browns the squirrel is busy snipping off the hazel nuts and hoarding up provender for the coming winter. Tall weeds, everywhere, crowd the laneside ditches, displaying quaint bellies of seed-vesicles, flanked by the thistles and burdocks the exquisite cones of the blue vervain, the proud plumes of the golden rod, the silken fluff of the milkweed pods, the yellow flowered pillars of the alecampa, and the white-crowned "boneset," the orange-hued jewel weed, and the endless candelabras of the Michaelmas daisies lifting a thousand impurpled or streaked blooms into the sunlight. 'Tis early autumn, and the afternoon of the year.

And under the veil of shining gossamer the breeze sighs in the hedgerows as though lamenting the departure of summer days. Is there any sight more charming than the fine tracery of the tall grasses pencilled in ghostly fashion upon the air and linked, perchance, by the delicate thread-like cables which the insects have spun from stalk to stalk, wavering with silvery shimmer in the wind? At this September season, when the mullen minarets arise from every rocky crag, when the rushes wear their tattered crown, when the bulrushes wear their velvet bushes, when the swamp foliage is saturated with rainbow hues, when the garnet pennons of the summer are set over against the tansy's faded gold, and when on the edge of the rivers and lakes the bugles and scarlet sage display their vivid colors, all mixed in with the deep red of the Jo-pie weed and the ivory white goblets of the water lilies, strung on a fresh green stalk—at this season there is something about the September atmosphere that inevitably recalls to mind the heart-searching lines of Gray's Elegy. But no lyric, nor elegiac, ever penned by man, can ever vie with

Fleet in the Narrow Seas. It is worthy of note that the battle of 1652, fought off the Goodwin, was brought about by the refusal of Van Tromp to lower his flag to the British colours, thereby offending British dignity. As is well known through the passing centuries, it is a matter of courtesy at sea to exchange colours when ships meet, but the White Ensign of Great Britain is never dipped first. At this time, it was considered that British supremacy at sea was being questioned, and Admiral Blake proceeded to the Mediterranean, carrying out several successful attacks on countries bordering there. In 1657, he made an attack on Santa Cruz, inflicting a crushing defeat on the Spanish Fleet in which every enemy ship was sunk. With the passing of Admiral Blake in 1657, as his flagship was entering Plymouth Sound, the Masthead Pennant came into being, and to this day is flown at the main masthead of all H. M. ships in commission when not bearing the flag of an Admiral or the broad pennant of a Commodore. The Masthead Pennant is never struck. It symbolizes England's supremacy on the seas, and is a traditional tribute to Admiral Robert Blake.

The Poet's Corner

A SONNET ON CHRISTIAN NAMES

In Christian world Mary the garland wears! Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear; Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear; And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears. Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines! What air of fragrance Rosamond throws around! How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound! Of Marthas, and of Abigails, few lines Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff Should homely Joan be fashion-ed. But can You Barbara resist, or Marian? And is not Clare for love excuse enough? Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess, These all, than Saxon Edith, please me less. —Charles Lamb.

the mild, wistful, rich and ripe beauty of the September landscape, which sleeps like a picture and appeals like a pleasant dream, and effects us like some strain of gentle music that winds its way into the innermost depths of the human heart, what time the robins and starlings are gathering for long flight and the apple orchards steal the crimson of the dying rose. It is the prelude of the autumn festival, shade wavering into shade by imperceptible degrees, and producing a pleasing calm which may be borrowed by us from earth's quiet smile, but which only such contrasts can yield when seedtime and harvest are strangely drawn into one complete artistic chord-structure, and in the ripening of the seasons we begin to understand how every joy is touched with paths of sorrow and every sorrow is a leaf-strewn pathway towards a larger and fuller joy.

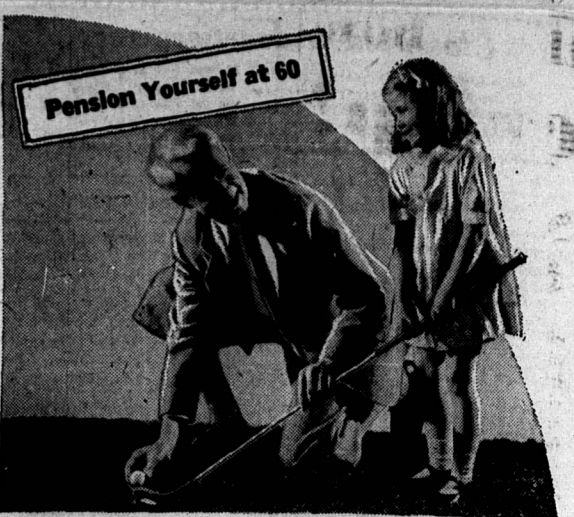
Human words break and fall before a rare picture like this, and it is well it should be so. For the greatest things of life are alive with grace simply because they outreach our own petty and formalized accents and are elusive; better to say they are fluent in their leadings, ever commingling those subtle elements of sweetness and sadness, of transience and permanence, of maturity and decay, which find apt expression in the autumnal epic, in the landscape of September. And facing this soulful poem each year at this season imprinted in russet and green and ripe fruition as of life's own energies gathered up into restful hope, reward of patience, wistful poise, and secret joy we can fully appreciate the lines of Wordsworth—

"In such high hour, thought was not in enjoyment it expired."

And we can gaze upon the cosmos swinging their cups above green fronds in the autumnal air, and upon the woodlands, waiting their magical transformation at the further touch of the autumnal light, with the profound consciousness that nature, thus subdued to a gentler key, addresses each of us in the perfect eloquence of beautiful silence, and is thereby attuned in sympathy with the human pilgrims along the winding road.

Mistress (discharging maid) — I told you I should take short measures if I caught you kissing the milkman again. Maid—Well, ma'am, after I've gone you'll get 'em!

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