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ENGLAND STANDS TRUE

"Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue, If England to itself do rest but true."

These dauntless lines from Shakespeare, which were quoted frequently during the War, must have been in Chancellor Snowden's mind as he delivered his masterly budget speech in the British House of Commons on Thursday.

The Chancellor's problem was to find extra revenue to make up for a deficit of \$370,000,000 in the present budget and an estimated deficit of \$850,000,000 in next year's budget. The solution of the problem involves drastic taxation measures, increased customs and excise duties, a reduction of 10 per cent in the "dole," and a reduction in the salaries of school teachers, policemen and other officials, including civil servants, from the Prime Minister and Cabinet members downward.

There is no immediate danger of "the three corners of the world" coming in arms against England; but the present economic situation warrants war-time measures of economy and retrenchment, and the British Government and people have risen to the occasion with the spirit that has characterized the race in times past. Great Britain to itself is standing true!

THE "VICTORY"

The recent International speed-boat race in which Gar Wood (America) and Kaye Don (Britain) were the outstanding contestants for the Harmsworth Trophy, proved so unsatisfactory from every standpoint that it is being made the subject of debate among Sport writers the world over.

In the first heat, Miss England II led the other two contestants, Miss America VIII and Miss America IX, over the course at 110 m.p.h., finishing six lengths ahead of the second boat, Miss America IX.

The sportsmanlike thing for Gar Wood to have done would be to have allowed the two other contestants to "fight it out" between themselves. But Gar Wood was an old hand at the game, he knew a few "tricks," so he hurriedly repaired his tank, and moved toward the starting line with the deliber-

ate intention of misleading Kaye Don who had been doing a lot of practising on his starts, being able to reach the starting line at 100 m.p.h. Fearing to lose this advantage when he saw the American boat dashing for the line ahead of him, he at once began to follow, crossing the line seven seconds ahead of the gun. His boat struck the back-wash of Miss America IX, capsized and dove to the bottom. Miss America VIII which had never in its history approached the record made in the first heat, went over the course at a little better than fifty m.p.h.

It was not a race. Gar Wood has lived up to his title "Silver Fox," but surely he cannot be proud of his act. It is a repetition of the story of the dog in the manger. If he did not win the race, he at least could and would prevent Kaye Don from winning it.

What surprises everyone is that the judges did not reconsider their decision upon hearing Gar Wood's open "confession" later. In the sporting world, any underhand work is regarded with contempt, yet in an International race like this it seems to be lauded as one of the fine points in racing ethics.

At any rate Kaye Don drove his boat to a sensational and record-breaking victory in the first heat, and even if the breaks were against him he "played cricket."

A CASE WITH A MORAL

The case tried recently in Summerside in which judgment was given against the plaintiff, a United States company which contracted to supply an expensively bound ten-volume Source Book of general information to the defendant, furnishes much food for thought. The full text of the judgment appears in today's Guardian, and we commend it to the attention of all our readers who are interested in educational matters. The significant point is the amount of erroneous information about Canada which, according to witnesses for the defense, these supposedly authoritative text-books contained. New York, not London, was cited as the largest city in the world. In the 1927 supplement all Canada was stated to be under Government Control, whereas at that time neither Prince Edward Island nor Nova Scotia were under this Act. There were also erroneous statements concerning the entry of this Province into Confederation. About seventy-five per cent of the articles, it was stated, dealt with United States matters. The part played by the Americans in the War was magnified and the whole work was declared to be unsuitable for Canadian children. Having looked into the volumes in dispute, the trial judge accepted the opinion and conclusions of the defendant and his witnesses, and found that the work was not such as it was represented to be.

The moral in this case is surely obvious. The best text books for use by Canadians are those written and published in Canada, or at least in some part of the British Empire. The 13th edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which is the last edition published in England, is probably the best and most authoritative reference publication in the world. The 14th edition, published in the United States, betrays its origin in the manner in which it glorifies American achievements. And this seems to be the keynote of all such volumes published by our southern neighbors. We are not interested in that kind of propaganda in this country, and the best way of dealing with it is to purchase literature more in keeping with Canadian ideals, both for school requirements and for home reading.

NOTES BY THE WAY

One wonders, says the Hamilton Herald, what sort of a crisis in the United States would bring the leading men of all the parties together in a desperate effort to save the country. What would entice Mr. Alfred Smith and Mr. Calvin Coolidge and Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Raskob and Mr. Fess and the leading senators, Republican and Democrat, to bury their hatchets and make common cause together for the sake of Uncle Sam? It would be something stiffer in the way of a problem than anything we have heard of yet. Partisan feeling is very strong in the United States, and it is unfortunate that it is so, since good men in either party appear to feel it to be a devout duty to oppose to the uttermost any proposal, however good, that the other party thinks of first.

This is the alien note in the United States that marks it off from the original Anglo-Keltic stock. In Britain Norman and Saxon and Kelt and Dane all meet together as Britons when need arises and the Flag or the Throne or the Pound Sterling or whatever it may be requires an extra holst. Imagine a Labor Senator at Washington! Yet Lork Sankey is Lord Chancellor of the Realm. Which is the more truly democratic nation?

Canada raised 36,716,817 pounds of tobacco in 1930, an increase of nearly 25,000,000 pounds since 1921.

Look into the soul of youth and you don't find that ecstatic kingdom of joy with which memory glids your own youth. They ought to be happy, God bless the creatures, but somehow—they aren't. The boys always need more money, and don't know how to get it. The girls may get invitations and have admirers, but they aren't always the right invitations, and the right admirers. Heart-achs, envy, passion, sensitiveness, despair, unreturned love, longing, dreams, ambitions that rend the very spirit—don't all these words belong to blind blundering yearning, ignorant youth?

Those who are critical of the Motherland because she has permitted the creation of a \$600,000,000 deficit in her annual budget—a figure which has been considerably cut by a closer examination—should turn their attention to the United States which faces a deficit of a billion and a half for the current year. Deficits are all the style this year.

The majority of European cinema-goers will have probably felt uneasy after seeing a film which portrays the worst elements of Western life. Nor is it films dealing with crooks, murderers, and undisguised villains, that do the harm, but rather films singling out for interest and admiration cheap and silly people living reckless lives in luxurious flats and hotels.

We entirely disagree, says the Kingston Jamaica Gleaner, with Sir Herbert Samuel's view that England should have continued to purchase sugar from Cuba: we hold that a respectable preference to British Empire sugar would have brought in revenue to the British Exchequer—foreign sugar would have been taxed—would greatly have developed the British Empire sugar industry, and by this means would have brought about greater purchases of English goods by the Colonies, Dependencies and Dominions; it would also have rendered England increasingly independent of foreign sugar and thus would have conferred several direct as well as indirect benefits on both the English people and the people of a large section of the British Empire.

On Sunday, August 9, the S. S. Ukraine landed in London a party of "shock workers" from Soviet Russia. They were being given a two day's holiday in London, as recompense for faithful service to the Communist Party. All these workers who came to see London, of whom three hundred were men and fifty women, had volunteered to work as long as required by the Soviet authorities and for as little pay as possible. As soon as they arrived a number of attempts were made to get them to give their views on their own country's new system and on London. However, they were closely guarded by a number of the members of the In-famous O. G. P. U., Russia's brutal secret police force, and were not allowed to speak to "foreigners." Little gifts were offered them, but again the guards of these "faithful workers" opposed and refused to allow their acceptance.

Commenting upon this the Morning Post editorially says, with biting sarcasm: "They are, as it were, to be let out on ticket-of-leave. Dante, when he paid his visit to the Inferno, was allowed to speak



By James W. Barlow, M.D. CURING STAMMERING

It is certainly very pleasing to see the rapid strides being made in curing 'stammering'. One of my early recollections is of the brightest pupil in the class being a victim of the stammering habit.

The idea underlying treatment in the past was that the stammerer had some defect of the tongue or mouth which made it difficult to pronounce certain words or use certain letters of the alphabet and this accounted for the fact that he would 'write' in his chair, hold his breath, jerk his head or struggle to speak.

Dr. C. S. Bluemel, Denver, Colorado, who has studied 'stammering' for a number of years, is of the opinion that the organs of speech—mouth, teeth, lips, tongue have nothing to do with causing stammering. That stammering is an impediment or blocking of thought, not a blocking of the speech.

He thinks that the idea, the vision of the word in the brain, seems to drop out of the stammerer's mind or consciousness for the time being, and as he can't see the word with the barin's eye, he just can't say or use that word.

It is his effort to try and bring the word back to his consciousness that causes him to do all sorts of things with his face and body to make the word come to him so that he can say it.

Dr. Bluemel says that if ten men working with hammer, happen to strike their thumbs the whole ten will do something different. One will look at his thumb; one will stick his thumb in his mouth, one will fling the hammer to the ground; one will whistle; one will faint and so forth. They all struck their thumbs but they reacted differently.

Similarly with the stammers as they try to get the vision of the word.

What about treatment? The first step is for the stammerer not to struggle to say the word, but just let his mind tell his mouth the word to say, that is to 'think' the word first, before he tries to say it. By giving up this struggle better in finding it for himself, to say the word his mind works because he is calm and quiet.

In class work the group read together; then the pupils are required to read singly but at any hint of stammering the group joins in and carries the stammerer past his thought block. The pupil is taken gradually from easy to more difficult situations and aided instantly when stammering appears. Dr. Bluemel's method of curing stammering is certainly worth trying.



THE SWIMMERS

Down to the water's edge they run, The eager, laughing, gay-clad swimmers, Into the brave eye of the sun And the golden light-drenched air. Scarcely they hesitate, but plunge Swift to the breathless sea that shimmers With million sparks of brightness. Bare Limbs cleave the ripples with a lunge, Break through the lacing foam that's flung Brilliantly white against the blue, Slow-falling, pendant, jewel-hung. Now in the widening track that follows Quenched is the flame of their ecstasy, Slower the brown arms lift, till through Cool curls curved, like darting swallows Their bodies yield to the waiting sea. At length they turn and wade content, Dream-laden from the wave's caress. To find in vision transient A world new-washed in loveliness. —Elizabeth Tatchell, in The Saturday Review.

freely with the damned. The lost souls of capitalism are evidently thought to be beyond the pale of even passing intercourse. The Bolshevik elect may look upon the misery of their British comrades, but may not give them one word of comfort about that better land where, as Mr. Shaw has testified, everyone is happy and free to enjoy a diet of black bread and cabbage soup."

That Body of Hours

Reminders and Reviews

It would seem that poems are like wine in that they must be mellowed by years to be valued, otherwise the works of John Bannister Tabb would be better known than they are in Canada. Thirty years ago this poet-priest was contributing lyrics, quatrains, and sonnets of surpassing beauty to Scribners, Harpers and other leading American magazines.

He did not write extended poems; he had a gift for condensing great thoughts into a few simple words. These smoothly flowing lines must have been condensed with infinite care, for his purpose was brevity. He tells us the reason for this in the opening poem of his "Later Lyrics."

"O little bird, I'd be A poet like to thee Singing my native song Brief to the ear, but long To love and memory."

This descendant of an old, and a wealthy Virginian family had every advantage of birth and education. As a boy he had private tutors, but eye trouble interrupted his studies when he was fourteen, and for three years he devoted himself to music, becoming proficient on the piano.

During the Civil War he served in the naval department of the Confederacy and was taken prisoner June the fourth, 1864. He was sent to "Bull Pen" at Point Lookout where he met Sidney Lanier, the poet, with whom he formed a life-long friendship. When given his release he had neither land nor money but decided, on the advice and with the assistance of a friend, to fit himself for a musical career. He practised seven hours a day until his patron failed, then secured a position as teacher at St. Paul's School, Baltimore.

He became a Catholic in 1872 and immediately began to study for the priesthood. It was not until the Christmas of 1884 that he was ordained. The faculty had recognized his ability as a teacher and retained him, after his classical course, to teach English. He taught at St. Charles College until he became totally blind; a short time before his death in 1909.

We are told that "Father Tabb consecrated all his energies to the vocation of teacher," and conclude that writing was the relaxation of his leisure hours. I know a pupil of his who told me "Father Tabb kept a small tablet on his desk where he jotted down elusive thoughts to be written up after classes.

Ordinary, everyday things are clothed in beauty by the magic of his pen. And, apparently, simple arrangement of words explains a sunbeam and a work of nature, in an exquisite way not easily forgotten:

"The Sunbeam"

"A ladder from the Land of Light, I rest upon the sod, Whence dewy angels of the night Climb back again to God."

Even snow flakes are made real and lovely things. "Are ye the ghosts of fallen leaves, O flakes of snow, For which, through naked trees, the winds A-mourning go?"

"Or are ye angels, bearing home A host unseen Of truant spirits, to be clad Again in green?"

His "Evolution" has been frequently quoted and widely imitated:

"Out of the dusk a shadow, Then, a spark; Out-of the cloud a silence, Then, a lark; Out of the heart a rapture, Then, a pain; Out of the dead, cold ashes, Life again."

In "My Photograph" he gives us a very happy and "different" conception of death. "My sister Sunshine smiled on me, And of my visage wrought a shade, 'Behold,' she cried, 'the mystery Of which thou art afraid!'"

"For death is but a tenderness, A shadow, that unclouded Love Hath fashioned in its own excess Of radiance from above."

Father Tabb's poems are collected in five volumes which were published in the following order: "Poems"; "Lyrics"; "Child Verse"; "Later Lyrics"; and "Sonnets." "Poems," the volume from which I quote, published by the University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A., was in its fifteenth edition March, 1913. Seven thousand five hundred copies of this one volume had been sold then, and numerous editions have been issued since. Father Tabb is certainly appreciated in his own country.

Forging Ahead

(Sydney Post)

That the Canadian dairying industry is now on an established export basis is shown by the official records issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. In the 12 months ending with July, Canada exported 5,149,600 pounds of butter valued at \$1,216,144, as against 1,217,810 pounds valued at \$478,855 in the preceding year. In July alone the export figures were 2,140,600 pounds, having a value of \$458,483.

Such expansion of a staple industry in the worst 12 months of a world-wide business depression warrants what some of the newspapers call "note and comment." The sudden revival of the Canadian butter trade is as everyone knows, due to the abrogation of the Canada-New Zealand treaty and the adoption of an adequately protective tariff by the Federal Parliament. Between 1923 and 1930, the general tariff on butter entering Canada was only 3 cents per pound, while the treaty rate to Australia and New Zealand was fixed at the absurd level of 1 cent per pound. As a consequence this Dominion was deluged with cheap New Zealand butter, and not only did Canada's export trade in butter disappear but its home market was glutted, and the dairy industry of this country was threatened with extinction.

On the eve of the Federal election of 1930 the late King Government gave notice to New Zealand that the treaty would be cancelled as from October 30, and that thereafter New Zealand would come under the British preference. But before October 30 arrived the King Ministry was defeated, the Bennett Government sworn into office, and the short special session of Parliament held. One of the most important of the fiscal changes made at that session was an increase in the general tariff on butter to 14 cents, the British preferential rate being fixed at 8 cents per pound and being made applicable to New Zealand butter. For months after these changes were made they were of little benefit to the Canadian dairying industry, because millions of pounds of New Zealand butter had been shipped to this country between May and October of last year and kept in cold storage warehouses to supply the trade during the fall and the greater part of the winter. But with the depletion of this New Zealand supply, the Canadian market was conserved completely for Canadian butter producers, and the industry has since grown at a remarkable rate. No more conclusive vindication could be furnished of the beneficial effects of the tariff legislation enacted at the short session of Parliament. As has been noted above, the dairy industry of this country has expanded at an unprecedented rate during the very acme of the general business depression. That it will increase greatly in importance under normal conditions, goes without saying. And what is true of dairying is equally applicable to other Canadian industries which now have the benefit of an effective tariff against unfair foreign competition. No sane Canadian today would think of reversing the Bennett Government's protective measures with respect to the dairying industry. The time is not far distant when the benefits of those measures to every important Canadian industry will be similarly apparent and quite universally approved by well-informed public opinion.

Not Great But Famous (Ottawa Journal)

To the more discriminating novel reader of today that success of the late Sir Hall Caine, may seem hard to understand, but it must be remembered that the novel only recently had become popularized from the era of the stately, discursive, and dignified Thackeray, Scott and Dickens. Outside of these and their hundreds of imitators, and the numerous "Ouida" school of society novelists whose chief stock in trade was the governess who married the earl, there were few novelists who made a direct appeal to popular tastes.

It was a transition period and a brilliant one at that, not only in English fiction, but generally in the creative arts. Tennyson, Swinburne, Henley and Stevenson, had created new magic in metre; the Pre-Raphaelites, Rossetti, Millais and Holman Hunt were vying with Burne-Jones, Whistler and others in a second renaissance; Oscar Wilde, Ibsen and Pinero were creating new modes in the theatre; Kipling had burst like a rocket out of the East and sceptics, realists and iconoclasts were blazing the way to the modern era.

Hall Caine filled a minor role in this period of transition. He never wrote anything approaching great or enduring literature. His characters were highly artificial, his plots

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