

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Daily (founded 1887) \$5.00 per year (in advance) delivered, \$1.50 per year (in advance) mailed in Canada and United States.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES UNITED STATES—The Beckwith Special Agency Inc., New York Centre Building, New York City General Motors Building, Detroit Interstate Building, Kansas City, Willoughby Tower Building, Chicago; Syndicate Trust Building, St. Louis; Olsen Building, Atlanta; Mousdock Building, San Francisco; 115 No. 6th Street, Philadelphia.

Morning Maxim

Sensible heads don't swell when exposed to success.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1 1933

GREAT WRITER PASSES

The death yesterday of Mr. John Galsworthy, recent Nobel Prize winner, removes one of the most outstanding literary figures of this century. A sketch of his career is given elsewhere in this issue; but to appreciate his work apart from the theatre one must read some or all of the novels comprised in the omnibus volumes entitled "The Forsyte Saga" and "A Modern Comedy." There we have the true Galsworthy, as masterly a novelist as England has produced. There are scenes and characters in these stories which indelibly imprint themselves upon the reader's memory, and if the reader happens to have an appreciation for the finer qualities of style he will go back to them time and again, and with increasing admiration.

It would be rash to predict what contemporary works of literature will be acclaimed or decried by posterity. Of Keats' poems a contemporary reviewer declared indignantly: "This will never do!" Yet Keats' fame survives, and we have forgotten even the name of his coxswain of critics now ranked as classics who have not been thus treated at some time or other; and the converse is equally true. Many writers who achieved unbounded popularity in their time, and whose literary immortality was a foregone conclusion, are now completely forgotten, while the names of others survive by reason of being embedded in some famed satirical composition, such as Pope's "Dunciad" or Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Nevertheless, it is safe to say of the best work of Galsworthy that its chances of survival are as great as the work of any English writer in recent times, with the possible exceptions of Conrad and Hardy.

ACROSS THE CENTURIES

An illustration in Monday's Guardian showed a remarkable archaeological discovery—a richly sculptured staircase, apparently in perfect preservation, of one of the royal palaces of Darius at Persepolis, in ancient Persia. It was at the battle of Arbela, in 331 B. C. that the Persian hosts were defeated by Alexander the Great. Darius fled with the remnants of his army into the country of the Medes. Alexander marched on to Babylon, ancient city of Hammurabi and of Nebuchadnezzar the Great which was still a prosperous and important centre. Thence the conqueror proceeded to Susa, the Persian capital, and then on to Persepolis, where, as the climax of a drunken carouse, he burnt down the great palace of the "king of kings" as Darius styled himself. This Alexander afterwards declared was the revenge of Greece for the burning of Athens by Xerxes.

For centuries the ruins at Persepolis had been forgotten. And now, after two years of excavation in the black lime soil of the country, archaeologists of the University of Chicago have uncovered the remains of this ancient city, the grandeur of which, even in its ruins, bears testimony to the power and resources of its founders. In addition to a wealth of magnificent sculpture, dating back to Cyrus the Great and believed to contain the earliest specimens of art ever discovered in Asia, another find, within two miles of Persepolis, is claimed to have been made in the shape of a primitive Stone Age village about 5,000 years old.

While interest in these discoveries is chiefly of an historical and archaeological nature, they serve also to emphasize the levelling effect

of Time and the ephemeral nature of human glory. The gap between the Stone Age and the luxurious civilization at Persepolis is greater than that which separates us today from the times of Darius and Alexander; yet the relics of both these bygone periods are disinterred simultaneously and seem equally remote from modern affairs and occupations. This is a chronological illusion from which philosophical writers have drawn many sobering reflections. "The iniquity of oblivion," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, "blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity." True, the fame of Alexander still survives, but "who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of Time? . . . The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of men . . . For the night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox?"

A RADICAL DEFEAT

Speaking on behalf of the defeated Co-operative Commonwealth Party candidate in the recent Calgary by-election, Miss Agnes Macphail, M. P., is reported as having ranted about the incompetency of Canada's industrial system and the hypocrisy of "the universities, the press, the governments and the churches." It is, of course, in times of crisis and difficulty that such windbags as Miss Macphail are most in evidence. The fact that the institutions and individuals against which their raucous voice is raised are struggling to maintain Canada's courage and confidence means nothing to agitators of this type. They have their own political and economic nostrums to vend; and since their appeal is to prejudice and ignorance they need few scruples as to the statements they make.

The Calgary electors rightly decided that they did not want Miss Macphail's pet candidate in the legislature. They elected an Independent Conservative, a business man who had some stake in the community and whose judgment and experience warranted confidence. In this connection it is well to remember, as a correspondent in an Ontario exchange points out, that those who are in charge of our banks, our railways, our governments and of our multifarious industries are where they are because of initiative, skill, and hard work. They began, many of them, as simple clerks or apprentices, passed through various grades, and finally and logically arrived at the summit. Most of our large business men began in a small way with meagre capital. Most of our successful statesmen and professional men were—apparently—handicapped in a similar way. Their most priceless possession was character. They worked, they persisted, through good times and bad, and, in the end, attained to positions of leadership and responsibility. They did not and do not believe that civilization can be built up by continuous verbal volleying. And from his own experience the average man knows that they are right.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Has it occurred to "converts" to Maritime Union that loss of our status as individual provinces would wipe out our present Senatorial representation and reduce the representation of the Maritime Provinces by four members in the House of Commons?

NOTES BY THE WAY

Some day Russia may muddle through—after long years, perhaps, of social tragedy, and the abandonment of the suicidal economic follies of doctrinaire Communism. It is either that or the complete collapse of the industrialization of Russia. If something like order comes out of that chaos at length, a world already over equipped industrially will be faced with a new problem, none the easier for the fact that a new generation is growing up in Russia led by an incessant bombardment of malignant propaganda to regard the rest of the world as its enemies. That, indeed, is the undeniable success of Bolshevism; that the mind of Russian youth, in a complete isolation from civilized mankind has been systematically poisoned for the space of fifteen years.

Under the Anglo-American agreement negotiated in 1923—Britain being the first major power to fund its debt—London agreed to pay the United States \$4,600,000,000 at 3.3 per cent. interest over a period of 62 years. The interest would amount to more than \$8,000,000,000. On December 15 last Britain met her payment on time—\$95,550,000—while France and several other nations defaulted. Incidentally, France and Italy funded their debts with the United States at a later date than Great Britain and secured better terms than the more prompt debtor.

The London Free Press recently said: "France is evidently not placing much confidence in the League of Nations or disarmament. She is taking no chances on another invasion of a rejuvenated Germany. Instead of forts in the old sense of the term, the French appear to be creating a fortified belt of country of considerable depth. It is virtually an elaboration of the trench system, providing an area which can be made ready for defense at very short notice. With in this area are chains of concrete, machine gun posts, or 'pill boxes,' concrete field gun emplacements and concrete shelters for troops. There are also underground casemats and galleries. Bridges, railways and roads have been mined in readiness for an emergency. It is easy enough at this distance and on this continent to criticize France, but that country has lived so long under the shadow of Germany that she is taking no chances. National security is the basic principle of France's policy."

It is surely an extraordinary tribute to the discipline and decency of the Canadian army that not a general court martial has been held in 20 years. Included in those years was the war period. "An officer and a gentleman" is no empty phrase.

The death of Senator Bureau makes the eighth vacancy in the Upper House, and reduces the number of Liberal Senators to 41. When the new appointments have been made the Government will have a Senatorial majority of 14. Not since Confederation has there been so quick and complete a transformation of the political complexion of the Senate.

There has been a good deal of criticism by the press of the decision by the Toronto Board of Education to discontinue cadet training in the schools. The Chatham Daily News points out that "for fifty years through the Cadet Corps, boys of Toronto have been taught to think quickly, walk erectly, act cooperatively, and accept discipline." That is exactly what cadet training has been doing, and, while stopping this excellent work, the Board of Education seems to have no other plan by which these desirable results may be obtained.—Mail and Empire.

According to a news item in the Montreal Gazette, the British motorcycle industry is capturing the Canadian market from its American competitors. This is one of the developments resulting from the Anglo-Canadian trade agreement signed at the Ottawa Imperial Conference, which placed British motorcycles on the free list, while increasing the duty upon motorcycles imported from the United States. This particular class of goods is not subject to the special dumping clause, and, therefore, enjoys the full benefit of exchange on the depreciated pound. The reason for this is that there are no Canadian industries to be protected in this case and, therefore, no Canadian artisans to be thrown out of employment. One British firm of motorcycle manufacturers has already secured an order for \$8,000 worth of motorcycles for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Winnipeg division. In the boom days the United States motorcycle makers had a market of \$500,000 per annum in this country.

In a recent broadcast on behalf of workless people, the Prince of



That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

OVERWEIGHT MORE THAN A BEAUTY DEFECT

For many years, before there were so many fat people in the world, the occasional fat individual was good-naturedly teased about it; nothing more was thought about it, and the fat one did nothing about his overweight.

In these days when slimness is fashionable, and when beauty and appearance count for so much in the world, the reducing of this surplus weight has become a serious problem.

To be overweight is felt to be a "cosmetic blemish," and just as gray hair, falling hair, dark or crooked teeth, a muddy complexion, and other cosmetic defects, are being corrected, so also is the removal of excess weight, to bring the figure back to normal, become a part of the life of the community.

However, Dr. G. B. Lake, Chicago, points out "people are beginning to realize that excess fat is not merely a cosmetic defect or defect in beauty, but a source of real danger, especially in one's later years. The heavier a man is the older he is, and this applies with equal if not greater force to women. Fat people are decidedly more subject to diabetes, high blood pressure, and a number of other diseases of middle life, than are those of normal weight."

It is only natural that weight should increase as we approach middle age. We do less active work, we have learned to like certain foods, and enjoy them more leisurely. In addition to this, certain glands the thyroid gland in the neck being one, become less active after forty and food which should be used or burned accumulates as fat in the body.

So, don't let yourself get fat; not because fat spoils your appearance, but for health's sake.

Just cutting down gradually on such common foods as bread, potatoes, sugar, pastry, butter, cream, fat meat, and also on liquids (if you are not constipated) will bring about a sure yet safe reduction of weight during the course of six months or a year.

Meat and eggs may be cut down, but only slightly, as they are needed to maintain the structure of the body.

The Poet Laureate

(J. V. McAree in the Toronto Mail and Empire)

It is a sign that a poet is alive and burning, when a hundred different people will have a hundred different favorites among his verses. It is a sign that a poet is dead when everybody agrees about his best piece of work, as 'or instance Gray'. Eiegy. People do not go on from his Elegy to read his other work. But people will go on from one of Masefield's to the next one and the next, discovering new beauties, relinquishing with regret old favorite lines for the loveliness of newer ones. Still even in the garden of enchantment which Masefield has planted for our delight one must stop somewhere and say that here indeed is music's last dying fall, that the spirit can endure nothing in excess of it. So we say that the short poem beginning:

"Be with me, beauty, for the fire is dying—"

and ending:

"Even the night will blossom as the rose."

is lovely enough to bring tears to the eyes and more tenderness would turn cruel.

That is a personal opinion only. We think his August, 1914, is the finest poem to be born of the war. The beginning is Wordsworthian:

How still the quiet cornfield is to-night!
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing not darkness but a deeper light;
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.
The windows glitter on the distant hill:
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still;
The forlorn pinewoods droop above the wood
An endless quiet valley reaches out

Wales said: "Who are the unemployed? Just our fellow countrymen and women, the same as ourselves, only far less fortunate. Any of us," he went on, "might find ourselves having to face the same weeks or months, and very often years, of enforced idleness, and so it is only by trying to imagine ourselves in a similar plight that we can see how those of us who are more fortunate than they can help them."—Mail and Empire.

World's Smallest Bibles

(From Reuter's)

The two smallest New Testaments in the world are believed to be in Australia.

One belongs to Major Jones, chief of the Commonwealth Investigation Branch. It is less than three-quarters of an inch long and half an inch wide, and is used for swearing-in witnesses.

The other Testament has been presented to the Commonwealth National Library by Mr. Hubert Haes, of Essex, England. Its measurements are: length, three-quarters of an inch; width, five-eighths of an inch; thickness, a quarter of an inch.

Both books have to be read with a microscope.

Excelsior

(Saturday Review)

The Monastery of the Great St. Bernard, at the altitude of 8,000 feet, is still presumably the highest building in Europe inhabited throughout the year. During the War, the loneliness of the High Alps was strangely broken by the feathers of smoke that arose from snow-clad peaks; for under the pressure of necessity and with the aid of the transporter cable men then lived throughout the winter on mountain tops far above the snow line.

Not so long ago the Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard with its famous dogs saved many lives each year: for then there was a steady stream of Italian workmen passing on foot one way or the other, facing the danger of the elements and the mountains. There must be many who still remember the joy of finding the hospitality of warmth and food and wine in the Hospice when they had fought their way through the blizzard to the pass. If they were needed the dogs were there, though the traditional breed had long ago disappeared. It was a joy to see them racing over the rocks and snow in the cold light of next morning's dawn.

No longer is the Great St. Bernard crossed on foot by a multitude, and dogs and monks must find time hang heavy on their hands. So it is not surprising that the Chapter of the Great St. Bernard Order has decided to open a hospice on the Tibet border, 12,600 feet above the sea. There neither train nor motor will defend those who take the Si-La pass from the fury of the elements, and the dogs, if only they can make friends with their opposite numbers in Tibet, bearing the flash of brandy on their collars, will find lost travellers to rescue.

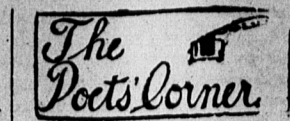
The Roosevelts

(Exchange)

Kermit Roosevelt, second son of former President Theodore Roosevelt, will accompany Franklin D. Roosevelt, president-elect, on a ten-day yachting cruise. This news is taken by the American press as indicating that the two branches of the Roosevelt family are getting together after a more or less active feud lasting for nearly 13 years. The quarrel dates back to a speech made by Theodore Roosevelt Jr., in the election of 1920, in which he referred to his relative, Franklin D. Roosevelt as a "maverick." A "maverick" is an unbranded steer, that is to say, an animal that does not belong to the herd or family. It will be recalled that the wife of the late Theodore Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Longworth, who was Alice Roosevelt, spoke against their cousin, the President-elect, in the recent political contest.

Past the blue hills above the evening sky:
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.
So beautiful it is I never saw
So great a beauty on these English fields
Touched by the twilight's coming into awe.
Ripe to the soul and rich with Summer's yields.

The temptation to fill the column with quotations is difficult to resist. It seems rather ghastly to drop into our prose after Masefield's poetry, but it reminds us that in Gallipoli he wrote some of the finest prose the war has produced. He also writes plays and in his home at Boar's Hill near Oxford has a little theatre where he produces and directs plays and where he has done much to foster the art of verse speaking. His home is also the centre of a group whose members have done things or will do things in English literature, for Masefield loves nothing more than congenial companionship. It stimulates him for his real work which is, as far as we can understand it, the pursuit of beauty to her very secret places, and his efforts to translate and reveal what he has seen and felt to the rest of us. In this quest he has prospered better perhaps, than any living man.



MILLET

To paint the common people of the land,
And o'er their spheres of toil a halo shed;
To see the world pass on, nor ever stand
To view the canvas where his great heart beat;

To see his wife's thrift beaten to dismay,
And hear his little children cry for food;
To work unrecognized from day to day,
Yet be denied a modest livelihood;

Such was his lot, who held a listless ear
To those who bade him work for "paying taste."
Though cold Utility he would not hear,
Deem not his noble life a useless waste;

This was the price Art set, and this he paid,
And Time has oft confirmed the choice he made.

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Holland Still Cycles

(Exchange)

There is one country where the bicycle flourishes today to an extent unknown even in America fifty years ago—the Netherlands. There a population of 7,000,000 souls finds use for nearly half that number of bicycles; paths exclusively for the use of cyclists are constructed beside each main highway; the wheels themselves have been developed mechanically to a point unknown on this continent, and the small annual registration fee levied upon the owners of wheels has become an important source of revenue to the government. And at the most unexpected places one finds the sign "Rijwielstalling," which, translated into English, means simply "Bicycle-shortage facilities."

Bicycles in the Netherlands are so numerous that the pedestrian must watch out for them as he crosses the streets; stacks of them are to be found on railway station platforms, awaiting transportation themselves or the return of their owners from train trips, and of a Sunday morning entire families, from babies to grand-fathers, may be seen cycling out to the straight, tree-lined country roads.

The Human Eye

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G. F. HUTCHESON

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