

THE CHARLOTTE TOWN GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1927

THE IRISH STATE.

AN unexpected and interesting situation has been brought about in Ireland. It was supposed that Mr. DeValera and his followers would have a majority in the Dail; and Mr. Cosgrave and other Ministers in the Government were prepared to resign their portfolios.

In the circumstances, Mr. Cosgrave behaved admirably. He was ready and willing to have resigned, if the majority in the Dail had voted against the Administration led by him.

In the meantime two bye-elections will be held. If in these elections the Government should be defeated, Mr. Cosgrave will resign; but if the Government should obtain a majority in these elections, the fact will be taken as evidence that he has the confidence of a majority of the people of the Free State, and he will continue to administer its public affairs.

It seems to be rather more than likely that the Free State will now settle down to business, as all the other Dominions in the congeries of nations comprising the British Empire. There will, of course, be party bickerings and contests. But the parties in the Dail will be free to conduct the public affairs of the Free State, according to the expressed and well-understood wishes of a majority of the people.

It is, indeed, more than likely that the commensurate of the people of the Free State will cause them to accept the advantageous political position they have gained, and to go on to increase the products and improve the trade of the Green Isle they love so dearly.

WHAT SCIENCE MAY DO

SCIENTISTS have discovered and perfected instruments so delicately poised and balanced that they can register mental changes and determine the intensity of emotions. It is even predicted by 'unthinking optimists' that such instruments may be so improved as to reveal the thoughts of those with whom we come in contact.

May heaven preserve us from this. It is usually painful enough to think as we do of some of those whom we meet, but if they could read our opinion of each other the result would be worse than civil war.

Notes by the Way

A banana peel thrown upon the sidewalk in Charlottetown caused the sudden fall of a lady the other day and might have been the cause of broken bones, but fortunately did not.

A mass of weeds grow year by year at the sides of the country highways and city streets. It should be as much the duty of the city householders to kill the weeds that grow in front of their premises in summer as it is to keep the snow shoveled in winter.

Science has gone far and will go farther yet, how far it were folly to guess. That much more shall be ascertained about the workings of our mental mechanism may be taken for granted but, if the time ever comes when we shall be able to read as in a book the mental workings of those with whom we converse, ostensibly on friendly and confidential terms, there is going to be trouble which science itself will find it difficult to control.

Another of our city needs is the trimming of the trees whose thick branches hang too low over the sidewalks. When it rains and the pedestrian carries an umbrella the low branches catch it and shake down a double portion of the falling drops.

A point which the lawyers of Ontario find interesting has been raised. It is, what section 72 of the present liquor control act, which makes the selling of liquor punishable by imprisonment without the option of a fine is within the power of a provincial legislature to enact.

The example of dressing for comfort has been set by both the Prince of Wales and Premier Baldwin. A cable despatch has told that the fashionable set in London has been greatly shocked by seeing a photograph of the Prince wearing a hard straw hat, a thing that "isn't done" in society's higher circles since forty years ago.

Premier Baldwin's alert faculties of observation and mental note-taking as he travels are quite amazing. The ordinary tourist in a two months' trip through the Dominion would not have gathered half as much information about this country and its people as Premier Baldwin acquired in two weeks.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The value of visitors and tourists to this province has perhaps never been more obvious than during the present summer. There have been more large excursions to the Island than usual and on each occasion the very best of Prince Edward Island weather prevailed. True, each excursion was sandwiched in between two rainy days which caused a little anxiety on the part of those who did not know Prince Edward Island weather and its consideration for excursions.

The tourist business began somewhat later this season than in previous years, but it is still coming



That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

AVOIDING PAINFUL JOINTS

Where a joint has been affected by rheumatism, or where it has been injured, the natural treatment is to give it a complete rest, for a while.

This of course eases the pain, and the patient is apt to prolong this treatment beyond the proper time. When the joint has been inflamed in any way whether from rheumatism or from injury, there is always more or less of a fibrous like tissue manufactured right in about the joint.

And so when at the end of a few days, or two weeks, an attempt is made to move the joint, the pain is so severe that the patient is only too willing to rest it for a further period.

A little later motion is tried again, and whilst not so painful, the patient does not care to move the joint much.

The joint remains somewhat stiff, motion is limited, and chronic rheumatism or chronic arthritis is the name given to this stiffened and sore joint.

Now whether the condition is recent or has existed for a long time, the patient should be encouraged to use the joint as far as possible. Dr. C. Hauffe advises covering the affected part in water at body heat, gradually increasing the temperature to 123 degrees. This heat can be borne if the hot water is added gradually. This should be kept up for from twenty-five to thirty minutes.

Patients usually perspire. The treatment should therefore be followed by rest in bed for half an hour, the patient being wrapped in blankets. When the perspiration has ceased, the joints are moved up to and somewhat beyond the point of painfulness. This is followed by applying hot moist cloths again to relieve the pain or swelling produced by the exercises. The heat opens up the vessels, and the products made by the exercise are carried off in circulation.

So when the acute stages of rheumatism or a sprain are past, don't nurse or rest the joint, but get busy and loosen it up in the above manner, or you will have a stiff painful joint which may always bother you.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK

By ROBERTA LEE

An Excellent Precaution

A worthy investment for every home is a small flashlight kept in the medicine cabinet, to prevent the wrong bottle from being taken when the room is dark or dimly lighted.

To Clean Plaster Casts

Cover with fine, dry whitening and fulex earth. Wrap in a cloth and put away for two or three days. Then brush off the powder.

Parsley

If parsley is kept in a Mason jar with a tight lid, and in a cool place, it will keep fresh for a long time.

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

August 19, 1927

CONDITION AND CONSEQUENT: "Beasts that have made the Lord their refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; There shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling; Psalm 91:9, 10.

PRAXER: Lord, Jesus, keep us from evil and protect us when in danger.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS.

Friday, August 19th. Pascal died, 1662, Bazaac, 1650.

The moon, like a gardenia in night's buttonhole—but not why should a writer never be able to mention the moon without likening her to something else? —Max Beerholm.

To The Dilettante Reader:

Did you ask dulcet rhymes from me? Did you find what I sang erewhile so hard to follow? To understand? Why I was not singing erewhile for you to follow, to understand, for that I now.

What to such as you, anyhow, such a poet as I?—therefore leave my works.

And go lull yourself with what you understand; For I lull nobody—and you will never understand me. —Walt Whitman.

Every artist has his own secret, beyond the obvious one, of why he works. So far as it is not the mere need of earning one's living, it is generally some unhappiness, some dissatisfaction with the things about one, some too desperate or too contemplative sense of the meaning of existence. At one period of his life a man works at his art to please a woman; then he works because he has not pleased the woman; and then because he is tired of pleasing her.

While throughout most parts of the Empire there has been abundant rain during months past, South Africa has suffered severely from drought and vast herds of harte beest are ravaging the cultivated fields of the scant crops that remain. None of the British Dominions overseas has been more highly favored than Canada in this our year of Jubilee. There is no fear of wild beasts in our big domain, and from ocean to ocean there is plenty of the good things of life along with bright prospects for the future. Truly we have much to be grateful for.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AS A TOURIST RESORT

Some interesting and delightful locations described for Guardian Readers.

NEW LONDON—FRENCH RIVER—SEA VIEW

(By Harold Messervey)

A little farther on, to the right of our road this time, we come upon the English Church at New London. This is a newer structure, apparently, than the Presbyterian church we have mentioned. Its design is the conventional one for a small country church—a rectangular building, surmounted with a gable roof, and provided with a steeple at the end nearest the wood. It is very prettily situated in its little church yard, half surrounded as it is by a grove of dark pine, through the tops of which you can catch an occasional glimpse of a patch of blue water, or distant gray sand dune.

Just past this Church, the road swings sharply to the left, and makes a rapid descent into a little valley, at the bottom of which it once more turns off to the right, and gradually ascends. But do not at this point, pay too much attention to the beauty of the little glen—especially if it is your first time over the road. For on account of the turns at the top and bottom, not to mention the steepness of the road, it will be wise to drive cautiously here.

So, ever keeping in-sight of the bay, our path leads on toward French River. The road runs along the side of a gradual slope, which leads from the high grounds of the interior down to the bay, and the latter is scarcely ever lost to view even when the trail dips into the little hollows which run down the hill to the waters at its foot. Soon we come to a cross road, where there is a general store, and three or four houses. Here we may either keep straight on, or turn to the right. The first way is the shorter, but the second passes through the little settlement of French River. Taking the latter road, then, we cross a bridge over a little pool which seems to be a favorite resort for all the ducks of the neighbourhood, and skirting the shore for a little way, are soon at the shore end of a wharf.

All signs point to the fact that a thriving fishery is carried on here. The motor boats which are moored by the wharf have their upper works bedecked here and there with glistening fish scales. On the wharf itself are two or three little shanties which obviously in season are devoted to the fishing and packing of lobsters. Just now, over the ends of these buildings and about the flooring of the pier we see the brown nets spread out to dry. Near by stand some large barrels, stained almost black, both inside and out with the spashing about and overflowing of the substance they contain. To one who knows something of the fishing, their use is evident enough. Into them are thrown the cod livers, which then slowly give up their rich store of oil. Should the wind be blowing from the wharf to the shore and you are going by in a car, you wouldn't have to look to know that you were passing a fishing station.

The settlement itself is rather scattered; only four or five houses seem to be near this wharf. However, the whole country is dotted with little cottages, the lands attached to which are, in many cases, quite evidently small in extent and only sufficient to raise crops enough to support the household. So of course, these people are fisher folk. And indeed, where their little patch of land is near to the water, one can often notice their motor boats anchored in front of their establishment.

From the wharf, the road ascends a rather steep hill, and, a few rods after reaching the brow, we come to a corner where our route comes in at right angles on another one. About this corner are to be seen several prosperous and well kept farms, each with a comfortable looking house surrounded by a pleasant garden. Here we take the turn to the left—unless, indeed, we wish to pay a short visit to the narrow entrance of New London Bay in which case a turn to the right would be in order.

A word about this road. This drive along the shore is beautiful—one of the loveliest we have. But—there is no use blinding our eyes to the fact,—in places the road is not good, in fact, not nearly so well kept as its importance as a scenic route would warrant. This is one of our first class highways. It is so marked in the road map issued by the Department of the Interior, and so designated in the publications of the P. E. Island motor league. Yet, when the writer passed over it, that portion lying between French River and Darnley was in very bad shape. In many spots where the road ascended a hill, large gullies were gouged out of the centre by the run off from rain storms. And, as far as could be seen, no attempt had been made to repair these spots—aside from the fact that, had the road, been properly crowned at the centre and adequate ditches dug at the sides, such a thing would never have happened.

Let us admit at once that this road is not the shortest route between any two points of importance. But, in admitting it, we must nevertheless point out, that when a road is given in all our maps and publications as first class, it should be kept up to the standard we set for other highways in that category. The visitor to our shores has a right to expect, when he goes on a trip, that if he chooses one of our first class roads, he should be able to drive over it without jeopardizing the springs of his car and his tires by being forced to pass over places so scored out that rough stones project four or five inches above the surface.

Having said so much, I hasten to add that the beauty of the scenery along this route is such as to repay the tourist well for any care he may have to take in passing over it. Besides, the portion of it which is in bad condition, is not so very long. May we be permitted to hope, that before next season this highway will be brought up to first class standard—or else that, so far as publications designed to give information to tourists are concerned, it be removed from that classification?

That stretch of the coast lying between New London Harbour and Malpeque Harbour is, in general, high and rocky. Along the shore are several beautiful little ponds, caused by sand bars which have choked up the mouths of small streams. These ponds have been so dammed up by the sand that they are above sea level, consequently the water they contain is fresh. The road crosses Campbell's Pond, perhaps the largest of them. I well remember its placid beauty on the August afternoon that we rolled out upon the bridge. We saw the leap of a great trout, sending

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afternoons that come just before the str and bustle of the harvest time are abroad in the land. Away to right and left lay the yellow fields of wheat and barley, stretching on the one hand to the blue waters of the smiling Gulf and on the other, to the darkness of the distant pine. The afternoon sun, now sinking toward the West, poured down a flood of golden radiance through the blue haze which filled the languorous air, touching the hedges, the trees and the fields with an indescribable, yet definite suggestion of antiquity, like the mellow taint of old ivory. Nothing was to be heard, save the affident call of an occasional locust—a note that to me seems actually to epitomize in sound, the still heat of those lazy days.

Headache Much harm may in fact be in store for those who neglect repeated spells of headache that possibly warn one of serious ill. For simple headaches we have simple and harmless remedies. For headaches that trouble you frequently your Doctor should be consulted at once. Then bring his prescription to The Two Macs Drugstore. The 2 Macs DRUGSTORE 149 Great George Street Telephone 315