

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Morning Daily (founded 1887) \$3.00 per year (in advance) delivered. \$4.50 per year (in advance) mailed in Canada and United States.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1930

Viceroy Of India

Canadians cannot but feel complimented upon the selection of His Excellency, the present Governor General of this country, as Viceroy of India. Lord Willingdon, during the four years in which he has represented His Majesty in Canada, has endeared himself very much to all classes of our citizens. Indeed, his whole career has given evidence of the possession of rare qualities of tact and statesmanship. From 1913 to 1919 he was governor of Bombay and from 1919 to 1924 he was governor of Madras. In these positions of high responsibility he won praise from both the Indian Government and the people of India. It is by such conscientious and wise service that conceptions of British justice have been built up in India.

Great men have held the office of Indian Viceroy. Some of them have first spent some years as Governor-General of Canada. Lord Dufferin, who was Governor-General here from 1872 to 1877, was Viceroy of India from 1844 to 1888. Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada from 1883 to 1888, became Viceroy of India from 1888 to 1893. Lord Minto, Governor-General of Canada from 1898 to 1901, was Viceroy of India from 1905 to 1910.

Present troubled conditions in India warrant the appointment as Viceroy of a diplomat and statesman of the highest calibre. It is a great responsibility, a great opportunity for service to the Empire. Lord Willingdon's selection is generally approved, especially in view of his previous success in Madras and Bombay among the native element. Needless to say, he will be followed to India by the best wishes of all Canadians.

Old Fashioned Christmas Eve

Except for the story of the conversion of the immortal Scrooge there is no passage of Dickens which breathes more of the spirit of Christmas than the description, in The Pickwick Papers, of the festivities at Dingley Dell. Every lover of Dickens is familiar with this passage; none as ever exhausted its charm and meaning. For there is a perennial freshness about it, just as there is a perennial freshness about Christmas.

Among the festive company in the great kitchen at Dingley Dell the reader, once introduced, is ever afterwards at home. He is aware, as he enters, that from the centre of the ceiling old Mr. Wardle has just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, in preparation for the Christmas Eve merry-making. This same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gives rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry which would have done honour to a descendant of Lady Trollope herself, takes the old lady by the hand, leads her beneath the mystic branch, and salutes her in all courtesy and decorum. The old lady submits to this piece of practical politeness with all the dignity which befits so important and serious a solemnity, but the younger ladies not being so thoroughly imbued with a superstitious veneration for the custom, or imagining that the value of a salute is very much enhanced if it costs a little trouble to obtain it, scream and struggle, and run into corners, and threaten and remonstrate, and do everything but leave the room, until some less adventurous gentlemen are on the point of desisting, when they all at once find it useless to resist any longer and submit to be kissed with a good grace.

Mr. Winkle kisses the young lady with the black eyes, and Mr. Snodgrass kisses Emily; and Mr. Weller, not being particular about the form of being under the mistletoe, kisses Emma and the other female ser-

vants, wherever he catches them. As to the poor relations, they kiss everybody, not even excepting the plainer portion of the young-lady visitors, who, in their excessive confusion, run right under the mistletoe, directly it is hung up, without knowing it! Wardle stands with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction; and the fat boy takes the opportunity of appropriating to his own use, and summarily devouring, a particularly fine mince-pie, that has been carefully put by for someone else.

Then, when the screaming and kissing have subsided, and faces are in a glow and curls in a tangle, it is a pleasing thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the centre of the group, blinded with a silk handkerchief, falling up against the wall, and scrambling into corners, and going through all the mysteries of blind-man's bluff, with the utmost relish for the game. When the company tires of this sport, there is a great game of snap-dragon, and when fingers enough are burned with that, and all the raisins are gone, they sit down by the huge fire of blazing logs to a substantial supper, and a mighty bowl ofwassail, "something smaller than an ordinary wash-house copper," in which the hot apples are hissing and bubbling. There the company remains till the clock strikes twelve, to usher Christmas in, and while away the time with forfeits and old stories. "Trundle, my boy, rake up the fire!"

Up fly the bright sparks in myriads as the logs are stirred, and the deep red blaze sends forth a rich glow, that penetrates into the furthest corner of the room, and casts its cheerful tint on every face. Dingley Dell, if it ever existed outside the imagination of the great English novelist, must have seen many such joyous Christmas Eves. The ghosts of old Wardle, of Mr. Pickwick and the fat boy must haunt it yet! But it is immaterial whether there was ever a real Dingley Dell; its ideal image is what matters. That is something which we can all evoke at this Christmas season, and if we catch nothing of it but the atmosphere of innocent merriment and good will, we shall be amply rewarded for the half hour spent in perusing the immortal chapter from which we have quoted.

They Also Serve

An expectant recipient of Christmas cheer who should not be forgotten is the newsboy. His is no easy task these stormy winter mornings. Day in, day out, he is always on the job, always cheery and bright. Here is what a great English journalist wrote about the newsboys on Fleet Street; it is superbly inspired, and is as applicable to Charlottetown as to London: I never see the newsboys run Amid the whirling street, With swift untiring feet, To cry the latest venture done, But I expect one day to hear "Then cry the crack of doom And risings from the tomb, With great Archangel Michael near; And see them running from the Fleet As messengers of God, With Heaven's tidings shod About their brave unwearied feet.

The Woods are Full of Them

More than half a million Christmas trees have been shipped this year from the Province of New Brunswick to points in the United States, says a writer in "Natural Resources."

For the past few months gangs of men have been busy in the woods cutting the young trees. From the woods the trees are hauled to railway stations, where the butts are sawn off before being shipped.

The supply of Christmas trees from New Brunswick for the United States comes entirely from privately-owned lands, as the exportation of such trees cut on Government-owned lands is forbidden.

Notes by the Way

A Canadian Government official who spent several years in that country writes that he is very much interested in India and still keeps in fairly close touch with what is going on there. "It is interesting," he says, to speculate on what would happen if the British withdrew or gave India complete responsible government. I would give the Afghans and Pathans and Waziris about one year to overrun the northern part of the country, although Bengal and Bombay would, no doubt, be their final objective. This agrees with the view of thoughtful Canadians who have not had the practical experience of our correspondent in Indian affairs.

M. Theodore Steeg, France's latest Premier, had the unusual distinction of meeting both defeat and victory on his first appearance before the Chamber of Deputies. When he presented his programme of good will and non-controversy it was with some doubts concerning its acceptance. That his fears were justified was shown by the fact that on the division of the House he was found to be a minority, with the prospect of the resignation of the government, and another search for a successor who would attempt the task of carrying on. They have their own methods of dealing with a situation like that in the Chamber of Deputies, and another voice was taken. This time a larger number of Deputies voted—and the new government was found to have a majority of seven. That is sufficient for the present and Premier Steeg remains in office. How long he will remain cannot be predicted, but yesterday's votes give some indication of the difficulties of his position and hardly justify a prediction of long life for the present administration.

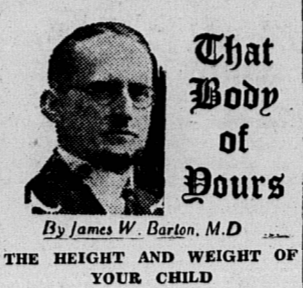
Guatemala has gone France one better, by having three governments within a week, but the changes in the former country were effected by more violent means. The government which was established following the first revolution has in turn been upset and is succeeded by an administration friendly to the elected president who is seriously ill and the latest president has pledged himself to hold office only until the patient has recovered. The Latin-Americans manage to get a lot of excitement out of the business of running their country that we, of more temperate climes and cooler blood, are glad to do without.

A beard, or rather the lack of one, was the origin of centuries of bad feeling and bloodshed between France and England, costing millions of lives! Louis the Young of France, son of Louis the Fat, married Eleanor of Aquitaine, who brought him as dowry the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne. In atonement for having sacked a town, Louis shaved off his beard, and thereafter Eleanor an admirer of beards, would have nothing to do with him. Her infidelities with bearded men became so scandalous that Louis divorced her. Eleanor promptly married the bearded Duke of Normandy, who later became Henry II of England. She took her dower with her. Louis, shaven and chagrined, declared war—first of the wars which kept France in flames for years.

President Hoover sent a message to the Senate recommending the adoption of the World Court protocols. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has voted to defer consideration until next December. The resolution was carried by a majority of only one vote. Evidently therefore the feeling that the United States should be a member of the World Court is steadily gaining favor. Doubtless some Senators adopted this plan of getting back at the President, who has not been disposed to lavish praise upon that body in recent months.

We would like to believe, for the honor of the people of Quebec City, says Le Soleil that the unemployed who paraded under the red flag did not comprehend the significance of the display of that emblem. In any event, if it should reappear the authorities ought to be prepared to take the necessary measures to immediately repress any manifestation of disorder which its appearance is calculated to stir. We know what to do with undesirables who would attempt to initiate Canadians in the sabotage of our institutions and our laws. The duty of the directors of law and order is not only to prevent the reappearance of the red flag, but to make the agents of Moscow understand that their presence in Quebec will not be tolerated in any way. We are not yet prepared for the Soviets' "paradise."

Japan, an exchange observes, is becoming westernized. People from the West say it is becoming modernized. The process is going on with great rapidity. But Japan, while she looks forward and westward, is wisely



By James W. Barton, M.D. THE HEIGHT AND WEIGHT OF YOUR CHILD

Some day it may be possible to tell any particular child—boy or girl—exactly how tall he or she should be, and the proper weight for the age.

Despite all our knowledge and despite all the work that has been done on child nutrition, it is not possible to say that any child is exactly the right height and weight for its age. Of course many valuable tables have been arranged, and every doctor, including myself, is guided to some extent by them, but every day we meet cases where the youngster does not conform to the height and weight of his or her age and yet common sense and tests show that the youngster is normal in every way, strong and healthy.

At other times we come across youngsters who appear to be of normal height and weight for the age whereas a little more weight would be beneficial.

What is wrong with our system of measurements? Simply, as mentioned before, that bodies cannot be classed all alike, and of same height and weight at any given age.

What will likely be arranged sometime in the future will be measurements of the bones as to their thickness and length, and length of the trunk as compared with the length of the legs; the width of the chest as compared with the depth; the girth of chest as compared with girth of abdomen; the width of shoulders and hips, the shape and size of the bones that form the spinal column, and other points that will help the physician and nurse in their endeavor to estimate what should be the height and weight of any particular child.

Roughly for adults we speak of the greyhound and bulldog type of physique; one slender and sinewy, and strong, and the other short and strong with wide shoulders and chest, and a long body as compared to length of legs.

But in youngsters, before reaching the age of fifteen, it is rather difficult to classify them in this manner.

However the big thing, the one important thing to remember, is that boys and girls should be continually growing in height and increasing in weight, and as girls reach the age of thirteen to fourteen, and boys fifteen to sixteen, there should be almost twice as much increase in growth and weight as during the years before and after these ages. If your child eats plenty of good food and gets plenty of sleep, don't worry if he is not exactly "standard." But remember he should be always gaining some weight and some height. If he is not doing so, see your doctor.



THE LAW OF BEAUTY

The trees draw closer at the eventide, Night like a bird swoops down with wings spread wide And in their purple folds the stars abide.

Across the world the incense of a rose Rises and falls with every wind that blows, And who shall tell us whither either goes?

But onward, upward, outward to the end Each seeming trivial thing its way must wend Through earth's reverberant music to ascend.

We know not whence, nor whither, nor the why, We only sense through beauty God is nigh And scatters gifts for every seeing eye.

The rose whose petals wither in the rain, May never be a perfect rose again, Yet something sweeter blossom for her pain.

But if a rose could live and breathe and pass As withered beauty through the Orient and that she belongs in the past. So, on the streets of the great cities of the empire, one finds the ancient rubbing shoulders with the modern and the Far East and the West walking together. Japan is an industrial and commercial nation, but also a nation of beauty, poetry and literary associations.

A Jape For The V. C.'s

(Manitoba Free Press) If the Victoria Cross winners of the Empire can be persuaded, they are to be paraded at next year's Toronto Canadian National Exhibition. The announcement says that they are to be combed out of all the Empire, but it may have stepped beyond the bounds of accuracy, and have meant only those within Canada. It might be expecting too much of the Exhibition to ask that it bring V.C.s from everywhere within the Empire. It is going pretty far when it invites the V.C.s within Canada. There will be some who will feel that it has gone too far to invite even one of them. But that's a regret that may spring from our mean disposition.

It would be a pity to deprive the V. C.s of a chance of being made a show of. If they can stand for it, Toronto will do its share. Those of them who are unduly modest will be illuminated till, as the despatch pointedly promises, they will be turned into the highlight of the Exhibition. They are to be the feature performance. Could anywhere but Toronto think up such a charming idea? Think of the good taste in it; think of the felicity it will afford the V.C.s themselves. Did not the Prince of Wales himself privately entertain them at dinner in the halls of Westminster? The Toronto Exhibition will go him one better. Hospitality cannot do more, or, in the opinion of Toronto, be meant better to gratify the hearts of the gallant V.C.s. It is so appropriate to their fastidious tastes, to their innate modesty. They must be blushing at the thought of such attentions to be lavished on them. Perhaps they will be unable to restrain their feelings at the suggestion of being turned into a spectacle to delight the rest of us. Such a pleasure never could have been anticipated by them, nor by us.

Why Babies Laugh

(Literary Digest) Ten things made one baby laugh. Listed in order of their appearance as the boy grew older, they were described to a recent meeting of the British association by Prof. C. W. Valentine, of the University of Birmingham, says Dr. E. E. Free, in his Week's Science (New York): "This baby's first laugh appeared at the age of thirty-nine days, and was caused by delight at the approach of food."

"The second was at the age of ten weeks, and was in imitation of the laughter of mother or father. At this same age it was noticed that tickling caused laughter. At twelve weeks, laughter was caused by sight of a bright attractive object."

"Six weeks later, when the baby was eighteen weeks old, there appeared for the first time what some psychologists consider the chief cause of adult laughter, a laugh at some simple, non-painful shock or surprise. At six months, the boy's laughter had become frequent, and could be invoked, Professor Valentine found, by imitating the child's own actions or by mere repetition of something, as when a stage comedian makes his audience laugh, some incongruous or meaningless phrase."

"At seven months, the baby laughed for the first time at what might be called intellectual surprises, like the father speaking in a falsetto voice. At seven months, also, there were uncertain signs of laughter caused by mere recognition of a familiar person or thing. Between eight months and twelve months appeared the laughter of accomplishment; induced, for example, by success in standing alone."

"Finally, when the child was almost a year old, the tenth cause of laughter was noticed, the mild discomfiture or embarrassment of others, a cause which many psychologists hold to be the chief one among adults."

greening grass, What hope would lesser beauty have? Alas! —Laura Bedell, in Canadian Bookman.

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The Public Forum

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CHRISTMAS REMINDER

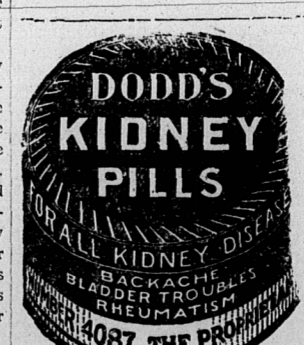
Sir,—Christmas has come again, the season that brings gifts and festivities and that leaving of human hearts that means good will. It is a day of deeper meaning than a good many persons realize, yet because of the fact that it has developed in the centuries since the birth of Christ as one of joy and gladness no one can doubt that a great purpose is served. We are all better for Christmas whatever interpretation may be given the holy anniversary.

Santa Claus is real enough in spirit, and he is destined to immortality. No creation known in the world has ever fastened itself more firmly in human imagination. His personality cannot fail to endure down through the ages. Today he is here, bringing joy to all Guardian readers and especially on Prince Edward Island, that country which is blessed with opportunities for a glad Christmas celebration.

Meanwhile let us who pay tribute to the spirit of this great festival day with exchange of gifts, fun making and feasting, inspection of decorations of evergreen, tinsel, toys and other ways of cognizance of the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour be mindful of others whose hearts may be heavy, little children whose faith may have been shaken by an unexplainable failure of Santa Claus to appear and others to whose homes have come despair and grief. Good will! May it be expressed as fervently as is humanly possible in the hope that it may assuage in a degree the sorrow and disappointment that have entered the lives of others at this time.

I am Sir, etc., DONALD W. STEWART, Bucksport, Me.

The more I think over human life the more I am persuaded we ought to choose Irony and Pity for its ascensors and judges, as the Egyptians called upon the goddess Isis and the goddess Nephthys on behalf of their dead. Irony and Pity are both of good counsel; the first, with her smiles makes life agreeable; the other sanctifies it to us with her tears.—Anatole France.



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