

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MODERN GOVT.

The return of Newfoundland to Crown Colony status is neither unique nor so retrogressive as some seem to think, but it does connote that popular democratic government is not always, especially in certain outstanding circumstances, such as providing a balanced budget, the success it deserves to be. Within comparatively recent times numerous British dependencies have reverted from popular to Crown Colony government. The latter consists of an administration the majority of which are either ex-officio members, or are nominated by the Crown, and are directly responsible to the Minister of Colonies in London for their official and legislative actions. Not infrequently a colony which has been given independent electoral status kicks over the traces, gets into difficulties over the treatment of mixed races, or lands in financial troubles. Then the Minister of the Colonies steps in, an investigation is held, remedies suggested, which not infrequently take the shape of recommending the surrender of a democratic status for one of direct or indirect official control from London. This has happened in the case of Jamaica, Trinidad, British Guiana, and the other day in Malta. The change has been invariably to the immediate advantage of the country involved, and there is every reason to anticipate that Newfoundland will be no exception. There comes a time in the history of nearly every country when unrestrained democratic freedom proves a burden instead of a blessing. Then one of two things happens—official dictatorship or unrestrained revolution—cum-dictatorship.

It may not be generally recognized but it is a fact nevertheless that our own Parliament at its last session endowed the Bennett Government with full dictatorial powers to act in all emergencies without consulting Parliament—"at all times to take all such measures as in his discretion may be deemed necessary or advisable to protect and maintain the credit and financial position of the Dominion or any Province thereof."

It was on the third reading of this measure that Mr. King declared that it was the negation of government by Parliament to give the government a blank cheque and blanket authority in the matter of legislation. This power was given the Bennett Government, declared Mr. King, to legislate on everything respecting peace, order and good government.

Thus we are already under a dictatorship in Canada, though the name is used so mildly, wisely and judiciously that few realize it.

Compare this happy situation with that of the United States where mob law in certain states has been let loose.

THE BORDER MUSE

The fame of Auld Scotia in song and story will be the theme of eloquent addresses this evening, wherever Scotsmen foregather to commemorate St. Andrew's Day. Those on whom speechmaking devolves may turn for inspiration to a wealth of poetic and romantic literature unsurpassed in the records of other countries. Of some once potent nations it has been said: "They had no poets, and they died." Scotland is an example of a country which has been endowed by her poets with a perennial charm against the infamy of oblivion.

It is chiefly to the Scotland of Scott and Burns, or of the Border Minstrel, that one's fancy turns on occasions such as St. Andrew's day; not that Scottish achievements in more recent times have been less noteworthy, but because the fortuitous circumstances which gave birth to the romantic poetry of Scotland no longer exist. They be-

long to the past and the songs they inspired are doubly dear to us of that reason.

What were the conditions that made the Border district of Scotland in earlier days pre-eminently a land of noble song? Ruskin, an author too infrequently quoted nowadays, has analyzed them in a passage, which will bear repetition on the present occasion. First he mentions distinctly pastoral life, giving the kind of leisure which, in all ages and countries, solaces itself with simple music, if other circumstances are favorable,—that is to say, if the summer air is mild enough to allow repose, and the race has imagination enough to give motive to verse. "The Scottish Lowland air, in summer, of exquisite clearness and softness, the heat never so great as to destroy energy, and the shepherd's labour not severe enough to occupy wholly either mind or body. A Swiss herd may have to climb a hot ravine for thousands of feet, or lead his flock to an isolated pasture. But the borderer's sheep-path on the heath is, to his strong frame, utterly without labour or danger; he is free-hearted and free-footed all the summer day long; in winter darkness and snow finding yet enough to make him grave and stout of heart."

Secondly, says Ruskin, the nobility of Scottish song was due to the soldier's life, passing gradually, not in cowardice or under foreign conquest, but by his own increasing kindness and sense, into that of the shepherd; thus, without humiliation, leaving the war-wounded past to be recalled for his sorrow and its fame.

Thirdly, the extreme sadness of that past itself, giving pathos and awe to all the imagery and power of Nature.

Lastly, Ruskin notes a merely physical cause, yet a very notable one; namely, the beauty of the sound of Scottish streams. "I know," he says, "of no other waters to be compared with them;—such streams can only exist under very subtle concurrence of rock and climate. There must be much soft rain, not (habitually) tearing the hills down with floods; and the rocks must break irregularly and jaggedly. Our English Yorkshire shales and limestones merely form—carpenter-like—tables and shelves for the rivers to drip and leap from; while the Cumberland and Welsh rocks break too boldly, and lose the multiplied chords of musical sound. Farther, the loosely-breaking rock must contain hard pebbles, to give the level shore of white shingle, through which the brown water may stray wide, in rippling strands. The fords even of English rivers have given the names to half our prettiest towns and villages;—(the difference between ford and bridge, curiously—if one may let one's fancy loose for a moment—characterizing the difference between the baptism of literature, and the edification of mathematics, in our two great universities);—but the pure crystal of the Scottish pebbles, giving the stream its gradations of amber to the edge, and the sound as of 'rivishing diversion on the rube,' make the Scottish fords the happiest pieces of all one's day walk. . . . With the murmur, whisper and low fall of these streamlets, unmatched for mystery and sweetness, we must remember also the variable, but seldom wild, thrilling of the wind among the recesses of the glens; and, not least, the need of relief from the monotony of occupations involving some rhythmic measure of the best of foot or hand, during the long evenings at the hearth-side."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Imports from Empire countries to Canada during the first seven months of the present fiscal year totalled in value \$26,000,000 compared with \$72,351,448, an increase of \$46,351,448 or almost 15 per cent.

Notes By The Way

The New York Times criticizes the Roosevelt administration for upsetting business at home and abroad by manipulating the dollar downward and by making the dollar "an international nuisance" without advancing domestic prices of commodities or otherwise benefiting the nation. As the Times says, nobody in the United States can be sure of whether the American dollar will be worth fifty cents or forty cents, or even twenty cents a short time hence. "The relevant and competent testimony is almost universal that tinkering with the currency has definitely slowed down recovery. There were many flattering signs two months ago that business and industry were on the way to a great pick-up. If there have since come recession and anxiety, the chief cause may well be dread of what is going to happen to the currency."

Before the war the advanced western nations were able to compete in price with the less advanced nations and still give their people a higher standard of living, because they had better machinery, better transport, and better finance. This is no longer true. The less advanced nations have just as good machinery, just as good transport, just as good (sic) finance, and the whole question of ability to compete turns therefore upon hours, wages, and conditions of labor. No practical business man imagines for one moment that it would be possible to compel the people of the advanced western nations—men, women, and children—to compete on equal terms with, for example, the Japanese in the matter of hours, wages, and conditions of labor; a rice standard of living is quite out of the question for the western nations.—Exchange.

Commenting on the present naval situation on the New York Times says: "So long as the military party is in control at Tokyo, European nations and the United States could not afford to be indifferent to Japanese ambitions. Great Britain is also an Asiatic power, with large possessions and naval bases. She has to meet the competition of Japanese traders even in India. She must protect her interests, her ships and commerce. The United States stands in the same relation to the Philippines and is the champion of the Open Door in China. Only by sea power could pressure be brought to bear upon Japan in an emergency."

The mental institutions of Canada have more patients than all the other hospitals put together. This moreover takes no account of the mental defectives of whom there are known to be altogether too many at large. The director of the Mental Hygiene Institute, however, states that many of these mental patients would never have reached their state of mental disease had the principles of mental health been properly understood. In fifty per cent of the cases there is no physical injury to brain or nerves and no physical basis for their condition. He says: "Their mental illness is due to their inability to reconcile their personal wishes and desires with the demands of society. The resulting lack of harmony within more or less completely destroys the possibility for happiness or harmony with the outside world."

The exercise of genuine common sense in regard to matters of health and rational living is rare. Most people are living in such a manner that their reserves of health are being exhausted at a rate which will ensure their being embarrassingly aged at 50. Take a survey of the neighbors and get a shock to learn how many of them are ailing or definitely ill. Most of these indispositions could have been avoided if the patients had recognized that they could not go along indefinitely violating the fundamental laws of health, eating or drinking inordinately, failing to take a reasonable amount of exercise in the open air, neglecting that vital eight hours of sleep in the twenty-four and by all these deficiencies keeping themselves in a perpetual state of worry about the affairs of this world and the next when they could command a fairly comfortable existence physically and mentally by strict adherence to a few rational rules relating to food, exercise and rest.

Democracy is not merely an ideal; it is a historical fact. The political history of Europe proves the fact of the progressive development of free institutions. Checks to and deviations from that development and the crisis it has suffered do not alter the fact that there has been a progressive development of the democratic system. . . . The appearance of dictatorships and the failure of free institutions among peoples who had not had sufficient preparation for liberty is, from the historical point of view, an argument against the democ-

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barlow, M.D.

MENTAL SYMPTOMS AND THE LARGE INTESTINES

In a recent novel, the main character was a clergyman, living with a maiden sister. He led a normal life in every way so that when he came home one day and spoke of making certain changes in the household and in their manner of living, his sister said, "You had better take some medicine for your liver because you talk like one demented." A superintendent of one of the largest mental hospitals was so sure that the large intestine, the large bowel, was to blame for much mental illness, that he established a record for "cures" by making sure that patients were not constipated. Dr. E. H. Williams, Los Angeles, says, "No one questions the part the intestinal tract plays in the general picture of disturbed mental balance. In a group of 120 patients admitted to his hospital, only 5 presented a fairly normal condition of the bowels."

It is said that more than half of all hospital beds are occupied by the insane. There is very little in the way of direct treatment to correct mental conditions. In other words, the mental symptoms are due to some cause and this cause must be located if help is to be given. Thus the most hopeful form of treatment is that directed toward correcting any condition in the body that is not normal. Now constipation is not a normal condition and if only 5 of 120 patients in a mental hospital, were free of constipation, it would appear that it would be good treatment to correct this condition.

I am mentioning the above to show that it is now generally known that when the liver is sluggish and the large intestine sluggish also, mental symptoms become worse in those already afflicted and mental symptoms appear in those who are usually normal. Therefore, if you find yourself irritable, inclined to be quarrelsome, a little depressed, have foolish imaginings, it would be well to look into the matter of the large intestine and make sure of its regularity. This may mean small doses of epsom salts daily, the use of senna, rhubarb, mineral oil, or other mild laxative, daily bending exercises, the use of more fruit, or any other simple method of preventing constipation.

Strange Bedfellows

(Exchange) Uncle Sam (a little surprised to see who's in bed with him)—Watch-er doing in this bed? Russia—Don't kick. I'm as much surprised as you are. Uncle Sam—How'd you get in here? Russia—You invited me, don't you remember? Uncle Sam—Oh yes, so I did. But you don't have to take up so much room, do you? Russia—I'm no midget. If I'm crowding you, you'll have to get a bigger bed. Uncle Sam—Say, are you in here with your clothes on? Russia—Sure. Uncle Sam—Where are your manners? Russia—Never mind about manners. I'm taking no chances on having my clothes swiped. You're pretty careless about yours. Uncle Sam—I haven't anything but an old shirt left anyhow. Russia—I remember you when you had everything. Uncle Sam—It seems like yesterday. Russia—Who ruined you, your enemies? Uncle Sam—None. My friends. Russia—Didn't you save anything for a rainy day? Uncle Sam—Yeah. But it's been raining five years. Uncle Sam (suddenly noticing it).—Say have you got your boots on in bed? Russia—I certainly have. Uncle Sam—You'll tear the sheets. Russia—Oh, that's all right; they're not my sheets. Turn over and go to sleep. Uncle Sam—I can't sleep. Russia—Why not? Uncle Sam—I'm nervous with you in here. Russia—You asked me in, didn't you? Uncle Sam—Yeah, but I thought maybe you would sleep on the couch. Russia—That's funny. I sort of

Poems Of Heather

Extracts From Modern Compositions

Although the thistle is the officially recognised floral emblem of Scotland and the Scottish bluebells (or harebells) are favorites with our poets, I venture to say that the heather has often formed the specific theme of the poet's songs or poems than either the noble thistle or the graceful bluebell. The associations with and utilities of the heath plant mark it for special treatment and notice by the brotherhood and sisterhood of the national lyre. The notes struck are various, touching on matters sentimental, patriotic, religious, and amorous. Some brief extracts from our "modern" poets will illustrate the point.

Mrs. Mary MacKellar, the noted West Highland Gaelic and English poetess, writes in her lyric entitled "To a Sprig of Heather":—"Thou hast come with the smell of my dear native mountains And tales of the freshness of moorland and lea, From the wild misty glens where in glory thou bloomest! A whisper of love thou hast brought unto me. O! dear to my heart are thy sweet purple blossoms That grow 'mong the bracken that curl on the braes And by the green banks of the clear-winding rivers, Whose murmurs I hear as upon thee I gaze."

To many Scots abroad these lines will awaken a responsive echo, and the heart-chorde will be touched by an invisible hand to notes of sweetest music of the past, vibrating to thoughts of former days "to name an infancy"; of happy hours spent in spelin' the heathery heights and roaming over the heathly moorlands; wandering by loch and river, mountain and valley, burn and brae when the heather was in bloom and its pink and purple patches blazed under the autumn sun.

Message of Love

In a poem called "The Wee Sprig of Heather," John MacFarlane (Abington) writes deploring the bits of gold-of-fortune-seeking in lands far away:—"O! in the gowd w' it's gamin' our beguillin' The bravest frae Scotia across the saut sea; An' 'wae on Dame Fortune sae fause w' her smilin', For cauld, cauld the pleasure, at best, she can gie. But aye to a heart that is leal ma'r endurin' A message o' love frae the land far awa' When after it comes like a sun-blink sae cheerin', A wee sprig o' heather sae withered an' sma'."

No doubt thoughts will harmonize with those of Robert Reid (Wauchopehead) when he sings in his "A Sprig of Heather":—"It brings me a glist o' the hicht an' hoves Whaur grey mists gather; Whaur blithe birds sing an' the wee burn flows In the wilds o' heather. The scent o' the sweet thing fills my min' Like the croon o' an auld sang kent langsyne, An' my heart gangs back to the joyfu' days Among the heather."

But amidst the hills and the moorlands strange and stirring scenes have been enacted. There the warlocks have shrilled, the tarsans wailed, and the claymores flashed in air. There the fugitive monarchs and princes, the banished nobles and chiefs, and the defeated and broken clansmen have found refuge, rest, and food in their days of dule and danger, as James Johnson (Whitburn) in his "Scotland's Heather," has it:—"Heroes, when in exile driven, By grim war's destroying blow, Thy bleak home have made their haven. Thou hast been their couch and pillow, Princes in thy folds have slumber'd, Kings, when humble robes arrayed them, With no royal suite encumbered, Gladly in thy clasp have laid them-

figured maybe you would sleep on the couch. Uncle Sam—Well, anyhow, I'm not comfortable, are you? Russia—Not at all. Uncle Sam—But I suppose we've got to pull up the blankets and sleep together just for general appearances. Russia—That's about it. Good night, Sam. Pleasant dreams. Uncle Sam—I have a strange recurrent dream that Russia and all those European nations will pay me what they owe me. Do you believe in dreams?

The Poet's Corner

WHEN HEATHER BLOOMS

When heather blooms upon the Highland hills, And Nature's soul through sunset radiance speaks, Imperial purple robes the triple peaks, Or steep Ben Cruachan, the mountain rills Like melting amethysts drink up the dew, While each ethereal summit soft is kissed By wreaths of lavender the climbing mist, All rosy-violet with the heather hue. O'er the near ridges, clothed in living green, Mid grazing sheep, the snowy fox-gloves lean, Calm, gliding moss and shieling, soon O'er moor and loch shall rise the heather moon. Sure in eternal meadows heather bell Is sown beside immortal asphodel. —Sylvia Tyrone in "Songs of the North Country."

"Well, the loyal Scot may love thee— Link thy name with Bruce and Wallace, For their spears have gleamed above thee. That no tyrant might enthrall us, Well may Scotia's pride assign thee Honour'd place in warrior story; Rinking of her heroes twine thee in the chaplet of their glory."

Love Among the Heather

In Covenanting days also, those who were driven into the wilderness to pray and preach according to their religious convictions found their refuges and resting-places among the heather, while to many, the heather will, no doubt, recall "love's old sweet song," as does the Edinburgh poetess, Mrs. Margaret Mohr, in her ditty, "The Jinglin' Heather":—"Hil the jinglin' heather O, An' Ho! the jinglin' heather O, Ik bonnie belle a tale could tell O' courtin' mang the heather O, "When up the hill we stole at e'en, To spend an hour thegither O, I made a cushion for my queen Among the purple heather O; And when my heather belle I wed, My heart as light's a feather O, Upon my breast I'll proudly wear, A sprig o' jinglin' heather O!" G.M.K. File.

A Sound Industry

(Maritime Merchant) When Oulton of New Brunswick and Dalton of Prince Edward Island put their faith to the test years ago and demonstrated that black foxes could be reared in captivity, it is doubtful if either of them foresaw the result of their enterprise. Today foxes are a great source of wealth to Prince Edward Island and only to a lesser degree to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, while fox ranches are now to be found in many parts of this continent and overseas. The recent annual fox show in Charlottetown had 500 entries and about 80 breeders were represented, most of the entries coming from the Island itself. This industry suffered the experience some years ago that befalls many which take too much for granted. There was a time when absurdly high prices were paid for foxes and ranches were springing up, and the owners saw visions of wealth which unhappily for them failed to materialize. After a time, however, the business of the industry was stabilized and has ever since been conducted along more prudent lines.

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