

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1927

DIAGNOSIS.

THE first duty of the physician when called to visit a patient is to diagnose the case, to find out what the trouble is, how it originated, what development has taken place, and so on.

During the past winter and, in fact, for some time previously, there has been considerable diagnosing in this province. Some things are not as they ought to be.

Our school system, although admittedly in a fairly healthy condition, is not as virile or robust as it might be. There has been criticism—mild, it is true,—both from within the ranks and from without.

There are, however, the great majority of schools in which no unfavorable symptoms have developed, schools which are normally healthy and vigorous.

If the physician satisfies himself with merely making a diagnosis of his case, there is little hope for the patient. He must prescribe and the sensible patient must take his medicine.

When the conscientious physician has any doubt about his diagnosis or his proposed remedy, he calls into consultation other physicians, and they go over the case together and in their collective wisdom conclusions are reached which will give the patient all the assistance that human skill can give.

In the case of our schools there necessarily are differences of opinion as to the probable efficacy of the prescribed remedies. Consultation, therefore, is necessary. This was suggested in the practical lecture given recently in this city by Professor Lloyd Shaw.

These questions surely call for definite answers. Something may be said for Imperialism, and something for Dominion independence. But an Imperialism without common contribution to the common cause, or an independence which demands at once complete freedom in war and peace and protection at the mother country's expense, is not likely to find favor with self-respecting Canadians.

THE Hon. J. A. Robb has promised a reduction of some twenty million dollars in taxation—some time. Whether the reduction is to be announced at the present session, the next or the session immediately before the next election has not been stated.

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when discussed in the House of Commons and, third, when implemented. In the first two stages the party gets credit for it, credit for going to do something really useful.

Political promises, although usually vague and indefinite, have a powerful effect upon the uneducated mind and this class of mind is often appealed to by the wily politicians.

The public generally take little stock in the "going to do" achievements of the Liberal Government. What is looked for today is action.

PLANT HOLLY

"SAVE your holly berries" is the advice of the New York Botanical Gardens.

A very pretty Christmas card is issued from the Gardens. It displays holly plants of two, three and four years growth in pots, showing what can be done if the berries are saved and planted.

Along the Atlantic coast the holly is about exterminated, the calls upon it for Christmas supplies having been very great. This is the reason why the slogan "Save your holly berries" is being circulated.

The seed is slow to germinate, but placed in a pot with suitable soil it will show itself in about six months. A number of seeds are usually planted in a pot. When about a year old they are transplanted to individual pots. After they have served as potted plants for a season or two they can be planted outdoors.

A LIBERAL OPINION.

THE Liberal Toronto Globe is not favorably impressed with the result of Premier King's exploits at the Imperial Conference. "What the country will wish to learn from Mr. King," it says, "is what he has done,—if anything,—to strengthen Imperial ties. Is Great Britain no longer to be the guiding spirit in the league of British States? Does equality as defined at the Conference mean that she is to abdicate her leadership of the Commonwealth, and devote herself to providing protection to the Dominions, which deny their obligation to lend her assistance?"

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

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Notes by the Way

WE won't know the exact size of Canada till we get the decision of the Privy Council as to the boundary between the Dominion and Newfoundland in Labrador. The decision is expected next month. Nor do we yet realize the value of Labrador, according to Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell, of the Medical Mission in that lone region.

In a recent lecture in St. John's, to help forward his great work, Dr. Grenfell also told what satisfaction wireless telegraphy gives to life in Labrador. "We can hear Big Ben striking as well as you could in London," he said. "I can tune in to a concert in Havana, or hear a sermon from the Dean of Boston better than the people in his own gallery." As to the whale fishery, Dr. Grenfell predicts that "butter will soon be made from whale oil which will be equal in vitamins content to the best dairy butter." Think of that!

Canada has abundance of territory without what Newfoundland claims in Labrador, even if that region should prove as rich and as desirable as Dr. Grenfell believes it to be. And at least Labrador is rich in having enlisted in her behalf so beneficent and indefatigable a worker as Dr. Grenfell. His mission among the fishermen there has been fruitful of untold benefits.

William Duff, who was defeated in Lunenburg-Queens, N.S., at last election, has now been nominated as the King Government candidate for the vacant federal seat in Antigonish-Guysboro. The Sydney Post for apparent good reasons calls this choice "an example of machine politics run mad." The Post points out that his defeat in Lunenburg was greeted with approval by some of the best Liberal newspapers in Canada because of his previous malodorous record. He is a stranger to both counties for which he is nominated, and was at last election a blatant opponent of Maritime rights. For the last named reason if for no other, he should be again defeated. And yet, whether for that or other reasons, there seems no doubt that Mr. Duff's nomination was directed from Ottawa and obediently accepted by the local convention.

The brewers' contributions to the election funds of both the Liberal and Conservative parties is an evil that ought to be checked with a strong hand. These contributions, whether offered by the liquor men or solicited by the politicians in the first instance, were not intended to promote electoral purity or any patriotic purpose. Both parties were smirched in the process to an extent that decent Conservatives and Liberals alike must deplore. It is much more important that the party managers take joint action to prevent a repetition of such subscriptions than to prove that one party was a greater sinner than the other. The brewers care more for "protection and assurance" than they do for politics. They had most to hope for if all went well from the party in power. They had most to fear if anything went wrong, from the party in opposition. So they bought the protection of both parties and had something to hope for and nothing to fear.

The double passenger service by the Car Ferry from the beginning of May down to date is the subject of favorable comment and deservedly so. It has been an arduous duty to keep up with one steamer, and the manner in which it has been maintained reflects credit upon all concerned. A second ferry steamer is an imperative need, however, as guarantee that the service shall not some day be disabled, and to take up the duty during the period necessary for repairs in the Spring season. A month's interruption of the Ferry service at the Capes would be an intolerable calamity in the late fall or winter should it ever occur. So here's hoping that no disability may ever occur, or if it should happen, that it will not be until a new steamer is ready to meet the emergency.

Three Conservative Premiers and their colleagues in three Maritime Governments, would no doubt like to know the measure of financial relief that will come to their provinces from the Duncan report. Premier King might not tell them if he knew, and he does not yet know what the new Parliament will consent to. Still, the new year opens with growing hope that the remedial measures recommended in



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

PLAY FOR ADULTS

A playground specialist makes a remark that is worth much to all of us. After showing that play promotes muscle growth, health, agility, builds resistance to illness, develops stamina, strengthens heart and lungs, leads to grace and beauty of form, he says "People do not stop playing because they grow old, but rather they grow old too fast because they stop playing."

Of course the youngster was meant to play. Every little animal plays; kittens, pups, cub bears, lambs, monkeys and so forth. But the idea of play for adults perhaps strikes you as being out of place.

Well, just as our playground expert puts it, he grows old too fast because he has stopped playing. Now I haven't time or space to point out what he is losing mentally and perhaps morally by withdrawing from games, but physically he or she gives the body a "set" appearance, or as some one has called it a "middle age spread," that will remain a permanent condition unless he wakes up, and indulges in play again.

So keep up your play. You will get more out of life, and give more to it to your fellows, if you continue to play.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Don't say "these chairs are both alike." "Both" is redundant and should be omitted. OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: Incomparable. Accent second syllable, not the third. OFTEN MISSPELLED: ascent (agree to); ascent (upward). SYNONYMS: recreation, diversion, amusement, entertainment, pastime.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: ARROGANCE; an undue degree of self-importance; haughtiness. "He entered the room with overbearing arrogance."

Daily Selections FOR Guardian Readers

January 5, 1927

GOD IS TRUSTWORTHY:—Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man. Neither will he uphold the evil-doers. Job, 8:20.

PRAYER:—Help us, Lord, to know Thee in Thine integrity, and to grow into Thy likeness.

MIRACLES

Take me back to boyhood When the taste of things was new (O, the berries on the bushes near the wall) When God comes down in laughter On the little drops of dew, Glad to be the comrade Of the tender things that grew— Tiny, tender things that answered to His call.

Let me have the color Of the morning sky in June, (O, the clinking of the battered berry-pail!) High above the pasture Just beyond the yellow dune, Where the katydids are calling In a ready, sleepy tune, And far out upon the ocean dips a sail.

Give the lure of pine woods And their mystery of moss, (O, the ferns that grew abundant by the brook!) Give the smell of thistles With their cups of silver floss, Growing on the cow-path With a bridge a boy must cross To the place where he would loiter with a book.

Heal the sense that sickens, The Duncan report will be substantially endorsed at an early day in the coming session. And yet, provincial budgets cannot be prepared on a basis of hope alone, and the usual date for the meeting of the Maritime Legislatures is rapidly approaching.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK COVERS.

FRAGMENT OF A DREAM

Once on a summer evening I was lying in the sunshine on a mountain, and fell asleep. Then I dreamed that I awoke in a church-yard. The down-rolling wheels of the steeple clock, which was striking eleven, had awakened me. I looked for the sun in the empty night-heaven, for I thought an eclipse was veiling it with the moon. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were moved to and fro by invisible hands. Shadows which no one cast tilted on the walls; and other shadows walked erect in the thin air. In the open coffins none were sleeping now but children. In the sky hung in large folds merely a gray sultry mist, which a giant shadow like a net was drawing down nearer, fighter, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; under me the first step of an imminent earthquake. The church yawning and disjunct with two unceasing discords, which continued with each other and vainly endeavored to mingle in unison. At times a gray gleam skipped up along its windows, and under the gleam the lead and iron ran down molten. The net of the mist and the reeling earth thrust me into that fearful temple, at the door of which, in two poisonous thickets, two glittering basilisks were brooding. I passed through unknown stradows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed. All the shadows were standing round the empty altar; and in all of them the breast, instead of the heart, quivered and beat. One dead man only, who had just been buried in the church, still lay on his pillow, without a quivering breast, on his smiling countenance stood a happy dream. But as a living one entered, he awoke, and smiled no more; he lifted with difficulty his heavy eyelids, but with no eye, and in his beating breast there was, instead of a heart, a wound. He lifted up his hands and folded them to pray; but the arms lengthened out and dissolved, and the hands, still folded, fell away. Above on the vault of the church, against the top of the Eternity, on which no number appeared, and which was its own index hand; but a black finger pointed thereon, and the dead sought to see the time by it.

An immense and immeasurably extended hammer was about to strike the last hour of time and shatter the universe, when I awoke. —Jean Paul Richter.

What happens? Well, just as our playground expert puts it, he grows old too fast because he has stopped playing. Now I haven't time or space to point out what he is losing mentally and perhaps morally by withdrawing from games, but physically he or she gives the body a "set" appearance, or as some one has called it a "middle age spread," that will remain a permanent condition unless he wakes up, and indulges in play again.

So keep up your play. You will get more out of life, and give more to it to your fellows, if you continue to play.

The Public Forum

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

CANADIAN MAGAZINE HANDICAP.

Sir,—In your paper of October 30th appeared an editorial on the subject of foreign magazines and periodicals coming into Canada. Your comment was so fair that we feel confident you will welcome for yourself and readers, any information which will throw light on the whole situation. Canadian magazine publishers in their appearance before the Tariff Advisory Board are asking only for simple justice and fair play. Conditions under which they now have to labor are so seriously to their disadvantage as compared with their competitors across the border, that it seems as though Canadians can scarcely know the facts or they would not permit such handicaps against their own countrymen to continue. We would ask you and your readers to consider these facts in a reasonable, unprejudiced way.

There pour into Canada every year from foreign countries about 70,000,000 copies of magazines, periodicals and newspapers, most of which are from the United States. This output flows over in a constantly increasing stream, as shown by figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. According to its authoritative statement the value of this flood jumped from \$960,734 in 1912 to no less than \$2,991,993 in 1925-26.

On this enormous volume, which is able to crowd the Canadian product off our news-stands, trains, and ships, there is paid not one dollar to Canadian revenue to help keep the fabric and administration of the Dominion. What then? Not only does a tide of Canadian money roll back across the line from circulation sales, but through the constant bombardment of advertising of U. S. products, directed on readers in this country, millions of dollars are spent yearly for foreign goods instead of for the products of Canadian factories. This money contributes, week in and week out, to build up the industries and prosperity of our neighbors on the other side of the line, and all at absolutely no cost whatever to the foreign publisher, in the form of taxes paid to Canada.

Compare this delightfully favored condition with the intolerable handicaps under which Canadian publishers have to carry on and attempt to compete. Remember that in addition to the disparity

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existing by reason of an English-speaking population here, or roughly only 7,000,000 as against 110,000,000 which the United States publishers has in his home market. Our paper, ink, engraving, art work, etc., are all subject to sales tax and heavy duties. As it just or fair, to say nothing of other equally stranding circumstances to be maintained forever, as mill stones around our Canadian necks? Do Canadians not know that these disparities have made it impossible for a long list of Canadian magazines and periodicals to

(Continued on Page 5)

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