COMING

THE GREATEST OF ALL FIRE PICTURES!

THE FIRE BRIGADE

with

MAY McAVOY
CHARLES RAY

PRINCE EDWARD

4 — DAYS — 4

STARTING WEDNESDAY

MATINEE—16c, 28c
EVENING—16c, 28c, 37c

FOX VARIETIES
REVIEW
ORCHESTRA

Here comes "The Fire Brigade"!

Smashing, crashing its way through to heights of thrilling melodrama!

A thousand gasps! The true epic of the unsung heroes of peace! Produced in co-operation with the International Association of Fire Chiefs!

A STARTLING REVELATION OF MARRIED LIFE AS DEPICTED BY THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WRITER

CAPITOL

3—DAYS STARTING TODAY

TIME—3.15; 7 & 8.45.

MARRIAGE

Based on the famous novel by H. G. WELLS

The World's greatest writer tears the veil from the mysteries of matrimony

with

VIRGINIA VALLI

ALLAN DURANT-JAMES MARCUS-GLADYS McCONNELL-LAWFORD DAVIDSON

A butterfly wife who leads her husband to the verge of the abyss in social London and, becoming a cavewoman, saves him from death in a tropical jungle.

Collegians

Second Episode of the peppy College Series

"My Friend From India"

Under the Distinguished Patronage of His Honor Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Heartz

Directed by Miss Barbara McNeill, In Aid of

P. E. ISLAND HOSPITAL

PRINCE EDWARD

Come and study our beautiful Philosophy, and

Laugh! Laugh!!

By The Pick of Charlottetown's Best Talent

Monday and Tuesday

JANUARY 16 & 17

Reserve Seats ..... 75c & 50c.
Rush Seats 35c

Box Office now open at 9.30 a. m.

CURTAIN RISES AT 8.30 SHARP.

AUGUSTINE COVE NOTES

"By Naia".

Miss Beulah Robinson was the guest of Misses Mary and Olive Inman Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Harry Inman recently spent a very enjoyable afternoon visiting Mrs. Bradford Clarke, who is still ill in bed. Her many friends hold much sympathy for her.

Misses Mary and Olive Inman were recently the guests of Miss Beulah Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clarke and little Miss Dorothy Fillmore, were visitors to Port Borden, Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Leith Cameron is at present busy hauling spuds to Carleton with an auto truck.

Mr. Archie Robinson was a visitor to Port Borden Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Keough, who is at present staying with Mrs. Life Clarke, was a visitor to Cape Traverse, P. E. I. Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. E. A. Bell of Cape Traverse, passed through Augustine Cove Monday afternoon.

Reports are, that there has been a large bear seen in the woods in the vicinity. Some of the woodsmen have also seen tracks that were as large as an average horse track. The citizens are very alarmed to hear such a detail as I don't think there has ever been a report concerning that for a number of back years. However we all hope that Mr. Bear will soon be devoured as it seems to be a bad excitement to all.

The Cove "Hockey fans" have started to exert three "rinks" whether the weather will permit skating we do not know, but only hope so. There really has never been a winter for fifty years like this season has fortold, some of our older people have stated. Cars still running, practically not much skating in the country, so one can judge by that, that this winter is a very remarkable season.

The School seems to be progressing wonderfully under the skillful teaching of Mr. Arthur Clarke.

Mr. Millon Carr, was also a visitor to Carleton Siding, P. E. I., Tuesday afternoon.

Friends regret to learn of the very serious condition of Miss Margaret Boulter, Victoria, who left Monday morning by train for Montreal to go under treatment for mastoid. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Ross Boulter, and Miss Ethel Foy, R. N., who will be one of her nurses. It is understood that she will need two nurses. Her friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Leslie Campbell, Cape Traverse, P.E.I., passed through Augustine Cove Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Robert Howatt of Cape Traverse, P.E.I., also recently passed through Augustine Cove, P. E. I.

The snow storm which started Monday afternoon has made very good sleighing much to the pleasure of the riders, for the sleighing has not been very fine this winter and we really hope that the snow we have this time will stay with us, also we hope for more.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron of South Mellville, P. E. I., were visitors to Augustine Cove, P.E.I. Monday the guest of Mrs. Cameron's brother, Mr. Bruce Campbell.

Mr. Chas. Graggett of Tryon Cross Roads, passed through Augustine Cove Tuesday.

Mr. Kenneth Holmes of Victoria, passed through Augustine Cove Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Hillard Francis and little son Leith, were visitors to Crapaud, P. E. I., Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Helen Fall, Crapaud, is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Hillard Francis, Augustine Cove.

The men in the vicinity are busy erecting a telephone line to connect with Albany Central. The Rural line recenly connected with Crapaud exchange, and now the telephone post holes are about completed which will mean that the wires will soon be strung. We really hope that being on a new line our Rural line will be of more service than it has been for the past year being that half or more of the time the line or phones were out of order in the district.

Some of the "sightseers" in Augustine Cove report that they saw an aeroplane pass along the shore line in Augustine Cove Wednesday morning. Such a very rare event for an aeroplane to pass over P. E. I. that the people were more than excited.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fall of Westmoreland were visitors to Augustine Cove Sunday, the guests of Mrs. Fall's daughter, Mrs. Hillard Francis.

The friends of Mrs. Bradford Clarke regret to learn that she was very poorly in health Wednesday and sincerely hope she may soon be recovering.

Mrs. A. J. Robinson was visiting at Tryon Cross Roads Wednesday the guest of Mrs. Tom Fall who is ill in bed. Her friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Potato rush seems to be the attraction of the "Spud Growers" at present. A large number of our farmers are busy hauling with sleighs and trucks for the past week to Carleton Siding. Not much change in prices but nevertheless we hope for better.

Mr. Major Carruthers was a visitor to the western Capitol Wednesday.

I really believe I shall have to sign off as I am dry for any more news. I guess I have told enough considering anyhow.

Sport Forum

Items of interest to Sport fans will be received with appreciation. This department does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents. Write or phone Sports Editor, Guardian.

Ski-ers

After strenuous hill climbing and jumping, a rub down with Minard's prevents stiffness.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Central Guardian

TONIGHT—BAND AT ARENA. 1862

JANUARY CLEARANCE sale small lot handbags regular from $1.50 to $4.00, clearing at half price Moore & McLeod Ltd. 1-14-3.

I WILL BE LOADING LIVE hogs at Mt. Albion, Tuesday, January 17th. Fred Robertson. 1834-1-14-21

BAND—ARENA TONIGHT. 1862

ARRIVED SAFELY IN ENGLAND — A cable was received Saturday morning announcing the safe arrival in Liverpool of Mr. W. Chester S. McLure and Col. MacKinnon, D. S. O.

SAD BEREAVEMENT — The death occurred in this city Saturday of Mrs. Sarah Adeline Titus in her 84th year, mother of Mr. M. P. Titus of this city. The remains will be forwarded this morning to her former home in Titusville, N. B., for burial.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT — P. E. I. Hospital acknowledge with thanks donation of preserves from Mrs. Judge Haszard, also donation of potatoes from Mr. Aubrey Mutch, collected through the Ladies' Aid.

MARRIAGE OF INTEREST HERE — The marriage is announced of Mr. Benjamin Birkham Murchison, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Murchison of Buenos Aires, Argentina, to Mary Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Abram Coulter of the city of Chicago. The marriage took place on the seventh instant. They leave on an extended trip to England and the continent and will be at home after 15th of May next at Buenos Aires.

GRIFFIN—BRINE—A very pretty marriage took place at St. Timothy's Church, Great Shemogue, on Jan. 9, when William N. Griffin, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Alice M. Brine, of Botsford Portage, were united in marriage by Rev. R. B. Fraser, M. A., of Port Elgin. The witnesses were Maurice Griffin, brother of the groom, and Albert Bourque, of Shemogue. After the nuptial high mass the happy couple with the relatives and friends, enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brine.

PEAKE'S ROAD SCHOOL — The following pupils of Peake's Road School were successful in the recent December Coligraphy Tests of the world famous Zanerian Institute and have been duly certificated as follows:— Winners of the High Business School Certificate:—Bertha Mae McIntyre, Miriam Grant, Marion Goodwin, Magdalene Grant, Rose Ann Crane, Alvin Reginald McInnis; Winners of the "Grammar Grade Certificate" —Helen E. Clarkin, Russel H. Clarkin, Alton Crane, Mary Josephine Hughes, Allan Joseph McDonald.

PERSONALS

Mrs. A. C. Stewart, Georgetown, has left on a visit to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Quigley have gone on a visit to Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenny, St. Teresas left Saturday on a visit to New York.

The many friends of Mr. Billy McLean will be glad to learn that he is improving after an attack of blood-poisoning in his hand.

Mr. Ralph Huestis, Maritime representative for the Blatchford Calf Meal Co., of Canada who has been visiting his home in this city, leaves for Halifax this morning.

Miss Linda Peters of this city left Saturday morning for St. John, where she will resume her work with the Maritime Egg Exchange, after enjoying a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. M. Peters, Chestnut Street.

Mrs. D. D. Scannell of Jamaica Plain, Mass., arrived in this city Saturday morning from Georgetown where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. H. Douglas. He leaves this morning on return home. While in Charlottetown she was the guest of her brother, Mr. Reuben MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald.

Minard's Liniment for scaly scalp.

DUNSTAFFNAGE SCHOOL CONCERT.

A very successful concert was put on in Marshfield Hall on the evening of Dec. 21, by the teacher and pupils of Dunstaffnage School. Although the weather and traveling were rather unfavorable, a large crowd was present. The following is the programme:

Chorus, "Sleighing Song" by School; Recitation "The Trials of a Twin", by Lloyd MacCallum; Dialogue, "Little Pitchers," by Robb Boswall, Margaret McLeod and Lorna Stewart; Exercise, "Santa's Helpers", by Junior Pupils; Recitation, "Santa Claus", by Bertha Thompson; Dialogue, "A Sudden Discovery", by Robert Cairns; Borden Boswall and Melda Ferguson; Song, "Peace on Earth" by Robb and Edna Boswall, Marion Thompson, Margaret MdcLeod and Melda Ferguson; Intermission—Sale of Candy; Drama "The Hour Behind Christmas"; Tableau—"Under the Mistletoe" by Lila Thompson and Allison Stewart; Recitation "The Quarrel" by Laura Moore; Duet, "Once I Was a Baby," by Marion Thompson and Margaret MacLeod; Drill "Trained Crows" by Douglas Rhynes, Ralph Murray and Ray MacCallum; Dialogue, "Painting a Chair", by Marion Thompson, Loren Thompson, Kendell MacCallum and Reggie Jenkins; Recitation, "Spacially Jim"; by Melda Ferguson; Chorus "Sleigh Bells" by School.

After the programme the coming of Santa Claus was eagerly awaited by the children, and in a short time he appeard, as jolly as ever. When he had relieved the well-laden tree of its burden, he started again on his long journey, carrying joy to children the world over. Both teacher and pupils received many nice gifts. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to the teacher, Miss Gertrude Villett for the capable manner which the pupils had been trained. Much credit is also due Miss Jessie Jenkins, who acted as organist in her usual accomplished way, thus helping make the concert a success. With the singing of the National Anthem a very enjoyable evening was brought to a close, and all retired to the respective homes, feeling well pleased.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY.

To Mrs. Nelson Orr,

As members of the Mayfield Auxiliary we wish to convey to you our sincere sympathy in the sudden death of your brother, and the passing away of your sister-in-law, whom you cared for so tenderly during her illness.

During the last few years you have been called upon so often to part with loved ones, that we feel like saying, "Stay Thy Hand, it is enough." We pray that the God of all comfort may comfort you in your trouble, and that you may see the silver lining of the clouds, and say, "It is our Heavenly Father Who doeth all things well." Now no chastening for the present seemeth joyous but grievous, but afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness.

Signed on behalf of the W. M. S.

THE SHARKEY--HEENEY FIGHT

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, Jan. 14. — Jack Sharkey, of Boston, and Tom Heeney, champion of New Zealand, fought twelve rounds to a draw here last night. The result left in doubt the qualifications of either heavyweight to contend for the title now held by Gene Tunney. Heeney's showing was a surprise to the fans who had made the Boston man a heavy favorite.

FIGHT BY ROUNDS

ROUND ONE — Heeney met Sharkey coming from his corner with a solid right to the chin. They dropped into a clinch and flashed both hands to the body. Sharkey smashed two terrific rights to Heeney's head and nearly sent him double with a ramming left hook to the stomach. Breaking clean, Tom was wild with two rights to the head, but rapped Sharkey lightly on the chin with a right at the bell.

ROUND TWO — Sparring carefully, Sharkey hammered a right to Heeney's body, but took a short left hook to the chin. Sharkey traded two more lefts for a right hook to the head. Jack winked wisely to the spectators and pounded Heeney with a right to the chin as they came out of a clinch, but Tom surprised him by clouting Sharkey solidly on the left ear as they drew apart. Heeney dodged into an over hand right to the head. Tom slammed a left uppercut into Sharkey's chin and buried a right into the Boston boy's body. They were resting in a clinch at the bell.

ROUND THREE —Dropping into a clinch, the big boys were content to pummell each other's ribs with short chops. Sharkey lashed two vicious rights into Tom's head on the break, but Heeney shook them off and marched straight into Sharkey with a half dozen pistol-like shots to the body. Sharkey ripped a right flush to Heeney's chin. It was the kind of a punch that flattened Jim Maloney, but Heeney just shook his head and dug both hands deep in the Boston tar's body. Tom was still smashing Sharkey about the ribs, almost unmolested, as the crowd roared approval, at the gong.

ROUND FOUR—Heeney almost stubby looking, with his short arms and powerful shoulders, shot a right to Sharkey's chin as they met. Sharkey ripped back but his right was wild, and Tom cracked uppercuts on the sailor's chin with both hands. A right and left dug into Sharkey's body and his half hearted returns were losing steam. Toe to toe, they swapped head raps in the centre of the ring. Falling into a clinch, Sharkey dug two left hooks into the body at the bell.

ROUND FIVE — A slight cut appeared under Sharkey's left eye as he stalked out to meet Heeney's heavy body ramming attack. Tom bounced a left hook off the Boston gob's chin and ripped a left and right to the body as they clinched. Sharkey rallied and for a quarter of a minute drove Tom about the ring with stinging left jabs and hooks as they fought into a corner. A smashing right bowled Sharkey into the ropes and he bounced out to run into Heeney's left hook to the body. Sharkey clinched, shook his head to clear the cobwebs, and piled into Heeney with a left hook attack that the bell stopped.

ROUND SIX — Heeney appeard almost impervious to punishment as Sharkey hammered savagely at his head and body in an effort to gain the upper hand. Tom crowded right into the blows, hooking short lefts and rights to the body. Tom laced a left hook deep into Sharkey's body and Jack's knees doubled up under him. He sagged into the ropes, held a moment, and then tore out savagely with three left hooks that bent Tom's head back. They were dancing and resting at the bell.

ROUND SEVEN — There was a smear of blood on Sharkey's lips. Half-heartedly Jack jabbed an opening punch with his left and then missed with a terrific right cross. This time it was Heeney's turn to smile and he shot Jack's head back with three right uppercuts. Jack pounded viciously on Heeney's body with little material result and missed two heavy shots to the head. They fell into almost constant clinches, each holding with one hand and playing heavily to the body with the other. Heeney staggered Sharkey with a right uppercut to the chin almost as the gong sounded.

ROUND EIGHT — Unworried, Sharkey jabbed with a left and fell into a clinch where they mauled fiercely, but with little effect to the body. As Sharkey missed a right to the body, he fell into a heavy right uppercut. Dancing away, Jack peppered Heeney's face with a straight left. Sharkey threw everything behind a right and left hook to the body, but Heeney came on and chased him to the center of the ring with short chops to the head. Both missed terrific rights and turned half circles away from each other just before the gong.

ROUND NINE — Sharkey piled a busy left into Heeney's face, jabbing and hooking the Anzac with ease. Tom put down his head and pounced in with a right to the heart. Jack slashed both hands to the body and Heeney began to hold, appearing to weaken a little. Sharkey stabbed his left into Heeney's face and hooked solidly to his ribs. Tom missed a right uppercut and they were locked tight as the round ended.

ROUND TEN — Heeney tore out with a stiff right to Sharkey's head. Jack locked the Anzac up and cuffed him with a left to the chin. Sharkey fell as he missed a wild right helped along with a Heeney left hook to the body. He bounced right up, rather sheepishly, and whaled into Heeney with both hands, pounding to the stomach. Heeney fought loose and stole a play with a ramming attack to the ribs. They were in a clinch, clubbing each other's heads with lefts at the bell.

ROUND ELEVEN — They fell into the inevitable clinch, bruising short pokes to the head and body. Sharkey cracked a left to Heeney's chin, but ducked to cover under Tom's punishing short arm attack to the body. It was close, uninteresting fighting, with both missing frequently. Heeney met Jack coming in with a short uppercut, held him away and they stood in the center of the ring ripping short hooks to the head. The swap was fairly even until Tom bounced the Boston boy into the ropes with an over hand right to the ear.

ROUND TWELVE — One arm locked, they still clinched and ripped with free hands to the body. The referee appeared quite tired from pulling them apart. Out in the open, Sharkey missed a wild right and Tom a looping left, before they clinched again.

THE MARKETS

Charlottetown Market

Eggs	55
Butter	40
Oats	80
Potatoes (white)	40
Potatoes (blue)	60
Hay	75—85
Straw	50
Pork	10

Mount Stewart Market

Eggs	45
Butter	32—35
Oats	65
Wool	18—24
Potatoes	60
Pork	9½

Souris Market

Eggs	40—50
Potatoes	40
Butter	40
Oats	75
Pork	9½

Montague Markets

Eggs	45
Butter	30
Oats	65
Potatoes	40
Pork	9½

Summerside Markets

Eggs	40—55
Butter	32
Oats	65
Potatoes	40—45
Wool	30—40
Pork	5½—9½

For corns and bunions use Minard's Liniment.

The Poetic Spirit

Written for the Guardian by Helen Marshall Hunt

"There is in the nature of things a law of dancing which, at a crisis of great happiness or exaltation, sets the thoughts and the emotions leaping rhythmically to time." So writes Robert Lynd in a delightful introduction to "An Anthology of Modern Verse." And he continues: "All men, even those who would be most surprised to be reckoned among the poets or the followers of poets, are subject to this law." Yet we have all friends—quite worthy people too—who reiterate, when we would read to them some poem which we think specially choice, "No, I'm a practical man, I don't like poetry."

And by this they probably mean that they find it boring to read through verses that rhyme and whose meaning is too obvious, or tiring to read blank verse whose meaning is obscure. One does not need, however, to be a "highbrow," nor to immerse onself in Browning to prove one's poetic spirit.

The poetic spirit is born in us. Listen to a small child beating on the table with a spoon, or playing a game. The noise will invariably resolve itself into rythm; the stories a child loves and those we remember best from childhood are what were told in rhyme, and particularly with a refrain, it matters not whether there is sense in it—perhaps the more nonsense and the less sense there is, the more joy it got from it. "Hey ho, says Anthony Rowley."

To quote again from Robert Lynd: "It is in verse that the imagination learns its first steps. The first sorrows with which we learn to sympathize in literature are those of Bopeep. Our first sense of the comedy of disaster we owe to Jack and Jill.....Reading and hearing the nursery-rhymes, indeed, we went round the entire clock-face of the motions—at least of the emotions possible to a child. We were merry with Old King Cole, excited with little Miss Muffett, distraught with the old Woman who lived in a Shoe. We heard the bell toll for Cock Robin and stood by his grave. Cross-patch was as real to us as the face in the mirror. We opened the door into romance with a rhyme about a white horse and a woman who had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes."

Though categories are as odious as comparisons, especially when applied to people, who when pigeon-holed have a way of popping out of one hole into another; and though we all have moods when we long for romance and for "the vision that would make no less forlorn" yet, on the whole, people may be classed according as they look on life with poetic or practical eyes. In "the Enjoyment of Poetry" the writer, Max Eastman, pictures a crowd swarming on to a ferry and soon separating into two groups,—those who go below smoke, read, play bridge or plan what to do when they get across; and those who stay on deck and watch the crossing; the first group is composed of men of practical mind who are there solely to get to the other side; the second of men of poetic mind who are interested in the experience of crossing. And so with life, the practical man is engrossed with doing things, he moves single-mindedly to his goal and when he has reached it he neither rests nor looks upon his work to see if it is good, he hastens on to fresh fields of labour, to him life is real, life is earnest. The poetic mind pauses to see the quality of experience, to receive impressions, to realize—Life. He would try out in the words Browning puts into the mouth of young David, trying to lure back the sick and weary Saul to an interest in life:

"Oh, the wild joy of living....
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

But this practical man, this scorner of poetry. Does he never feel the touch of the poetic spirit? Let us see. The cow bird gets its name from the fact that it stands on the cow's back and devours the insects there. The cow may be inspired to poetic flights in her relief from pain, perhaps to even jump over the moon, but the name expresses essentially the utilitian aspect of the bird. Here we have the ruby-throated humming bird. Is there a man with soul so dead, that he would not prefer the name the ruby-throated humming bird to that of the cow bird, though he may not distinguish the birds by sight. It is possible that there may be a man with such a highly developed social sense that the thought of the ever-patient cow being relieved of her intolerable suffering would fill him with ineffable joy—then perhaps he might burst into song in praise of the cow-bird—and we would have poetry—of a sort—even out of the mouth of the practical man. It is worth nothing that it is always men—not women—who proclaim their distaste for poetry—and yet almost all the poets are men. Women, as a sex, are supposed to revel in such wishy-washy sentimental mush as Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes. It is such associations that has brought poetry into disfavour.

Children are poetic, even as primitive man was. They name things for their qualities or their resemblance to something known to them. We can all recall such names. The little girl who, lying on her back and looking up at the cumulous clouds said they were like mothers and babies was a poet at heart, as was also the little boy who called a snake "nothing with a tail." A thought to be poetic need not express beauty. Imagine three men walking on the shore while the tide is washing in over the shole. One may say in a dreamy voice, "It is eternity." The second with a grunt of protest may say, "It is more like shovelling coal down a chute." The third asserts indifferently "It's only brine." The first two have expressed a poetic thought, the last is bored by something, by life itself, which to him as to Mr. Maritilini is probably a "demned horrid grind." So poetry does not belong to the dilletanti, but to those who simply feel a glow of life somewhere.

If we are alert we may find much poetry about us in the common names of flowers and birds given them, not by writers of poetry, but by the common people. These names are not always beautiful, but they are expressive of quality or resemblance to something else. Let us take at random, the devils paint brush. Dutchman's breeches, jack in the pulpit, etc. There we have Queen Anne's lace, whose practical name is wild carrot, we have bleeding heart, star of Bethlehem, infants breath, lady's slipper and scores of others, redolent with imagery. The Canada bird does not get its name because its habital is Canada, but because our ancestors, homesick for the land across the water, imagined on hearing its pure distant notes, that it sang "Canada, Canada, Canada" and thus perhaps their longing for the homeland was stilled. This bird is catalogued as swamp sparrow—thus establishing again the odiousness of categories. Consider—not the lily this time but the anemone. The dictionary distinguishes it thus from other plants, 'a large germs of perennial herbs of the crow foot family (ranunculaceal, etc," then in tiny type one might easily miss it "from the gr. amemone, blown by the wind." Even in the dictionary one finds poetry. By contract we have those practical names ending in **wort** and **bane**, sheeps bane, liverwort, and so on.

Thus it is that a great gulf is fixed between the practical scientific mind and the poetic. Let us consider **water**. What is its essential nature? that it is wet? or that it is as Pauline Johnson describes it;

And oh, the river runs swifter now
The eddies circle about my bow,
Swirl, swirl,
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl."

or is the scientist nearer the truth in calling it No. 20. Each must be right in his own expression "Science tries to comprehend nature's body while Art tries to apprehend her spirit".

When one considers those little symbols called words, so unimportant and unpretentious, so evanescent as they drop from our lips and are gone. Yet many of them have a long history, tracing a direct line of descent much more imposing that that of families whose ancestors came over with the conqueror. They may be now little almost meaningless dried-up things but they have travelled across vast continents, an arduous and romantic journey on which they lost a syllable here, gained another there, a journey on which only the most virile could survive. Like families of ancient lineage these words have lost in many cases their former significance and importance, and the language has needed to be enriched with words of obscure origin and even with upstart words that spring like Topsy out of nowhere, that the virility of the language may be preserved. Often there is as much poetry in these new words known as slang as there is romance in the old words with their long history.

Slang is defined in a dictionary as "Inelegant and unauthorized popular language consisting of words or expressions of low and illiterate origin and use," further on its use is attributed to "thieves and such"! Harkeray says we are all snobs and it may be we carry this snobbery into our use of words. If we are unprejudiced we may find that slang, this upstart of low origin, is often as expressive as the older word and much more vivid. A boy says he was 'jumped on' by the teacher, this is of Anglo-Saxon origin, his teacher may say he has been 'insulted'—the same meaning but from the Latin. Another boy may call his friend a "goal" his mother may call him capricious (from Latin capar—a goat). A forward child is precocious—cooked too quickly as a cake before it has risen—why then object to half-baked. A delirious man is out of his furrow (Latin de-out of, lira-furrow) but let us say a man is "off his trolley" and the puriel is shocked beyond expression, though when one thinks of it the latter is the more poetic and finer metaphor. When a trolley has lost its connection from above its lights go out and it comes to a standstill. I have taken some of the least reputable words to prove my point. In every age the new words, the new ways—in a word the new expression—of the younger generation are looked on askance by their elders trained and educated in another environment.

So for new experience there must come fresh expression, our language, our poetry, our art, must be continually refreshed from the well of experience. A new school of painting has sprung up in Canada in which the young artists are making a direct emotional response to Canadian environment. A writer, speaking of this movement says "when the soul of a man and the soul of his people and environment meet the creative genius of a race bursts into flame." This group claims that we must not take our inspiration from 'the old well-mellowed culture of Europe," that we must find a true racial expression for ourselves through our new racial experience. Our inspiration for our poetry as well as our painting must come from the life lived in this new country with the everlasting majesty of its Rockies, with the wide stretches of its prairies 'whose margin fades forever and forever as we move', with the thundering grandeur of its Niagara, the austerity of its great Solemn Lands, the peace and plenty of its eastern farms sloping fertile to the water's edge. Life in this new land "how fit it is to employ all the heart and the soul and the senses' of a virile adventurous race—for

What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing and to write
Worthy the reading and the world's delight.

Abbies Practice

Seniors and Intermediates at 6.15 p. m. sharp. All Intermediates wishing to make team be on hand.