

The Charlottetown Guardian

President, Lieut. Col. W. Chester McLure... Secretary, Lieut. Col. D. A. Starkinson, D. B. O.

A Momentous Year

That the coming New Year may be brighter and more prosperous than the one now on its death-bed, is the hope of all who have followed, however casually, the record of world events.

The year opened with an Italian war of conquest raging in Ethiopia. It closes with a civil war raging in Spain, and with events in far-off China moving to a climax which no one as yet can foresee.

On the surface, evidences have not been wanting of economic improvement, of greater trade expansion and freer circulation of money than during recent depression years.

Whatever the coming year may hold in store, it cannot fail to give opportunity for British leadership in promoting peace and amity between the nations.

The Year At Home

Provincially, the year 1936 was of more than usual interest. Early in the year the province suffered the loss of its veteran Premier and Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. W. M. LEA, whose death was the occasion of Canada-wide regret.

The vacant seat occasioned by PREMIER LEA'S death was filled by MR. HORACE WRIGHT, who defeated MR. DOUGLAS BELL, independent Liberal candidate, by a large majority, though the total vote was much smaller than in the provincial contest of 1935.

In the civic field, MAYOR P. W. TURNER was elected to office, with a Council Board including a number of new candidates for civic honours.

The Provincial Exhibition, County exhibitions, Fox Shows and School Fairs were held successfully throughout the Province during the year.

An event of special interest was the first annual meeting of the Oyster Growers Association at Bideford, at which DR. FOUND, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, Ottawa, was the chief speaker.

Of historic importance was the unveiling at Brudenell Point of a monument to the noted French pioneer settler, JEAN PIERRE ROMA, under auspices of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada.

Approval of Dalvey and vicinity as a National Park site may be noted as an event of more than ordinary interest.

Noteworthy among the anniversaries celebrated during the year were the Centenary of the Baptist Church, Charlottetown, the 50th anniversary of the Salvation Army, the Centenary of the Geddie Memorial Church, New London, and the 50th anniversary of the Presbyterian Church at Kensington.

Charlottetown was the scene of many conventions, including those of the Supreme Grand Orange Lodge and Ladies Orange Benevolent Association of British America; the Canadian Good Roads Association; the Maritime Board of Trade; and the Maritime branch of the Postmasters Association.

E. GLADSTONE MURRAY, new head of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

A regrettable feature was the number of highway and other fatalities throughout the province during the year. Death also visited many other homes. Prominent among those who passed away were PREMIER LEA, HON. JOHN MACLEAN, SORRIS, REV. JOHN MACDONALD, Grand River, REV. J. W. S. LOWRY, Th.D., Canoe Cove, REV. FULTON J. COFFIN, D.D., Ph.D., Charlottetown, REV. GEORGE A. ROSS, D.D., Alberton, REV. FRANCIS MACDONALD, Summerfield, MR. A. D. FRASER, Provincial Librarian, and MR. W. E. HYNEMAN, District Engineer, Federal Public Works Department.

To all bereaved families to whom the absence of loved faces at this time comes with special poignancy, The Guardian tenders respectful sympathy. To those, and to all of us, may the New Year bring consolation and encouragement, sufficient to our needs, as we journey along the same broad highway of life.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim, And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by, Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed abode, But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the road.

Editorial Notes

A good year has gone, may it be succeeded even by a better.

Lady Tweedsmuir is likely to be the "first foot" at Rideau Hall which she returns tomorrow.

The feature of the November export of milk and its products which rose to \$2,273,938 from \$1,401,952 a year ago, was the substantial increase in cheese exports. Cheese amounted to 151,402 pounds at \$2,094,214, an increase of 64,802 pounds and \$1,104,871, of which \$1,987,931 went to the United Kingdom \$50,787 to the United States, \$15,326 to Newfoundland and \$11,160 to Belgium.

The export of cattle amounted to 9,647 head at \$395,490 in November compared with 6,371 head at \$279,398 a year ago. There were 8,782 head for food purposes and the remainder for dairying. Most of the cattle went to the United States amounting to 7,330 head and 1,807 to the United Kingdom. In addition there were 1,084 head of pure bred cattle for the improvement of stock sent to the United States.

The November export of meats continued the high level of recent months amounting to \$3,195,800 compared with \$2,423,639 in the same month last year. The value of the export to the United Kingdom was \$2,824,449 and to the United States \$219,531. Bacon and hams led, valued at \$2,505,036, the value to the United Kingdom being \$2,499,439.

Domestic exports of farm implements and machinery amounted to \$513,467 in November, an increase of \$173,641 over the same month last year. The United States was the chief purchaser with \$107,089, followed by Argentina at close to \$100,000, the United Kingdom \$82,419 and British South Africa \$75,671. Ploughs and parts were worth \$174,534 reaper-threshers \$85,108, and drills \$45,040.

Uncle Sam's campaign expenditure reports reveal the Communist votes—involving about \$2.02 for each vote cast—topped the per-ballot expense list in the last election. For every vote they polled other parties spent approximately the following: Republican, 45 cents; Democratic, 12 1-2 cents; Socialist, 11 cents. Filing its final report with the Clerk of the House, the Communist Party Campaign Committee disclosed that it had spent \$162,040 and harvested 80,006 votes for Earl Browder, its Presidential candidate. The Democratic party paid out an estimated \$3,500,000 in polling 27,572,000 ballots for President Roosevelt, incomplete expenditure reports indicated. Spending about \$7,500,000—more than twice as much as any other party—Republicans polled 16,682,000 votes for Governor Alfred M. Landon. The Socialist party, which polled 187,000 ballots for Norman Thomas reported disbursements of \$20,973. The Communist report showed contributions totalling \$157,275, leaving a \$4,765 deficit. Broadcasting was its most expensive campaign item, costing \$31,585.

Lady Houston, who has just gone unexpectedly to her reward, was an outstanding example of "the woman scorned". She went to war with the Macdonald Labour Government over succession duty on her husband's \$25,000,000 estate. Though an Englishman born and bred, though making his fortune in British shipping, Sir Robert, two years before his death became a domiciled resident of Jersey in which there was no succession duty. Thereupon his widow refused to comply with the British Treasury demands for an accounting and consequent taxation. The matter was fought out in the law courts, but before a legal conclusion was reached Lady Houston compromised by paying \$3,000,000. Then in a spirit of exaltation, she offered Prime Minister Macdonald \$500,000 to provide a nucleus for the aerial defence of London. This was refused, and from then on Lady Houston pursued Mr. Macdonald and everyone who later became associated with him, including Mr. Baldwin with a fury and vindictiveness that knew no bounds save the law of libel. In this mood she was laid hold on by a band of unscrupulous politicians who used her, and the Saturday Review which she acquired, for their own malignant purposes. What they will do now that she and her finances have been withdrawn, remains to be seen, but one thing is certain the fight will not have the piquancy and refreshing zest which the "scorned" benefactress invariably gave it.

Notes by the way

George VI. is not quite King by the Grace of God. There's an act of Parliament (passed in 1700) upon which his right to the throne rests. It is not as much as it does upon the consent of Providence. Nor is his kingship by virtue of direct descent, as most people seem to believe. Today points out that if primogeniture were the criterion, there are persons with a better claim to England's crown than his—notably the Princes Rupprecht of Bavaria. And if the criterion is the right to the crown would be vested in the Duke of Brunswick, a rather moderately intelligent young man and a prominent Nazi. If women and men succeeded on equal terms, the King of England would be (under the Act of Settlement) the former Kaiser—the oldest child of the oldest child of Queen Victoria.—Financial Post.

The tablecloth on which Sir Horace Jones, then architect for London, elaborated his original blotting paper sketch for Tower Bridge found at a banquet in 1917, has been found and will be preserved in the British Museum. Many great buildings have been built, giant enterprises planned, battles won—on tablecloths. Nowadays, they're bundled off to the wash altogether too precipitately. Many of 'em would be worth keeping for the edification of posterity.—Windsor Star.

Grain shortage in Central Europe will probably mean that many people will go hungry this winter. But they will also mean that Germany and Italy will have to think hard military adventures. Starvation has been blamed for causing war in the past. But this time food shortage may prevent one. It may also make the task of rulers of some of the hungry nations more difficult this winter. Canadians, and all people interested in world peace, will hope that the lowering of barriers against imports of wheat will be permanent.—London Free Press.

The theory is expounded from time to time by our more bellicose fellow-citizens that the way to insure peace is to arm for it. A report just received from Geneva says 8,200,000 men now are under arms throughout the world, comparing with 6,500,000 under arms in 1932. If the theory above-mentioned is correct, the world's chances for peace are better now than they were four years ago. We doubt it, and so do the British insurance men who underwrite policies on such matters.

It is better to employ our minds in bearing the ills we have, than in providing against those which may never befall us.

Opposed to Japan's military "lions" on many points are the "foxes," the big business and financial interests, the mature statesmen and diplomats, most of the old-line politicians. Without directly disputing the necessity both of adequate national defense and of social reform, the groups stress the perils of upsetting the country's financial balance through reckless increases in the military and naval appropriations and through rash social and economic experiments. They are committed to the stand-point that Japan can find a way out of its difficulties without very seriously upsetting the status quo, internally and internationally. Bending to go occasional military storm, these men of propertied interests and moderate views rely on two powerful factors, inertia and money, to continue essential social and economic relations in Japan unchanged, despite occasional assassinations of prominent statesmen and financiers.—Winter Yale Review.

One thing the fighting in Spain ought to accomplish is to deflate the blow-up claims of those people who have been assuring us that aeroplanes will destroy whole cities overnight in the next war. And Madrid is not destroyed yet. It has suffered fearfully, but it is still standing. A fortnight of raids has been unable to do what "one fleet of bombers" was supposed to be capable of doing.—Guelph Mercury.

Dr. Arthur Pillsbury, naturalist, scientist and inventor, states that housewives soon may be growing their own vegetables in the kitchen sink by the use of chemicals. With coal in the bath tub and vegetables growing in the sink, the folks in the house will have to resort to the old tin basin for: laying hands and face and to the tub on the kitchen floor for the Saturday night scapy plunge.—Montreal Gazette.

One of the novel things about Algoma is that birch bark canoes can still be obtained here. Give your order and you can have one made. Bark canoes are a rarity now. But when the construction of this continent was explored, 300 years ago, by the adventurous Frenchmen who first followed the course of the Ottawa and French Rivers to Lake Huron and on to Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, it was done in the fragile craft of birch bark which was the ordinary mode of travel. Hundreds of thousands of miles those early travellers covered in these craft and it was amazing the loads that they could carry and the weather they could brave.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

At election times some people appear to think that the average citizen does not think or act on his own account. One man, who has announced himself as a candidate for the town council, promises, if elected, to see that the streets of the town are paved, additional street lighting is installed, a new town hall built, more sewers, waterworks, sidewalks

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

AS THE OLD YEAR PASSES OUT

As the old year passes away it is only natural that you look back on it with mixed feelings. You are a year older which doesn't seem much unless you are past the half-way mark of life, in which case you may be considering the wisdom of budgeting the limited number of years that are likely to be yours.

When you were younger you were looking ahead, now that you are older you are likely looking behind on the year just past, and planning for a fuller, better year.

As you think for the oncoming year, you have your own plans in dim or clear outline and expect to complete them as the days come and go.

Naturally you should think about your health; not wondering or worrying about it, but trying to plan it as you do your financial, social, or religious life.

Now your health to a certain degree depends upon what kind of body your parents, grandparents and all your ancestors gave you. Thus just as some motor cars have four cylinders and others have twelve but both do the work of which they are capable, so will that body of yours do the kind and amount of work of which it is capable.

However just as any simple accident or defect in a car—not enough air in the tires, lack of water or oil, a run-down battery—can interfere with the workings and greatly reduce the power and effectiveness of a high or low speed car, so can simple defects of the body—headache, indigestion, constipation, frequent colds—upset all the plan of work, play and happiness, even in the most rugged body.

The point then is that you can't choose your ancestors; you must take the body that was given you, and by simple, commonsense living habits get all the power that body of yours can give.

There are just three things to do to get the most in life from the body that was given you.

1. You have lived long enough to know the amount of sleep you need, the right food to eat to prevent indigestion and constipation, the right amount and kind of exercise to keep appetite sharp, muscles firm and elastic, with no real excess of fat. So use this knowledge in your daily habits of life.

2. See your family doctor and get an all round check-up that will give reassurance and guidance.

3. See your dentist not less than twice during the year.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the o'd, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go, Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes, And ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger part, the kinder hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Truth And The Film (Manchester Guardian) It is not surprising that Lord Mersey should have inquired in the House of Lords whether censorship could not secure a greater regard for truth in the making of historical films. But Lord Moyne returned the only possible answer when he asked how historical truth is to be determined. Hardly by the historians. Even 300 years after it would be difficult to get a consensus of opinion from say Mr. Belloc and Mr. Guedalla on the way in which Cromwell should be accurately depicted on the screen. The grosser misrepresentations such as that meeting of Mary and Elizabeth even a school child detects. For the rest the film must have at least as much licence as the historians themselves take. And that is considerable.

New Chinese Measures

(Brockville Recorder and Times.) The shi puei, the shi mow, and he shi catty are the official weights and measures recently adopted by the National Government of China, and in view of the Canadian agricultural products imported by that country should be of interest to Canadian farmers and statisticians. The shi puei is the unit in which all production estimates are given, equalling 100,231 pounds, or 50 kilograms; the shi mow, used in reporting acreage, is equal to 0.16474 acre of 6,666,667 ares; and the shi catty, used for smaller weights, is equivalent to one-hundredth of a shi puei, or 1.0231 pounds. The shi puei must not be confused with the one-hundred-and-thirty-three-and-a-third-pound picul, formerly used in the Chinese Maritime Customs and still in general use in Sino foreign commerce throughout China.

Brisbane As Writer

(Ottawa Journal)

Arthur Brisbane, best-known of Hearst's newspaper writers, is dead, and the dispatches speak of his "meteoric" career, of the influence he exerted through his syndicated column. But first emphasis is placed on the statement so often made, that he was "America's highest-paid newspaper writer."

And that, we think, explains Brisbane's fame. It was assumed by the unthinking that because Brisbane had made a fortune, received more per word than any other person writing regularly for the papers, his opinions and observations just naturally must be more valuable than those of the anonymous writers in the country's editorial pages who display twenty times the knowledge of the world for a fraction of Brisbane's wage.

On Hearst's own newspapers, indeed, there were greater editorial writers than Brisbane; Claude C. Bowers, now United States ambassador to Spain, author of memorable works on Hamilton and Jefferson, and long chief editorial writer on the New York Evening Journal, was his master in both style and scholarship.

The fact is that Brisbane was neither a great writer nor a great thinker and that the stuff which he wrote was merely superficial and sometimes trash. Where he excelled was in bringing his undeniably great following—in his capacity to appear to know more than he knew, to take a complex or scientific subject and "write it down" to his audience. It is the art of a certain type of journalism—and no easy one. The late Lord Birkenhead, at a dinner to T. P. O'Connor, said that reading the London Irishman's sketches of public men through the years he had always the impression that it was an easy way to make a living, but that when he came to turn out his own "portraits" of public men he realized the immense art and difficulty of producing something readable.

It was this art—something of over-simplification—that gave Brisbane his following. His column "Today" was mostly superficial and often utter nonsense, yet no one else in the United States produced anything quite like it. Brisbane turned it out every day. Whether he was on an air liner between New York and Los Angeles, or on Mr. Hearst's California ranch, or in Europe, or on a fast express train anywhere in the United States, his column came out just the same, appeared the following day in all the Hearst papers, was read by millions. And in between Brisbane wrote the long weekly editorial in the Hearst Sunday newspapers, wrote for the Pictorial Review. His production of words was tremendous.

Yet Brisbane's wealth and his following notwithstanding, will never be on the Valhalla of great American journalists; will not rank with Greeley and Godkin, or Dana or Bowler; will not rank with a half score of others. It takes more than \$150,000 a year in a pay envelope or the ownership of a lot of New York real estate to make a great journalist.

Thoughts On Umbrellas (Montreal Gazette) The London Times having ventured to express its thoughts on umbrellas, some of its readers are writing to the editor, generally in support of that useful article. The Times opened its umbrella leader with Robert Louis Stevenson's assertion, "it is 'the habitual carriage of the umbrella that is the stamp of respectability.'" It is to be noted that the famous writer brought in "habitual," for on occasion umbrellas are carried by persons who are not always respectable. Else there would be no general "borrowing" of umbrellas such as has gone on ever since Jonas Hanway introduced the umbrella into England after his travels on the Continent. Hanway flourished from 1712 to 1786, so the umbrella has been an institution for a long, long time. It is testimony to the courage of the man that he persisted in going about with his umbrella despite the smirks and even jeers of an unappreciative citizenry. One of the "writers to the Times" recalls that a popular picture of the period represents Jonas walking along a street on a rainy day, with people on both sides of the road stopping to smile at him and point a mocking finger. Like many another pioneer, Hanway was subjected to the scoffings of the mocking crowd, but also like many another of his kind, his idea triumphed, until today no respectable citizen of London town, barring perhaps some of the smart young modern fellows, would venture forth without his more or less neatly rolled umbrella. Even the not so respectable follow the custom when it rains.

To return to the illicit taking of umbrellas, another correspondent of The Times tells a story, in which the late Bishop Creighton was the central figure. It was at

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the Savile Club, where His Lordship was being entertained on his appointment to the Bishopric of London. It was raining outside, and while in the library awaiting the passage of the storm, the good Bishop expressed his thoughts to the writer, Mr. Edward Hilliard, in verse, as follows: The rain it raineth every day; Upon the just and unjust fall; But chiefly on the just, because The unjust hath the just's umbrella. This poetic effusion was thoroughly justified, for, whereas the unjust never needs to lack an umbrella, the just not infrequently is caught, he being too just to take advantage of even an unjust person by borrowing an umbrella from a rack or peg in a home or restaurant or any other place, public or private. The half-unjust also has an advantage, for it is not beyond them to pick up an umbrella, from a train or tram seat, that has patently been forgotten by a passenger who may later make vain application to the company office. No just person would have such "neaky" temerity. He must buy his umbrella or get all wet. It is interesting to study the umbrellas on a rainy day. The girls have neat and striking umbrellas that match their vari-colored raincoats. Little schoolgirls have their own small umbrellas, of which they are very proud. Little schoolboys, on the other hand, when they design to carry an umbrella at all have discarded ones, very apparently. Sometimes the covering once black, is quite anemic, and sometimes a rib is unattached. The boys deserve this, for they whirl umbrellas until they turn inside out, and they whack each other with them, and rattle them along palls, and perform other juvenile antics. To give the regular schoolboy a good umbrella would be something akin to casting pearls before swine. But to come to grown-up males, if you see an apologetic-looking fellow holding aloft a short-handled umbrella perhaps red in color, and so beyond a particle of doubt a woman's, you may bet your last dollar that he is a married man. There are more signs than respectability in the umbrella.

"I am very disappointed in the way your son Jimmy talks. Only today he said: 'I ain't never went nowhere.'" Jimmy's Father: "He ain't, ain't he? Why, the young whelp's gone travelled twice as far as most kids his age."

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