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MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1932

THE HURRYING YEAR

For some weeks now it has been a common remark that Christmas is getting near and that it seems to be coming very quickly. This, notes the London Times, is no new experience, but a hardy annual. There have been warnings enough. Christmas advertisements have rounded the preliminary note. TV fairs and gaily decorated shop windows are taking it up and swelling it into orchestral volume. Now there is no longer any excuse for not looking the advancing festival full in the face. All at once the pace has quickened and the year seems to be gathering speed like a river rushing to its plunge over the fall. There are reasons and reasons for this impression of temporal velocity. Some people who a year ago made resolutions about getting ready in good time are once more surprised to find how few days are left for all the Christmas preparations they had in mind. Others are noting how brief is now the space for those economies which were to have supplied the sinews of war for the Christmas campaign of presents and celebrations. Others again see, with vain regret, that yet another Christmas is shortly to be taken from their sadly diminished store. On the other side are those, mostly the young, who find but a leaden-footed lagard in the year which to so many seems to be hurrying on too fast. Schoolboys and schoolgirls panting for the gayest and most remunerative of holidays, friends and more than friends parted until the seasonal reunion, are striking off the successive dates on the calendar with the feeling of having stabbed one more enemy to the heart.

There is yet another class to whom Christmas comes with lagard feet. It is the children on the Guardian's Santa Pal list. The number is larger than usual this year. That is merely another way of saying that the opportunity for bringing sunshine into the homes of these children on Christmas Day is greater and more pressing than usual. The hurrying year has again brought this opportunity knocking at our door. It is one which we can scarcely afford to ignore, in view of the peculiar meaning and significance of the Christmas anniversary.

BRITISH COMMENT

Commenting on the United States insistence on war debt payment, the Aberdeen Press and Journal says: "There is little to be said to controvert the contention that Britain must pay the moiety of her debt annuity in Washington on December 15. It is going to cost us \$23,000,000 at the very least at current or approximately current rates of exchange, but the money has been found somehow and is ready to be handed over if need be. What effect it will have on the present year's accounts or what alteration this payment (if it is made) and subsequent annuities (if the U. S. Government insists on these) will have upon future Budgets only the Cabinet and the Treasury can tell with precision. But these effects will not be trivial."

"It may be supposed," concludes the Aberdeen newspaper, "that before the British request for postponement was sent in there was good ground for the assumption that it would be granted. Such things have been done before. As to paying if we must, there need be no question as to that, at least for this once; but insistence upon payment will not improve matters as between the United States and Britain and the United States and Europe, and the Old World and the British Empire may yet be

NOTES BY THE WAY

Professors who study human behavior declare that the power of suggestion is one of the greatest factors. Every time some misguided youth hears of a hold-up he pictures himself in the bandits' role. In the old days group of youngsters used to pretend that they were soldiers or Indians. Nowadays in school yards and back yards of homes it is possible to see little tots—both boys and girls—enacting robberies. Usually the gunman is the hero. The whole situation is deserving of the attention of parents, teachers, and all other responsible citizens.

If Messrs Lloyd George and Wilson had known where Danzig is, or if M. Clemenceau had been interested in anything but humiliating Germany, this outrage could never have been perpetrated, even at Versailles. But there it is, and the thing must be righted somehow, and that without delay. To leave the question as it stands is to place a tremendous weapon in the hands of Germany and Austria. The only powers that can settle such a question authoritatively, and once for all, seems to me to be Italy and England, acting together. To leave it in the hands of the League of Nations to settle, three fourths of whose members have no interest in it at all, while the remaining fourth is at the disposal of France, is simply to allow Mid-Europe to drift into war.—Truth, London.

The opinion expressed by Mr. Mackenzie King, in a recent political address that the newspapers of Canada had done less than justice to the Opposition in their presentation of the official Liberal case in the new Empire trade agreements has prompted an inquiry into journalistic politics, says an exchange, and continues. Behind Mr. King are twenty newspapers which class themselves as Liberal, give him the benefit of the doubt. In addition, he has, presumably, an even chance with the 59 Independents. If, in the discussion of the trade agreements, the majority of them supported the side of the Government, it is not just possible that the fault lies in Mr. King's case.

A revolutionary general strike throughout Spain is being projected, it is reported that the monarchists will take advantage of the situation of the troops being fully occupied to attempt a restoration. Spain's republican administrators are threatened with as difficult problems as the monarchical system which they upset; which may be in the way of justice.

Unlike our extreme doctrinaire Free Traders, says the London Daily Mail, foreign Governments show no doubt of the results achieved at Ottawa. One result of the success obtained there has been anxiety on their part to enter into favorable trade agreements with this country.

When the great war was at last over and the peace treaty signed, the public was pardoned if it was somewhat sceptical about the new term "mandates" which came into use. To many a "mandate" seemed very much like a "protectorate," with a difference only in name. This has been shown untrue by the action of Great Britain in Iraq. She has faithfully devoted herself to her task in that country, developing the land, leading its people to manage their own affairs and now bows herself out, her work done, and Iraq an independent nation looks after herself. Once more the world has been given striking proof of Great Britain's liberality.

Science, literature, music, medicine, and all the arts which are universal in their scope, know no boundaries of nationality or difference in language. Yet when Professor Einstein is selected to come to Princeton University the "Women's Patriotic Corporation" ruffle their feathers and hiss threateningly at his coming to the United States. It is to laugh. Professor Einstein appears to be getting a deal of fun out of it in his quiet way. He recalls that once when the capitol of mighty Rome was in danger it was saved by the cackling of her faithful "geese." He therefore implores all to give due heed to "the sage patriotic dear ladies" and remember Rome.

Indians and others who have occasion to visit the woods are persistently predicting a hard winter. They point out that wild geese departed for the south much earlier than usual this year, and also the beaver, the first engineer, is unusually active in repairing dams and laying in supplies for the winter. It is claimed that in some sections bears and other hibernating animals have already taken to their dens. So far there has been little indication of King Winter going on the rampage but one cannot assume from this that the weather prophets are wrong.



By James W. Barton M.D. KEEPING YOUR HEALTH FORCES IN GOOD CONDITION

One of the things we must remember is that all the organisms that are in the body or that enter the body are not harmful. Some of them are of great help to the proper working of the body processes. Further, a number of organisms are in the body naturally that are harmful only when the body condition is poor, or the natural strength of the body is at a low point. Dr. Wallace Secombe, Toronto, in speaking before the American Dental Society some time ago stated that while bacteria (organisms) have been painted as arch enemies of mankind with no useful place in the scheme of things, that this is not only unscientific but quite impossible. Our earlier ideas regarding organisms led us to regard the body as a walled fortress, surrounded by a host of attacking organisms, the very life of the city depending on whether the invading army was driven off or not.

As a matter of fact organisms cover the skin, are present by tens of thousands in the mouth and lungs, and are found in the intestine where they appear to have some helpful use.

If then disease comes to us we must ask ourselves, "Is this due to the force of the attack, or to the weakness of the body's defences?"

In other words while it is good sense to attack the invading organisms by using antiseptic mouth washes, pasteurizing milk, and taking other precautions, nevertheless there may be conditions inside the body itself, that so weaken it that harmful organisms already present, are able to do some damage.

What are the forces within the body that weaken it against these harmful organisms?

Although Dr. Secombe speaks of only one condition, eating the wrong food, particularly too much starchy food, there are two other weaknesses that may be present, namely insufficient sleep, and insufficient outdoor exercise.

Just as the three factors—good food, proper rest, and outdoor exercise can build up the forces of the body, so can neglect of these three factors break down resistance to invading organisms.

In addition to these three factors, you should be overhauled by your family physician once a year, and your dentist twice a year, so that no defect may go undetected.

In this way you have the satisfactory feeling that you are keeping the forces within your body in the best possible shape to prevent organisms attacking you, or should they gain an entrance, your health forces can prevent them making serious headway.

The Disappearing Eel Grass

Every sportsman with the need for game conservation in mind is concerned over the news that eelgrass—the essential food for certain species of wild fowl—is being rapidly killed out by some mysterious cause all along the coast from Greenland to Florida. It is this grass, a species of the pond weed family, which covers the gently sloping shore lines, bays and marshes along the coast and on which migrating geese, brant and some species of wild duck depend almost entirely for their food. With the dying grass, myriads of wild fowl are dying also, weakening in their vain quest until they cannot longer fly.

Canada geese taken by hunters along the Atlantic Coast this year are reported unhealthy and emaciated. The reason for this has developed in rather startling fashion at the American game conference in New York this week, where four delegates unbeknown to the others read papers on the eel grass blight. Here appears a real menace and in particular to the picturesque Canada goose, which files his majestic course in V-shaped formation back and forth between Northern breeding grounds and Southern feeding grounds each year.

It is not enough alone to deplore this situation. Game conservation societies should take time by the forelock and, if necessary, stock the usual Atlantic Coast feeding grounds with a substitute food during the migrating period. This will ensure thousands of birds returning North in the spring to raise their young and bring them back South again next autumn. In the mean time scientific study of the blight upon eel grass is already under way. An indication that it comes out of the tropics in the

Hunting The Red Deer

(Aberdeen Press and Journal)

The recent tragic death of a younger son of the Earl of Morton as the result of being gored by a wounded stag in an Argyllshire deer forest has served to recall to an older generation of hunters many stirring episodes and not a few tragedies of the Highland sporting preserves.

The red deer—even the antler monarch of the glen—is one of the most timorous of animals; and only when wounded, or during the rutting season, is the stag likely to turn its antlers on its human hunters. Battles between rival stags are, of course, everyday episodes in the northern forests during the late autumn months, the harem generally becoming the spoils of the victor, but only on rare occasions does even an angry hart engage in a berserk fight with a human antagonist.

There are, however, episodes in the annals of the Scottish deer forests which serve to remind the world that even stag hunting is not without its attendant dangers, and these episodes are firmly embedded in the traditions of Highland sport.

There is a well-authenticated story that Mary Queen of Scots had a narrow escape from being trampled to death by a herd of deer while she was watching a stag-hunting expedition in the great forest of Atholl in Perthshire. As a matter of fact, several of the beaters were actually killed by the herd of feeding deer.

A modern Diana was very nearly crushed to death by a stag in the Blackmount forest in Perthshire. This time, however, by a dead stag! The Marchioness of Breadalbane, probably the most famous lady deer-stalker of her day, was stalking in Caolain, one of the wildest corners in a forest of wild corries. Far up on the cliffs above a huge stag appeared. The Marchioness, though in an awkward position for a shot fired and brought down her stag. The animal in its dying throes started to roll down the steep side of the corrie right above the Marchioness, thus starting a heavy avalanche of rocks and debris.

The stag, followed by a mass of stones and earth, crashed to the ground only a few feet from the huntress. It was one of her narrowest escapes from death in the course of an adventurous career. But the incident did not daunt the famous deer stalker. Only a few weeks later in an adjacent forest she accomplished her memorable feat of bringing down six big stags with six successive shots.

Mr. Charles St. John, a member of the famous Bellingbrooke family, has told of his thrilling fight with "the muckle hart of Ben More" in the Rosehall Forest of Sutherland. Mr. St. John had fired at and wounded the stag, which came tumbling down, apparently dead, within ten yards of the hunter. Mr. St. John threw down his rifle and went up to the stag with his hunting knife, intending to bleed him. Mr. St. John thus tells what happened next:

"I found him stretched out, and as I thought, dying, and I laid hold of his horns to raise his head to bleed him. I had scarcely touched him when he sprang up, flinging me backwards on the stones. It was an awkward position. I was stunned by the violent fall; behind me was a steep bank seven or eight feet high; before me the stag, with his horns levelled at me and cutting me off from my rifle.

"In desperation, I moved, when he instantly charged, but fortunately tumbled ere he quite reached me. He drew back again like a ram to butt and then stood still with his head lowered and his eyes glaring upon me. We stood mutually at bay for some time, till recovering myself, I jumped out of the burn so suddenly that he had not time to run at me, and from the bank above I dashed my plaid over his head and eyes, and threw myself upon him. I cannot account for my folly, and it had nearly cost me dear."

Mr. St. John, however, managed to reach his rifle and finished his task. He had then leisure to look at his own wounds and bruises.

KING EDWARD'S QUARRY

In more recent years, Mr. Alexander MacIntosh, who was gillie to the late King Edward, had a similar experience. His Majesty had been hunting in the famous Bellingbrooke Forest when he brought down a fine stag on the hillside. MacIntosh hurried to the spot with the intention of bleeding the animal. The

ocean currents is that similar conditions exist along the coast of France swept by the Gulf Stream. Was it possible that some similar phenomenon of nature caused the wild pigeon to disappear from this country back in the days when game laws and conversation associations were unheard of? Today, however, every sportsman is vitally interested in this eel grass dilemma, and we feel confident something will be done about it.

The Poet's Corner

DUSK AND OLD JAPAN

Over the purple sea the night wind calls, And through the frosted almond trees

A subtle perfume falls, Of lotus buds and pungent musk Oh, beautiful summer breeze, Of Old Japan and dusk.

Oh, silver barge on pale moon silver tide, Drift through allent, magic seas Bring Romance to my side. Oh, endless unknown caravan Of drifting phantasies Of dusk and Old Japan.

Within the garden's silent, velvet shade Beyond the temple's aged wall Within the sacred glade Beneath the pearl flecked lover's sky In tones that hush the night birds' call She sings a lullaby.

From out the night I hear her softly sing. Her voice blends with the pale, cool moon

And lilies whispering, And subtle music from above To blend into that tune Of Old Japan and love . . .

—Hal deHauteville, Charlottetown.

stag, however, had only been stunned by the bullet from the King's rifle; and, as the gillie gripped it by the horns, it sprang up and attacked him furiously. MacIntosh was a burly chiel, however, and managed to keep the animal at bay until another gillie arrived and finished the wounded animal with a hunting knife.

Tame stags, curiously enough, have the reputation among sportsmen of being more dangerous than the timorous animals of the wild. It is just possible that familiarity breeds a kind of reckless disdain of mankind, but, whatever the explanation may be, the semi-tame stag is viewed with suspicion even in the Highlands. And probably with some reason.

Ross-shire stalkers still recall the story of the tragic death of John McLennan, who was head gamekeeper in the Fannich Forest—a picturesque spot right in the heart of the Northern Highlands. One day Mr. McLennan found a fawn on the hillside, and took it down to the pasture near his house. There he heard it, tending it carefully until it developed into a fine stag. But the gamekeeper found that taming a stag was sometimes no less dangerous than warning a snake in one's bosom.

Late one autumn evening McLennan was crossing the enclosure where the stag was kept when suddenly the "tame" animal set upon him. The gamekeeper was unarmed—had not even a hunting knife—and only a few minutes later his lifeless body was found, torn and battered almost beyond recognition.

POACHER'S BATTLE

A famous poacher and a wounded stag are the central figures in



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another tragedy of the Highland deer forests. The "battle to the death" took place many years ago, but it is still spoken of when gillies gather on Upper Deeside to tell of their adventures in the forests.

Roy Farquharson made a precarious livelihood by hunting the wild deer (as well as other game) on the Deeside hills. At that time a great stag roved the forests, and many stalkers and gillies endeavoured to secure his fine "held of horns" as a trophy of the chase. But all their wiles were in vain. The big stag roamed free in the forests of Mar and Atholl.

Roy determined, however, to "bag" the elusive stag. For seven days on end he had stalked it without success. He was accompanied in his epic adventure by another poacher scarcely less notorious, to wit, his kinsman Lonavey. On the morning of the eighth day, the two Farquharsons parted company for a time, each still scanning the corries and the hillsides for the stag. Early in the forenoon Lonavey heard a shot in the distance, and knew that his friend Roy was getting busy.

There was no doubt about it this time. Roy's bullet had found its mark, and from the adjacent hillside Lonavey saw his companion stalk aside his gun and prepare his hunting knife. Just at this moment the wounded stag sprang to its feet and hurried itself at the man with the knife. Both hunter and hunted "saw red." A terrific struggle ensued in the rocky corrie. Roy was a man of enormous strength, and for a time it seemed as though he would easily vanquish the infuriated stag, but the wounded beast, even in its death throes, fought with reckless fury.

Lonavey, as soon as he saw the fight begin, hurried over the hillsides to the assistance of his friend, but by the time he reached the corrie the combat was over. Both stag and poacher were dead. Roy had managed to drive his hunting knife into the heart of the monarch of the glen; but at the same time the stag had gored its enemy to death. Victors both!

Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders Association Marketing Department For the greater convenience of shippers, a branch of this Department is again open for receiving pelts at the Revere Hotel, Kent Street, Charlottetown, every Tuesday and Friday. This branch is in charge of Major A. S. Robertson and W. F. Burke who are authorized to receive pelts, issue official receipts and arrange advances if desired. By leaving your pelts at this branch all the inconvenience of packing and shipping are eliminated. 6880-12-5-Mon-Thur-Sa

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