

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN Notes by the Way

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Making Party Platforms

More in sorrow than in anger, the Toronto Globe, with the Ontario Liberal convention's desertion of prohibition in mind, comments upon the making of party platforms. "The best of builders," it says sadly, "do not find it an easy task to erect a modern political platform. They deem it necessary to use the timber provided from this source and that, and if they produce something that seems substantial enough to stand on are contented to overlook harmonies of beauty and endurance which will attract and hold the attention of the casual passerby." For this, it finds "they can hardly be blamed as long as society is made up of groups each seeking some political advantage, although it is not certain that a strong-willed architect, who refused to sacrifice the artistic and cultural effects of the whole for the sake of using submitted materials would not find his creation overwhelmingly endorsed in the end."

In provincial affairs particularly, the Globe continues, "it is more difficult to make a chart for a platform than in national affairs where the parties are divided on one or two principles at least. In a Province it is a case of the 'Ins' trying to justify and strengthen their position, and of the 'Outs' attempting to discredit them and offer more tempting bait to the voter."

As an analysis of the new Liberal platform in Ontario, what could be truer? The bait, however, is unlikely to be swallowed by readers of the Globe who recall that newspaper's hectic campaign against the Ferguson liquor control policy in the days when it was believed that prohibition was a shibboleth which would carry the Liberal party into power. We quote the following trumpet call from a Globe editorial of Sept. 6, 1929:

"There should be no pacifists in the ranks. Liquor should be made the issue in every constituency. Mass meetings should be held in every nook and corner of the Province, at which anti-liquor sentiment can be aroused, enthused and crystallized. The enemies of liquor should throw their united support behind the candidate who will pledge himself or herself in unmistakable terms to fight the liquor dragon on every possible occasion until it is finally and forever driven from the land."

The Yule Log

In ancient times the Yule-log was as essential to the observance of Christmas as are the Christmas tree and holly decorations of today. The bringing home of the Yule-log was a ceremony in which the whole family took part. The head of the family—the grandfather, the father, or the eldest son—cut the tree, while all the others shared in carrying it home to make the Christmas fire. And the tree had to be a fruit-bearing tree. In Provence, where this ceremony was scrupulously observed until quite modern times, the Yule-log was usually an almond or olive tree; in the Alp region they burned an acorn-bearing oak, while in other countries an apple-tree or pear-tree served the purpose. The custom seems to have been an echo of Druidical ceremonial—of the time when the Druid priests cut the Yule-oak and with their golden sickles reaped the sacred mistletoe.

The tree selected was usually big enough to burn from Christmas Eve until the evening of New Year's Day. It was not expected, of course, that the log should burn continuously. Each night it was smothered in ashes and was not set a-burning again until the following evening. But even when thus husbanded the log must have been a big one to last the week out, and it was only in rich households that the rule could be observed. Persons of modest means were satisfied if they could keep burning the sacred fire over Christmas Day; and as to the very poor, their Yule-log was no more than a bit of a fruit-tree's branch—that barely, by cautious guarding, would burn until the midnight of Christ-

mas Eve. There was something very touching about these thin Yule-twigs which made, with all the loving ceremonial and rejoicing that went to the whole tree-trunk, the poor man's Christmas fire. In the cities, of course, there was more likelihood of the poor being left with a chill heart and no Yule-fire. Among the boat-builders and shipwrights of the coast towns of France, however, the custom long obtained of permitting each workman to carry away a Yule-log from the refuse oak timber; and an equivalent present frequently was given at Christmas time to the laborers in other trades.

If the Yule-log was small, it was carried triumphantly home on the shoulder of the father or the eldest son; if it was a goodly size, those two carried it together; or a young husband and wife bore it between them, while the children sported around them or lent little helping hands.

The laying of the Yule-log was a ceremony so grave that it partook of the dignity of a religious rite. Carried through the door-way jointly by the oldest and youngest member of the family—the one personifying the year that was dying, the other the year new-born, it was taken thrice around the room, circling the supper table and the lighted candles. Then fagots were cast upon the fire, flooding the room with brightness, and as the Yule-log was placed reverently among them, cups were filled and everyone sang lustily a song appropriate to the occasion. Here is the translation of a verse from one of the old songs popular in Provence at such times:

"Yule-log, Catch fire! Joy! Joy! God give us joy! Christmas comes! All good comes! May God give us grace to see the coming year, And if we are not more, may we not be less!"

Spuds in Boxes

The Christian Science Monitor of recent date has the following significant paragraph: "The heretofore humble 'spud' grown by the farmers of Idaho, must now be admitted to the circle of agricultural aristocrats. The eastern markets are at present receiving basking potatoes from this State, each as large as a man's two fists, packed in fancy boxes, instead of barrels or lute sacks. These retail at ten cents apiece and upward, and each separate tuber, scrubbed clean of its native dirt, is carefully wrapped in tissue paper! The Idaho potato, thus arrayed, commands a price as high as the Washington or Oregon apple."

This may be taken as an illustration of what careful preparation will do in the way of creating a market. Most people know that a potato of the size mentioned is not particularly in demand but because it is carefully cleaned and put up in tissue paper, there is a demand for it which in other circumstances would not be in evidence.

Editorial Notes

When children laugh, they praise the Lord.

Golden Rule for Christmas giving: No present is worth having unless the giver would rather have kept it for himself.

"The British Labor Government," says the London Saturday Review, "is too tired to live and too timid to die, and its few surviving friends recognize that its days are numbered. Three months is its calculated expectation of life, according to pessimists, and the optimists concede that it may possibly last six. But nobody believes that Mr. Snowden will bring in another Budget."

Holly is so scarce in some areas in the United States that the people are being urged to use substitutes for a few years in order that the trees may have an opportunity to renew production. With synthetic holly for decoration, Christmas would lose much of its glamour.

This country is being flooded with cheap, trashy "literature" (if it can be dignified by the term). Much of this trash is not even decent, and should not find a place on Canadian newsstands. It passes comprehension how responsible citizens of this country can spend time worrying about what comes through the air in radio broadcasting (that which cannot be prevented.)

A McGill professor says and many will agree with him:

Enemies of noise have collected some interesting data in a recent survey and have come to the following conclusions, he said:

That a policeman blows his whistle 10,000,000 times louder than necessary.

That the blast of a steamboat siren is 100,000,000 times louder than necessary.

That an automobile horn is sounded 50,000,000 times louder than is necessary and on a clear day can be heard ten miles away.

That dogs bark too loudly. That boys shout too loudly. That the milkman, the groceryman, the baker and butcher's boy all ring the door bell too long.

"Enemies of noise." More power to their brains, tongues and elbows! The most our forefathers had to suffer was "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," but in these thrusting days din has been developed on a grand scale.

At that, it might have its uses in keeping people at home—if the average home were as quiet as it should be.

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin puts it this way. Winston Churchill writes his disappointment that Clemenceau was not buried standing up, as he had requested. Churchill says if he were a Frenchman he would put it right even at this late date. If Clemenceau knew how politics are going in France, he would roll over in his grave, and stand up alone.

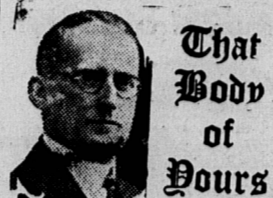
Too often an artist with pen or brush develops a style and personality of his own, figures for a brief period in the limelight as author or painter, disappears from the public ken and is next heard of many years later when his death recalls his former prominence. Sometimes it is "the fickle public taste that is responsible for this eclipse. Sometimes it is the artistic temperament—which is seldom stable. Certainly it was temperament with Bart Kennedy, an author whose death in a mental home has been announced. There was a time between twenty and thirty years ago when that peculiar staccato style of his—he had a way of repeating the last words of a sentence and producing an unusual effect—and his fine descriptive powers were familiar to the public, and when he appeared frequently, particularly in the Harmsworth press. Born a very poor boy in Manchester he had experienced a most varied career, mining for gold in the Klondike before the trail of '88, wandering as a tramp all over this continent, living among the loggers and miners of Vancouver Island, traveling through Spain without knowing a word of Spanish—like George Borrow he wrote a very readable book about that experience—and doing a hundred and one things for a living. His two best known books were "A Tramp's Philosophy" and "The Hunger Line." His philosophy of life was his own. For years one has heard nothing of him. His death in a mental home is a sad finish to a vigorous and imaginative career.

One wonders sometimes how long Premier Ramsay MacDonald will be able to stand the physical and mental strain under which he has been, and is, laboring. He is a strong man physically, but there arrives a time when the limit of endurance is reached.

During the last few months his government has met and overcome a series of crises and he has had to keep his hand on the helm through each. At the same time he has had to pilot the extremely delicate Imperial Conference through its course. Without a breathing space he has now plunged into the even more delicate Indian Round-Table conference, which is still in session. Then, as a side-line, it has fallen to him to act as mediator between employers and employed in a labor dispute which looked like involving the country in industrial chaos.

Of recent years no other statesman has had to stand such a strain. Even that of Premier Bennett, of Canada—a general election, a short but intense session of parliament, and then the Imperial Conference—strenuous though it was, cannot be considered anything like as severe.

Perhaps, to get the nearest comparison, the case of Mr. Lloyd George in several of the most vital crises of the Great War may be taken. In those days the Welshman seemed made of iron. There was a time, too, during that great struggle when Winston Churchill, then head of the Admiralty, and Lord Fisher, then First Lord, were on duty, each twelve hours at a stretch, thus covering the twenty-four hours between them. It is a curious fact that the most highly-strung men and women are usually most capable of standing the greatest physical and mental strain. Premier MacDonald is, at the moment, the most striking case in point.



By James W. Barton, M.D. WORKED TO DEATH

You have heard the expression "hard work never killed anybody," and have been inclined to doubt it, as you think of some friend or acquaintance whose untimely death you feel can be attributed to hard physical or hard mental work.

In regard to hard physical work it is almost impossible to do the body any harm, providing the individual is getting sufficient food and sufficient rest. Given good substantial all round food and eight hours of real sleep, practically any physical work can be done without danger. Nature will not allow the body to go past its ability, as fatigue of muscles and breathlessness, may make it necessary for the individual to stop work before the danger point is reached.

What about mental work? As far as real mental work is concerned where you are working out the most difficult problem, here also it is believed there is no danger to life.

It is admitted that the game of chess requires as much if not more concentration of mind, or exercise of brain power, than any other mental work.

In experiments on sixteen chess players, amateurs and professionals, the blood pressure and the pulse rate were taken before and after the games, which generally lasted from four to five hours.

The report shows that this deep mental exertion did not increase the blood pressure. Even the most difficult chess problems which took many minutes to solve, did not raise the blood pressure.

However where, with the mental work there is anxiety, excitement, some emotional disturbance, the blood pressure does increase. You can see that with the game of chess there was no excitement, no responsibility of any kind, no hurry, no worry, nothing to really get excited about.

The point then is that it is not the mental work that may kill a busy mental worker, but the great responsibilities that go with it.

Responsibilities, worries, or other emotional disturbances affect every process in the body—appetite, digestion, intestinal movement, the liver and gall bladder, the heart itself and also the blood pressure. Repeated high blood pressure is bound to injure the blood vessels and you can only live as long as your blood vessels are able to do their work.

Your ability to keep calm, despite responsibilities and worries, is a wonderful asset in preventing old age and death, whether you were born with it or acquired it by regulation or otherwise.

Pluck At The Sink

(The New York Outlook) "The housewife who stands at the kitchen sink washing dishes three times a day," says Mrs. Hoover, "is not a bit less courageous than the big game hunter." We do not deny it. It is our belief that anything said by a lady is true; therefore, anything said by the First Lady of the Land must be doubly true, it has always been our opinion, shared by most men of our acquaintance, that dish-washing does indeed require no little courage. There is the peril of the scalding water, the menace of the soft-boiled-egg cups, the long, anxious grind around the burnt kettle, the intrepid dash to open the front door with soapy hands, and so on.

Yet we venture to question Mrs. Hoover's wisdom in mentioning this fact at the annual convention of the Girl Scouts of America. Women are not all courageous; there are few big game hunters among them. These girl Scouts are impressionable. They will grow up; most of them will marry. And some young husband will return home to find his wife reading in an armchair, the breakfast and luncheon dishes standing unwashed on the dining-room table.

"What's this?" inquires the husband. "Afraid to do the dishes?" "Yes, darling," she cheerfully replies. "There was that pan the scalded potatoes were cooked in and I just didn't have the courage to face it. You go on in and do it. You're so big and bold." "Tut, tut," he says. "What a coward. You'll never

make a big game hunter. What would Mrs. Martin Johnson say?" "Mrs. Martin Johnson be—" remarks his bride, returning to her reading. "Do the dishes yourself, or else get me an automatic dish washer and a maid to run it. I'm afraid to do dishes and that's flat."

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The Public Forum

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

ESSENTIAL KNOWLEDGE

Sir,—The Lindsay fracas should make the world's educators do a little thinking. Here was a man, educated in great seats of learning, supposedly fitting him to hold the responsible position of judge,—here he was acting in Church like a drunken boor. What does it profit a man if he is learned in law and "ologies," if he does not know enough to act decently? He knew that it was a prison offence for any one to act in court as he did in church. But he did not seem to know that the House of the Lord was worthy of, at least as much respect as the House of the King! The prevailing youthful depravity is, in my opinion, owing, at least in part, to faulty education. It is not necessary for the great majority to have a college education. It is not required of every one to conjugate a Greek or Latin verb, to measure a triangle, a circle or an ellipsoid, or give the names of the Aleutian Islands. Millions can get along all right without such knowledge, but there are things that everyone should know, yes, must know, if they are to succeed.

It is incumbent on everyone to be civil, courteous, obliging, law-abiding, truthful, honest. Such qualities, and many more, are embodied in the Commandment, "Love your neighbor as yourself."

Had the judge been taught in early youth, either by moral suasion, or by the more drastic, but more effective method of the "birch," reverence for the House and servants of the Lord, he might not, at the Zenith of his fame, have made a fool of himself.

Parents and teachers should impress upon their charges, respect for the house of worship. It is a common grievance for children to annoy in church. We need more essential knowledge.

I am, Sir, etc. OBSERVER

The Poet's Corner

ENLARGEMENT

Around us unaware the solemn night Had hung its shadowy mantle, while we sought To find each other by the roads of thought;

I felt thy orbit nearing, and a light Streamed suddenly across my inner sight. Effulgent, incommunicable, fraught With some constraining tenderness that caught My quickened spirit to its utmost height.

And lo! I saw as with the eyes of two, In that swift moment when thy soul touched mine, The walls of being widened, and I drew Near to the portal of a nameless shrine.

A sudden blinding rapture pierced me through, And in that instant earth became divine. —Helena Coleman.

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SHOP EARLY AND SAVE at the Metropolitan Store

Fur Farming

"Agricultural and National Progress in Canada," a monthly review published by the Department of Immigration and Colonization for the Canadian Pacific Railway.)

More than 700 foxes of purest strains came before the judges at the Prince Edward Island Provincial Exhibition recently in what is described as the greatest fox show in the history of the industry. Prince Edward Island is the cradle of fox farming, but the industry has now spread to all the other provinces of the Dominion. The earliest record of the raising of foxes in captivity comes from Tignish in the northern part of the Island, where about the year 1878 a number of foxes were raised on a farm. The growth of the industry was slow until it was stimulated by the period of rising fur prices in the 90's. In 1913 there were 277 fox farms in Prince Edward Island with a total of 3,130 foxes. In the meantime, other provinces had entered the industry, foxes being successfully bred in Quebec in 1898, in Ontario in 1905 and in Nova Scotia in 1906. According to the latest records Quebec now leads all the provinces in the number of its fox farms.

Fox farming is the outstanding feature in the fur farming industry of Canada. In 1928 there were 4,326 fur farms in the Dominion, and during the previous five-year period the number of farms had increased by 173 per cent. Fox farms in 1928 accounted for 3,631 out of the total. Mink farms were second in number at 268, followed by muskrat farms at 216 and racoon at 157. Badger farms were recorded separately for the first time that year. There were four badger farms reported and, in addition, a few badgers were shown on returns from other kinds of fur farms. In that year the number of fur farms in Quebec was 989, in Ontario 884 and Prince Edward Island 712. Among the other provinces New Brunswick led, followed by Nova Scotia, British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Silver Foxes Among foxes the silver fox comes first. The number of pelts of this animal sold in 1928 was 21,569, with a total value of \$2,278,611, or an average of \$106 a pelt. Second place in value was held by the patch, or cross fox, at an average of \$76, the number of pelts sold being 727. The breed of the silver fox is now protected by the Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders' Association, which registers annually a larger number of pedigree animals than is to be found in any other species of live stock. The 70,883 fox cubs born in 1929 and registered by this association were descended from less than a score of silver foxes taken from the wild by pioneer breeders. This branch of the industry has been marked by rapid growth during recent years. In 1926 the number of cubs registered was 32,355. In 1927 it was 39,767 and in 1928, 51,624. Of the silver foxes raised about 25 per cent. have been sold as breeding stock, the balance going to the fur markets.

The total number of fur-bearing animals sold from Canadian farms in 1928 was 26,379, with a total value of \$3,837,420. Of this value the silver fox contributed 93 per cent. The highest price received by any farm for a silver fox in that year was \$1,000, the record being held by Prince Edward Island. The average price for the year was \$200, with \$195 in the year previous. The value of pelts sold from fur farms in 1928 was \$2,389,026, to which the silver fox contributed 95 per cent. In this year the highest price received for the pelt of a ranch-bred silver fox was \$500. Ranch-bred blue fox pelts brought an average price of \$67.

The fur farming industry of Canada is yearly becoming of greater importance to the fur trade. In 1922-23 the pelts of ranch-bred animals represented approximately 3 1/2 per cent. of the total raw fur production. In the season 1925-26 this had risen to 5 per cent., and in 1928-29 to 12 1/2 per cent. The development of the silver fox industry gives striking evidence of the expansive quality of the fur market. It has been estimated that before foxes were raised in captivity between 2,000 and 3,000 fox pelts were placed upon the market annually. For the past two years over 100,000 silver fox pelts had been absorbed each year by the fur trade.

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