

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1929

A MUSICAL TREAT

Lovers of high-class music will have the privilege tonight and tomorrow night, of being entertained by the world-famed Welsh Imperial Singers.

The Gyró Club, under whose auspices the Welsh Imperial Singers are coming, are to be commended on having secured this splendid aggregation of vocalists to delight the public of Charlottetown and it is hoped that our people will show their appreciation by attending, and in this way encourage similar enterprise on the part of other organizations.

THE PUBLIC ACCOUNTS

Those who are reading the report of the debate on the Estimates are pretty well convinced that a peculiar system of bookkeeping has been followed during the past year and that the object was to cover things up rather than to make them intelligible to the ordinary reader.

In the matter of the Newport Ferry permission to borrow \$20,000 had been authorized for the specific purpose of providing a new ferry-boat. Only a portion of the appropriation had been expended.

Questioned as to other expenditures, notably payments said to have been to Messrs. Bruce Stewart and Co., these, it was pointed out, did not appear in the public accounts. Mr. MacIntyre explained that these amounts might still be outstanding.

THE MAYFLOWER

The earliest of the floral harbingers of Spring, the first darling of the year is the pink and white Mayflower. It may be news to the non-botanical reader that it belongs to the same family as the heather, and grows in much the same habitat. It

is perhaps the only broad-leaved evergreen that can resist the rigor of our winters and this it does by clinging close to the earth, where like modesty it hides its beauty from the common gaze.

In this province and along the whole Atlantic seaboard, south to Florida, the retiring little flower delights the hearts of nature lovers, and is the objective of their earliest outings. Its delicious fragrance has eluded the chemists art, but in late April and early May the bouquet of ground laurel or trailing arbutus, as it is sometimes called, takes the place of the most costly perfumes in the highest and lowliest homes and even on the office desks of hard-headed business men.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE

Many will no doubt remember that the illness which resulted in the death of United States Ambassador Herrick was caused by following the funeral procession of Marshal Foch for three hours with head bare. This, recalling the statement that King George's illness was supposed to have been brought on by his standing bareheaded at the cenotaph service on Armistice Day, forcibly draws attention to the danger of a very common practice.

It is fit and proper, and a fine manifestation of mind and heart to pay respect to the dead, but one may be permitted to doubt whether the spirit of reverence should go to the point where it endangers another life. That, it seems to us, is something which not even the majesty of death should demand, and about which people should decide to be more sensible.

THE HOME WITHOUT BOOKS

The bookless house, or the house with a few books obviously not bought for reading, is a not uncommon spectacle in this province. Yet the money spent in frivolities in a single year would provide every home in the land with a library of the wit and wisdom of the ages.

In some cases the lack of books may be due to stern necessity for economy, but in others it is accompanied by lavish expenditures on other things which are not necessary. It is not a question of poverty, but of values. People who would feel themselves discredited if they had no piano, gramophone, or car, are quite indifferent to the fact that they have no library.

The bookless condition of many houses is partly explained by the public libraries, which serve a useful purpose, but do not take the place of a private collection of books any more than friends or acquaintances can take the place of a family.

The eagerness of people to catch glimpses of famous authors while quite justifiable has been the subject of much humorous comment. But as a rule the author who lectures gives to his audiences far less valuable thought than could be obtained much more easily and cheaply from his books.

The cost of a fair collection of books is insignificant when compared with that of far less enduring pleasures.

Notes By The Way

An appeal is being made to wipe off the debt on Queen Square gardens, and surely no more deserving call could be made upon the pockets of the esthetic and lovers of beauty. Queen Square Gardens have for long been the beauty spot of the city, the enshrou of all eyes from May till October, and a fitting and loving memorial to the venerable Mr. Newbery whose hobby the gardens have been for so long.

Shadows, dreams, and nothing more—how many of the things eagerly sought by men, busy and idlers alike, are mere toys, or pleasures that recede, like the walls of unlit Troy, the more we pursue them writes Vernon Rendall dealing with spring flowers to which we are all looking forward so longingly this year. There are some familiar things that last in our memories and perpetually renew their fragrance and sweetness. In the long distant past someone found what beauty was and forgot his toils for a moment.

Yes, in spite of all, Some shape of beauty moves away the fall From our dark spirits.

Not we, says Theocritus, the pioneers of beauty, we that are mortals see not the morrow. But after all the artists and philosophers have had their say, much beauty remains without its meed of due praise and enjoyment. Sad and odd as it seems, Jane Austen is right: there are people naturally indifferent about flowers.

The spring blossoms every year recall for the wise the earliest and deepest of pleasures; but they come and go so quickly. This year they were frightened into long delay in their appearance. The frost and cold kept them back trifles forgotten by that anonymous Elizabethan who wrote:

It were a most delightful thing To live in a perpetual spring.

Soon, however, the annuals and perennials will come and we will get our fill of them. Primroses and daffodils, for instance, are among our earliest spring flowers and both are long enshrined in the realm of poetry; indeed, a "poem" is but a "poesy." They owe their proud place in part to their beauty of blossom. The general show of yellow flowers has no such graces. The buttercup and the marigold are gold indeed, but not so cunningly coined as these two. The hawk-weeds and the large family of composite are brightly yellow but in truth, a little dull to close scrutiny.

The calcicaria is not a little slipper but a yellow blob, and so is the globe flower. The sun-flower is too obviously decorative and stiff. It stands stark upright; the primrose and the daffodil have a graceful fall befitting the delicacy of their petals and their scent. Their form is an instance of Nature's lavish beauty beyond the needs of fertilizing insects and the researches of Darwin.

Our simple flowers, to which we attach so much importance in their state of nature as well as in our cultivated gardens, are the subjects poets and nature lovers rave over. The highly developed and expensive specimens of flowers which not a few garden-lovers delight to display are no doubt beautiful, rare and costly, but you do not rave over them; it is the simple pansy, the primrose, the daffodil that belong to the poets. Daffodils in that world are claimed by Herrick and Wordsworth and Shakespeare. Keats dwells on the beauty of their setting, "the green world they live in."

But the primrose is Shakespeare's pre-eminently. No one has come near those unforgettable phrases "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire," and "the primrose path of dalliance." Tennyson's "Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy" is elegant, but seems nothing after the great master. Modern versifiers, struggling after new vision have called the primrose "golden." Shakespeare might have warned them that it was "pale" not "golden" so pale that by a freak of fancy he has made one of the hardest of spring flowers into a weakling.

He was followed by Milton with "the rather primrose that forsaken dies," which is pretty enough. But Milton, like Spenser, was a book-poet of flowers. He had not, like Catherine Morland, "learned to love a hyacinth." He would never have found for himself "the crimson drops" the bottom of a cowslip, which Shakespeare saw.

In cultivating our gardens we should give preference to the simple flowers, the abundance of nature, the things which the passer-by, as well as we ourselves get most enjoyment from, the flowers that please the poets and instinctively delight the botanist.

For comfort of caddies a New Jersey inventor has added an arm resting loop to a golf bag's carrying strap.



Dr. James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Hours

THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN SURGERY

If you were asked what was the most important advance in medicine in the last few years, you would probably say that it was Banting's discovery of insulin, which not only cures diabetes in young folks, but preserves the lives of older folks and enables them to live a normal life.

However, if you were asked what was the most important advance in surgery you might be at a loss to give an opinion.

That our ancestors were observant is proven time after time if we care to investigate the matter. One of the things they noted was that folks that ate plenty of fish appeared to be free from enlargement of the thyroid gland of the neck—goitre, as it is called.

They noted also that the use of medicines made with seaweed appeared to reduce the size of the goitre.

From that came iodine and we know now what an important factor it is in preventing goitre in communities that formerly had very many cases.

But perhaps one of the greatest blessings has been its effect on advanced cases of goitre where there is the extreme nervousness, tremor of the body, very rapid heart, and bulging eyes.

That an operation for removal of part of the thyroid gland would correct these symptoms to a large extent was proven years ago, but the operation was for many years quite dangerous.

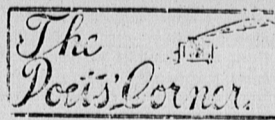
However, Dr. Walter E. Sistrunk, Rochester, Minn., tells us that the use of iodine in preparing patients to undergo the operation has decreased the death rate, lessened the symptoms, lessened also the expense to patients and made the operation easier to perform. It permits patients to resume their duties many months earlier than was possible before this method of preparation was used.

These pleasing results have taken away the dread of operations that formerly existed in the minds of certain patients and have caused them to present themselves for operation much sooner.

Dr. Sistrunk says further "I feel that the use of iodine for some time previous to operation may be looked on as being the most important advance that has been made in any branch of surgery since its introduction in 1922."

The lesson for us is clear. While iodine may not be indicated in every case, nevertheless if your doctor wants you to use iodine as a preventive of goitre, or to lessen the symptoms before operation, you can now see his reason therefor.

He will tell you that many severe cases have been so improved that an operation became unnecessary.



THE SILENT LAND

Waking one morning In a pleasant land, E'er a river flowing Over golden sand—

Whence flow ye, waters, O'er your golden sand? We come flowing From the Silent Land.

Whither flow ye, waters, O'er your golden sand? We go flowing To the Silent Land.

And what is this fair realm? A grain of golden sand In the great darkness Of the Silent Land.

—James Thomson.

THE LAND WE LOVE

BY FRANK YEIGH

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT Q. Who is Frederick George Scott? A. Frederick George Scott, C.M.G.; D. S. O., better known as Canon Scott, is one of Canada's most distinguished poets. Rector of St. Matthews (Church of England) Quebec City, since 1899. Canon of Quebec Cathedral; Archdeacon of Quebec. Born Montreal (Que.) 1861, of English parentage. Late Senior Chaplain 1st Canadian Division, B. E. F. (wounded despatches four times, C. M. G., D. S. O.) Canon Scott stands out, from other Canadian poets, as par excellence the Poet of the Spirit; and his work is distinguished as the

This Hard Boiled Era

Condensed from Harper's Magazine Katherine Fullerton Gerould

The cultural trend of the day is towards a fondness for life in the raw. As proofs consider the vogue of prize fighting, even among gentlefolk (I have been told that recently a certain clergyman "had to adjourn a church meeting to give the men a chance to hear a fight over the radio"); the vogue of plays about gangsters, prostitutes, pugilists, etc., and of profanity and "frankness" on the stage; the fluent biographies of bandits, crooks, and other hard characters; the wide demand for "robust" literature. In short, all the "facts" that the public delights in "facing" we sit at the feet of the hobo, the bruiser, the criminal, and learn, not because of their superior intelligence, but because the master detail of their lives is something new to us. How about it? What makes us hard-boiled, and are we going to keep it up?

All this, of course, is the sign of a jaded palate. The fact is that luxury like Rome's and ours always brings people back to the eternal crudities. The simple homespun creature wants chiefly softnesses that are outside his experience. But when your comforts are all guaranteed, your curiosities all satisfied, where are you going to get a "kick" except from the primitive? When has the average man been so luxuriously served as now? Most of us, as far as material comfort goes, are in a patrician position.

Now luxury can do two things. It can release us from the care of the body to the care of the spirit, and pleasure can be applied to the civilizing of the individual. Or, it can tempt the individual to seek ever farther and more furiously for the kind of thrill he is already familiar with. In a materialistic civilization like ours, it is the latter which more frequently happens; men take to opium rather than to scholastic philosophy. Softened by luxury, the average citizen does not care to cleanse and strengthen his own body by the practice of some difficult sports; he likes to watch other people doing it for him.

"The art of boxing is dead," I was told, some years ago, in Nevada; "what the people want is knock-outs." The same dictum applies to fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, sermons, political speeches, cartoons, and jokes. It takes extreme violence to make us sit up. No play, no book, no sporting spectacle is going to thrill us unless it can compete with the front page of the newspaper. Our emotions are roused by nothing less than knockouts. We are tired of delicate pleasures, because they no longer excite us; we need heavier sedatives and more powerful stimulants. The gentle contests, the simple pleasures fail to quicken us.

In biography, Mr. Lytton Strachey does his best to cheapen Cardinal Manning and Florence Nightingale and General Gordon, while other gentlemen have been publishing the virtues of Captain Kidd, John Brown, and Lucrezia Borgia. It is part of our "fact-facing" passion, no doubt, that the whitewashed villain should be as fashionable as the bleached hero. Anything to sur-

prise. The unclean fact and the brutal manner are characteristic of our drama, fiction, poetry, and criticism. It is the full-fledged and the well-to-do who support the drama and buy novels at two dollars and fifty cents. So, we should expect to find the Broadway plays and the fashionable literature catering to the arena-going crowd; providing, through other media, the desired "knockout" thrill. And they do. I have not, for five years, seen a play (apart from revivals of classics) which did not base its appeal on some exotic, or disreputable, or brutal ingredient or quality. The plays that pretend to deal with contemporary life dwell on adultery, perversion, and murder. Not because contemporary life is largely based on those facts, but because contemporary interest can hardly be awakened without reference to them.

Our best writers at the moment are devoted to the fanciful reconstruction either of past epochs or of exotic and unimportant types. If these authors deal with anything really typical, they drip sentimentality over it as a dog drops saliva over a bone. America as it is, is not soberly considered or faithfully recorded. The "knockout" demand prevails. One need only mention in passing the increasing vogue of fiction dealing with crime.

Poetry of Faith and Consolation, this message one of faith and courage and of joy in existence. It has been said of his verse that the self-reliant faith and courage in it is Canadian, and that the colour and naturalistic imagery are derived from the woods, lakes, fields and rivers and hills of his Canadian homeland—more particularly from nature in the Laurentian mountains of Quebec.

Now, it has been pointed out that material comfort gives a nation an opportunity either to purify or to drug itself. If our nation is choosing to do the latter, it is but natural, considering that our present wealth is parvenu wealth. Only aristocrats can make a spiritual use of leisure. The dream of a poor man is almost necessarily a materialistic dream. The man who has fought all his life for enough bread to keep himself and his family alive will always give undue emphasis to bread. Only in the next generation probably, will he turn to the things of the mind: knowledge, taste, delicate experience. With the quick turnover of American fortunes the majority of the rich are always people unacquainted with the proper evaluation of wealth. The people who know what money is good for are those who have had it long enough to learn—and who, in most cases, have lost it. When wealth is worshipped for its untranslated self, as it is increasingly, they may never learn.

So that luxury and ignorance may perhaps be blamed for our hard-boiled attitude. We are smothered in material comfort, and do not know enough to look for comfort of a different kind. We are, by and large, the mob enriched. Inevitably we seek the thrills that can most easily be felt and assessed. These have always been physical and nervous thrills; and we are still at the physical-and-nervous-thrill stage. Thanks to our herding in towns, to the multiplied contacts via news-sheets, radio, telephone, motor car, which the rural citizen now enjoys, we have a superficial sophistication that we did not have, as a nation, 25 years ago. The first stage of sophistication is unshockableness. The truly sophisticated person may be shocked at a hundred things that the boor never heard of and would be incapable of appraising. But the hard-boiled person is the one who is at the stage of thinking that inability to be shocked is the whole story of sophistication. The truly sophisticated man is perhaps not so very hard-boiled. Enough said. The fact, too, accounts for the kind of physical and nervous titillation we seek. We are jaded on the threshold of experience because our emancipation, after all, mainly physical. Our imaginations are pretty well caged in the physical; therefore, they respond most easily to physical stimuli and, in art and literature, to physical implications—homicide and sex, chiefly.

Nothing is easier and less helpful than to say "of hard-boiledness" that we should do well to get over it. No one in a hard-boiled generation gets over it except by acquiring a philosophy—I will not say a religion. As long as our chief national heroes are captains of industry, we shall not easily do that. More than ever—yes, in this heyday of organization—only the individual can emancipate himself, train himself, as a strictly individual job, to taste in solitude the secret, forgotten, eternal pleasures of the regulated mind, and taste held true.

"That letter I gave you this morning—did you post it?" asked the wife, looking at her husband out of the corner of her eye. "Well, no, dear," said hubby. "Of course you didn't. And I told you it was important, that it should go today." "Yes, dear." "And so you forgot to post it. If that's not just like a man!" "But, dear—" "Don't 'but' me, I'm angry." "But, dear, look here at the letter. You forgot to address it!"

CAUTION FOX OWNERS AND RANCHERS

Now that litters of young are arriving daily, what precaution are you taking for the treatment of Worms? A great many of the leading Veterinarians strongly recommend either— BURROUGHS WELLCOME CO. (London, Eng.) WORM CAPSULES, —OR— NEMA WORM CAPSULES put up by PARKE, DAVIS & CO. Both these remedies are guaranteed to destroy Round Worms, Hook Worms and Stomach Worms. DON'T DELAY. Price 75c and \$1.00 Per Box.

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