

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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Canada's Good Fortune

While it is generally anticipated that the coming session of the Parliament of Canada will prove a magnet of public interest, by reason of the positive character of the ministry and the policy enunciated and energetically pursued by the Prime Minister, it is gratifying to Canadians that in this period of stress and strain, there exists no question of the strong support behind the Government.

Baldwin likened British industry to a camel, which lies down to have the burden put on him, but which, if it is too heavy, will not get up. That, said Mr. Baldwin, is the position of British industry today. It cannot get up until the United Kingdom ceases to be the chief dumping-ground for the world's surplus mass production.

Another Opportunity

This highly desirable condition in politics is contrasted by the Ottawa Journal with the conditions prevailing in other countries, notably the United Kingdom, the United States, France and Germany. The MacDonald ministry continues in office mainly by grace of the Liberals, and the urgent need for expediting important legislative issues, but out of the congeries of rumor and interpretation of day to day happenings it becomes evident that the rift widens and that robust British public opinion will demand a dissolution at a not distant date.

On February 21 a number of Canadian business men and officials will sail from Halifax on the Canadian National Steamship "Prince Robert" bound for Buenos Aires. They will be on their way to attend the Empire Trade Fair in that famous South American city, where Canada will have her own pavilion on the Fair grounds. This is by no means an ordinary pleasure jaunt, or need not be.

Millions For Relief

In the United States the two parties are so well balanced for the new Congress that it has become extremely difficult to make progress with new legislation, and the Hoover executive is restricted more closely to administration in the limited sense than has been the case in recent years.

It has been calculated that the total of benefactions in the United States this year will run up to two and a half billions, and a considerable proportion of this impressive sum has gone directly into relief work. Opulent Canadians, according to the Montreal Gazette, have done as well relatively. The soap-box socialist has been fond of asserting that "the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer" as a result of our economic system. He speaks from prejudice and blindness. The salient fact of the past five decades has been the diffusion of wealth and the steady obliteration of the line of cleavage which Karl Marx identified as lying between capital and labor.

Looking to China

The suggestion of a \$100,000,000 loan to China, with a consequent prospect of Canada selling 100,000,000 bushels of wheat to the Chinese, may sound fantastic. Yet, suggests the Ottawa Journal, such an arrangement is not impossible. China's silver problem may appear chaotic and her war lords worse than that, but signs are not wanting that the Chinese are becoming weary of fighting and are ready to accept anything like a fairly efficient government.

Editorial Notes

Mr. Bennett may be criticized upon matters of policy. He can never be attacked for inaction, or for having no policy.

According to the Toronto Mail and Empire, there were more than 350 murders in New York in 1930, and not one of the murderers was executed. Capital punishment is being abolished by nullification.

It is impossible not to be heartened by the cheerful and sanely optimistic New Year statements of our captains of industry and finance. Even our local contemporary is beginning to brighten up a bit. At least, we hear no more doleful predictions about the result of tariff protection.

We thought we had finished with the January 3rd issue of the Montreal Standard when we called attention to the astonishing omission of the Province of Prince Edward Island from its full-page map of Canada purporting to show the resources and industries of the country. Our attention has been directed, however, to another feature of the same issue which is no less extraordinary. This is a three column cut of what purports to be a "view of the Parliament Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I., where the Fathers of Confederation first met."

The British Camel

In a recent address at the Constitutional Club in London, Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin spoke of the remarkable manner in which tariff reform sentiment has grown in Great Britain during the last year or eighteen months. He noted that bankers, merchant-bankers, economists, long wedded to the old Cobdenite system, had got right away from the old meetings and joined with the Conservatives in demanding such a fiscal system as will set the country on the road back towards prosperity. In the course of his speech, Mr. Baldwin

votes by the Way

There are people who find it easy to be good, to whom goodness is no great struggle; there are others that never dwell apart from struggle, who know what it is to be on the brink of the precipice and who realize how trivial were the things that enabled them to maintain their balance—or precipitated them into the abyss. We are not thinking here of those who adventure forth into the wilderness of regulations and prohibitions with which so much of modern society is encompassed and who inadvertently or with intention break them, and are numbered with the transgressors; but of those who transgress against the fundamental moralities which all men acknowledge. The tremendous thing in human nature is not its capacity for sin, but its capacity for virtue, for kindness, for love, affection, sacrifice.

What the Home country and Home opinion has to learn is that the Dominions are loyal to the Imperial connection, but they are determined to fight for their own hand, says the Singapore Free Press. It was Sir Robert Borden who declared "The Empire first, but within the Empire Canada first." That summarizes the Dominion's attitude very fairly, and as soon as we can forget our old "colonial" Empire ideas we shall find there are many ways of successful co-operation within such a policy.

The Dominions can provide Britain with practically all the food she requires at a fair price to the consumer. But some form of preference must be extended as against foreign countries which enjoy advantages in the shape of proximity or low wages. The tariff seems to present the only practical means of meeting the position. This policy need not place a burden upon the British consumer; in fact, it should prove of material advantage to both the Motherland and the Dominions.

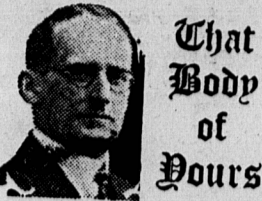
While the Imperial Conference sat in London, says the Dublin Evening Mail, Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Secretary for the Dominions, indulged in discursive and ill-timed references to the countries taking part that were rightly resented by the delegates to the Conference. His attitude towards the Dominions and their representatives throughout the London deliberations was one bordering on insolence. Even after the Conference adjourned he has been giving rein to his desire to be unpleasant. The entire question of Imperial Preference was referred to a future Imperial Conference to be held in Ottawa within the next twelve months. Before that Conference meets at all Mr. Thomas has been queering the pitch in advance. Britain has already reached the tide that taken at the flood may lead to prosperity. There is the danger that if control is left in Mr. Thomas's hand that tide may be missed, and the Dominions pursue independent economic policies of their own. The attitude of Mr. Thomas spells disruption.

Keeping your head in an emergency and knowing what to do and how to do it—these are valuable gifts. Take the case of an unnamed Eskimo, living at Point Barrow, Alaska. He's out on an ice island, hunting bear, and becomes marooned. Most white men would be panic-stricken. The Eskimo isn't. He chops out an ice-raft, gets aboard and paddles for 42 hours, using a rifle butt as an oar. The weather is bad, the temperature about 30 below—but he makes shore. It took brains and courage to do that. Any white man who did it would be a "hero." It was just part of the day's job for the Eskimo.—Vancouver Sun.

It appears that Lloyd George in his anxiety to do the Premier down has looked so far back into history that he perceives Mr. MacDonald wasted the public time by attending too assiduously to the Naval Conference. He is now angry because he also finds that Ramsay is wasting the public time at the Indian Round Table Conference.

There are various forms of waste: not all of them fatal, or even, in the long run, so wasteful as they might seem. What a terrible thing it would have been if MacDonald, instead of wasting merely the public time had wasted the Naval Conference! Or did he? And is that what is worrying the gentle Lloyd?

If Stanley Baldwin were in reality the greatest charlatan that ever deceived a nation with empty promises, the fact remains that the people as a whole have confidence in him and in no one else. His position is singularly like that of Lord Kitchener in the early days of the war. The reader will remember the feeling of genuine relief which came over us when we learnt that Kitchener was to be placed in charge of our military in the Nineteenth Century.



By James W. Barton, M.D. THE ORGAN THAT PREVENTS INFECTION

When I was a medical student the most important thing in my mind was to be able to detect heart disease and the particular valve of the heart that was affected. Next in importance in my mind was to be able to detect evidences of tuberculosis when I examined a chest.

The different forms of stomach trouble, ulcer, cancer, or "chronic rheumatism" was of next importance, then the four kinds of rheumatism and so forth.

As far as the liver was concerned it did not interest me very much although gall stone colic was something that should be kept in mind. But now as I think of the liver I like to think of it as some one has called it "the king of the organs."

Why? Because it is the largest organ in the body, weighing nearly six pounds, it holds 25 per cent of the blood within it at any one time, it manufactures the bile which helps digest fats, is a natural purgative and natural antiseptic and it stores up sugar for the time when the system may need it.

But it is for one other job that it does that it should be called the king of the organs. That is its ability to prevent poisons harming that body of yours.

Dr. Muller and Dr. Brutt, Berlin, studied the behavior of the various organs after putting harmful organisms into the blood. They found that when these organisms were injected into the blood vessels at the surface of the body it was several hours before they disappeared from the blood, whereas when they were injected into the vein which carried them almost directly to the liver they disappeared within ten to thirty minutes.

They found that the liver not only absorbs these harmful organisms but gets rid of them into the gall bladder and thence into the small intestine and thence out of the body by means of the large intestine.

That is the reason why infection or a poisoning of the blood is so often fatal when the liver is damaged by disease of any kind.

And the way to keep healthy is by bending, twisting, and breathing exercises; anything that will squeeze it. Also not eating too much, particularly of fatty and starchy foods. A healthy liver is your great protection against infection of any kind.

"Eat More Fish"

The value of the fisheries to the whole of Canada in 1929 was estimated at \$33,500,000. More or less dependent on this revenue are hundreds of branches of trade, among them shipbuilding and canneries. Canada's fishermen are not seeking subsidies. A slightly larger demand, they point out, would change the whole situation from a buyers' to a sellers' market.

When Great Britain was invited to "Eat More Fish," heads were shaken. The British people, traditionally are great fish-eaters, and pessimists believed that the saturation point had been reached. They were quickly disillusioned. The beneficial results of the campaign were fourfold: The business of the fishing interests increased by leaps and bounds; unemployment was lessened; the shipbuilding industry enjoyed a heightened prosperity; and the food supply of the people was increased and cheapened.

The secondary effect of prosperity within the fishing industry is seen in the fact that the larger companies engaged in the trade expend about 83 per cent of their earnings within the Dominion. The Dominion Government, while it is scrutinizing the industrial conditions throughout the Dominion, would be well advised to give thought to extending a generous measure of support to the Canadian fishing interests in their effort to promote the sale of a wholesome Canadian food. In Canada, as in the Motherland, good fish and good advertising form a combination which can scarcely fail to prove irresistible to the public.

forces. His policy has since been the subject of drastic criticism which, in many respects, was perhaps justified. But the fact remains that his presence gave us confidence which would otherwise have been lacking. In the same way, Stanley Baldwin has the confidence of the nation in the present crisis, and certainly no one else has it.—Austin Hopkinson

The Elegy of Time

(Montreal Gazette) The transitoriness of human life is the keynote of history. But this feeling of past and present, actively changing tenses each instant, and of the strange brevity of our mortal existence when compared with our thought calculations, itself argues a faculty in man no other creature possesses. It is not so much evidential of the vanity and futility of our efforts as it is the sign that the human consciousness penetrates beyond the tragic stroke of time, and itself proclaims time to be the chrysalis of eternity. Coral insects have no sense of the flight of time. They build dumbly and darkly under the waves and die. But man, ever conscious of the seasonal round and of the syntax of life's moods and tenses, gathers up from the imageries of nature emblematic signs of things transient, the flowers, the clouds, the winds, the waves, the manifold ritual of flitting things, and compares his existence, on the one hand, with the fragile grass or flowing stream or, on the other, with the rocks which for their endurance seem to mock the shortness of his life-term upon our planet. The human imagination takes long-range views of the ages past, of the geologic records, of the stellar cycles, of the successive enterprises and dynasties of the human race from a date long before the pyramids were reared. And the record of the centuries, harvested in the human memory, at least strongly suggests that our sense of the shortness of life arises from a consciousness formed for eternity. Can there be a greater miracle than the faculty of memory, whereby one flash of thought revives the vanished yesterdays and sets up the experiences through which we have passed like ranges of distant hills in the backward course of our lives? It is this illuminating flash that brings the whole influence of the past into contact with the living present and enables us to shape all the tenses and moods of life into a consistent story of intelligible text and purpose. Memory has the ghostly touch and effectual power of creative light within the unfathomable depths of our wonderful ceilinghood.

Kipling at Sixty-Five

(Toronto Globe)

Father Time entered a Tudor house in Sussex the other day and recorded the sixty-fifth birthday of Rudyard Kipling. We learn reluctantly that this virile Englishman, creator of uncounted characters that live, stimulator of youthful enthusiasms, inspiration of English and Imperial sentiment, is moving toward threescore and ten. For the previous generation Kipling was a glamorous figure. He uncovered the loyal and self-effacing Tommy Atkins as he served the Empire in its outposts. He pictured the jungle, the veldt and the prairie under the Union Jack around the Seven Seas. He gloried in the march of "Bobs" and Kitchener as they enlarged and protected the patches of red in the world's map.

We think of Kipling as a serious poet of statesman's vision, but he got first hearing by light verse, which caught the fancy of casual as well as serious readers. Here is an example. At the back o' Knightsbridge Barracks When the fog was a-gatherin' dim, The Lifeguard talked to the Under-cook, And the girl she talked to him. But that was long ago. Since then we have had "Barrack Room Ballads," "Soldiers Three," "The Jungle Book," "Kim"—altogether a small library of prose and verse on the strange mystery and beauty of India and in praise of the Empire. The Kipling Imperialism culminated in "The Reckoningal," with its sober appeal of the flag-wavers.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget! Behind the drama of the barrack room, the thrill of the jungle and the unceasing movement of the machine age as seen by Kipling, there is a philosophy, modified perhaps from the days of ardent youth, softened by the death of a son and daughter, broadened and mellowed by advancing years. For a description of the Kipling of today we cannot do better than turn to the New York Times. He sees the world with clear poetic eyes that have had no haze in front of them at any time, that have never been dazed by the new turn of events or confused by the new ideas. Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes remain heroes in his understanding, as they doubtless would have been in Carlyle's. He accepts his World War, several years after Versailles, at its face value. Chivalry is not an empty word for him, and even military drill is an ancient and cared thing. When he thinks of a British army officer the picture that comes to his mind

Looking To Television

(Ottawa Journal) Major-General James G. Harbord, chairman of the board of directors of the Radio Corporation of America, predicted in an interview given in Ottawa the other day that television by radio would be established upon a commercial basis within five years. This prospect, it seems to us, offers one more reason why Canada should consider very seriously whether radio broadcasting should be left for extension and development to private enterprise where it must be financed by commercial interests.

We have now broadcasting on a commercial basis, and we know what television on a similar plan would involve. An evening with the radio on this continent compels one to listen to announcements of a score of commercial products, from automobiles to dog biscuits, from chewing gum to washing machines, and there is no way out. No doubt television would be adapted to business exploitation with equal ingenuity and after the first novelty wore off we should be bored, as now listeners are bored with fulsome blurbs, by the presentation on the domestic screen of incidents in the life of the silkworm, of manufacturing processes, sales drama and that sort of thing. Many Canadians are bound to wonder if this is not an ignoble goal for such an invention, and if something better could not be worked out through public control and the elimination of the commercial basis.

Not all Americans are as enthusiastic for privately-controlled radio as is General Harbord. Says the radio editor of the New York Times, for instance: "The American audience from all quarters reports that it is growing tired of over-commercialism. That is the great complaint today. That is why radio-set owners say they do not turn the set on as often as they did several years ago." And the Times goes on to quote a listener in Western New York:

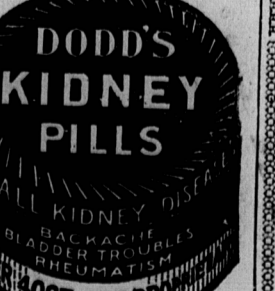
"It takes more than a trumpet and a piccolo to make a radio program. We use the set very little nowadays. There is more sales talk than entertainment. The announcers talk, talk, talk on everything from diamonds to cures for drunkenness. I am sure American listeners would prefer to pay an annual fee of \$2.50, as they do in England, if that would strip



FROM "MILTON"

And did those feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green? And was the holy Lamb of God On England's pleasant pastures seen? And did the Countenance Divine Shine forth upon our clouded hills? And was Jerusalem builded here Among these dark Sathanic Mills? Bring me my Bow of burning gold! Bring me my Arrows of desire! Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold! Bring me my Chariot of fire! I will not cease from Mental Fight, Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand, Till we have built Jerusalem In England's green and pleasant Land. —William Blake (1757-1827.)

is of a captain putting down his glass untasted, after twelve hours his men are properly fed and billeted. His mind dwells fondly upon "inherited continuity," and especially of that continuity pertaining to the British race. It takes, he says, thirty generations to make a navy. For him "nothing in life changes." He abhors with instinctive vehemence the Russian experiment—not, one supposes, because it sheds blood and imposes tyranny—but because it breaks so thoroughly with tradition. Thus is life's evening Kipling shuns the noise contacts of London and buries himself in the quiet of Sussex, surrounded by the storied hills and valleys of rural England, from which came the great race which he has so rarely interpreted.



the programs of the sales ballyhoo. When London is within reach of our turning coils then American ears will be trained on the microphones on the other side of the Atlantic while the local stations broadcast to empty seats." The United States is committed to the commercial radio; Britain to the plan of a great public service without any commercial factor. It is still possible for Canada to make a choice. The British Broadcasting Company is aiming this year at making its 114-piece orchestra the finest in the world at a cost of \$450,000. On the British Isles are about 3,250,000 licensed radio receivers, the number increased last year at the rate of 20,000 a month, and there will be spent this year on broadcasts about \$4,500,000. There is no advertising

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the chew for you. "Insist on our Black Twist—it has a better taste, it lasts a longer time." BLACK TWIST CHEWING. HICKEY & NICHOLSON

Check Your Bearings! We travel fast on the journey of life, striving to reach a haven of independence, before the evening of old age overtakes us. The New Year comes, another milestone, and bids us check our bearings. The road to independence is plainly marked—the highway of life insurance. Why take an unknown road? You can purchase a Great-West Life Pension or Endowment at age 60 or 65 for a moderate annual saving. It protects your family too. Let us send you particulars. HYNDMAN & CO., Limited Provincial Managers The Great-West Life Charlottetown