

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1931

Sad Case of Mr. Butler

On August 18, 1890, the (then) Hon. W. Bruce Butler, member without portfolio in the Leas Government, walked into The Guardian office and announced his resignation from the Government and his intention to support the Conservative Opposition at the next session of the Legislature.

In an interview published in The Guardian at his own request, Mr. Butler said:

"My decision to resign from the Leas Government and the Liberal party was not taken hastily, but was the result of serious deliberation on my part. I believe in democratic government and I cannot conscientiously support an administration that has flouted every principle of democracy. That is my chief reason for leaving the Government and, as I see it, it is a most important one."

On August 19, 1930, the Leas Government organ made the following editorial statement:

"Hon. W. Bruce Butler, elected as a Liberal for the Murray Harbour District, and a member of the Government for a number of years, has resigned. He gives as his reason that the Government was acting in an arbitrary, undemocratic way."

"Hon. Mr. Leas tells the other side of the story, stating that Mr. Butler resigned because he did not receive one of two appointments, namely, the portfolio of Agriculture or Bursar of Falconwood Hospital."

The next act in the drama took place when the Legislature met last March. The curtain rose with the Hon. Russel Clark occupying Mr. Butler's seat in the Government, and with Mr. Butler relegated to the tail end of the class—not sitting with the Opposition, nor yet with the Government supporters, but in no-man's-land betwixt and between. For the most part, Mr. Butler said nothing during the sessional debates; but he was believed to be nursing his wrath against a Government that had flouted every principle of democracy, and when occasion presented itself and found him in his seat, he voted against the Government.

During the lengthy daily intervals between the hour when the House was supposed to meet and the time when the belated Government members filed in to their seats, Mr. Butler might have been seen wandering morosely about the lobby, or sitting dispiritedly in the cloak-room. He joined not in the revelry or the discussions that went on behind the (to him) closed doors of the caucus chamber; he mixed not socially with his comrades and colleagues of yore; he sought not to intrude upon the privacy of the Opposition members in the room set apart for their use and occupation. He kept himself to himself, in the attitude of Hamlet soliloquising, or of one chewing profoundly the cud of bitter fancy.

The next scene, shifting from the Legislative halls to a Liberal political meeting at Murray Harbour, found Mr. Butler no longer holding scornfully aloof but as the penitent penit, labouring with might and main to recapture his enthusiasm for a Government that had flouted every principle of democracy. At this meeting he is reported to have moved a resolution "endorsing the splendid work of the Provincial Liberal administration and expressing confidence in Premier Leas." It is not recorded that in his eulogy Mr. Butler as much as mentioned the hateful word "democracy," or that Premier Leas made any embarrassing reference to the portfolio of Agriculture or the bursarship of Falconwood Hospital. Doubtless these subjects were relegated, by mutual consent, to the limbo of the past. In the joy of the prodigal's return, all was to be forgiven and forgotten.

The climax to the biblical story of the prodigal's standstill—the killing of the fatted calf. Natural would it be for Mr. Butler to expect a suitable reward for his appearance in the humiliating role of penitent.

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But Fate continues to pursue Mr. Butler unkindly and maliciously. No portion of any governmental call, fat or lean, has fallen to him. He is still out in the cold, still under suspicion, evidently, as to his orthodoxy and sincerity. Whether his term of chastisement will expire before the Leas Government itself walks the plank—whether he will ever be compensated for his heroic performance at the Murray Harbour meeting—is a moot question. Certainly he is entitled to some measure of political reward for his unprecedented double somersault; and for Mr. Butler's sake we hope it won't be too long deferred!

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NOTES BY THE WAY

Any reference to symptoms of improving conditions in Canada make our militant liberals see red. Evidently nothing would be more congenial to this class of partisans than to see during the next three or four years the disintegration of the industrial commercial and agricultural life of Canada and the prospect of blaming the whole thing upon Mr. Bennett.

A correspondent of the London Times found evidence in Hamburg of energy, courage, industry, and enterprise, and of disaster quickly overcome. "If times are bad, they are no worse than elsewhere," wrote the correspondent, who admitted the existence of hunger and poverty in parts of Germany, just as it is found in Britain. In many parts there were undeniable evidences of prosperity and comfort; in others, those "signs of tragic poverty which are to be met in all countries with big industrial populations."

It seemed to the correspondent of the Times that political conditions had much to do with the condition of the country. He found Germany seething with political agitation. "On the one hand," says the Times, editorially, "are the followers of Herr Hitler, who are firmly determined to establish a Fascist regime, if necessary by the method of revolution."

Mr. Hoover's concession for the mitigation of German conditions had a spectacular effect in reviving confidence, but how far it will help Germany and how far it may restore world conditions remain to be seen.

Let's not kick too much about our climate, says a Canadian exchange and it applies equally in this province. We have had a lovely Spring and a lovely Summer thus far; and there's lovely August ahead, and our incomparable Autumn. Really, when one picks up the papers and reads about cold damp, chilly weather in England, and blustering dry before the foot is covered. This treatment should be repeated three days in succession. The effect is prompt and lasts for four to six weeks when the application should be repeated. The sweating and the odor are often permanently cured.

Where the condition is not very bad, washing the feet and dusting talcum powder, or boric acid, over the feet and also into the shoes, is sufficient to prevent any odor from the perspiration.

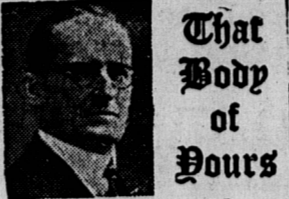
One is at a loss to fathom the hatred still evinced towards Hon. G. Howard Ferguson by many prominent Liberals, says the Mail and Empire. Every few days Mr. Mackenzie King or Mr. Lapointe or some other man of first rank on the Opposition side discloses an undying animosity against the present High Commissioner. This insistence upon an ancient vendetta is anything but sportsmanlike. The secret is, of course, that Mr. Ferguson beat these men to a finish in many a political contest, and they cannot forget it. It is noteworthy, too, that their assaults upon him are far more bold and daring than they were while he was still in this country and in a position to get at them.

"A business responds to inspiration and direction just like a child," was the remark made by the leading executive of a large retail establishment recently. This is very true, says the Canadian Lumberman. For any business to succeed there must be someone to give it his constant care and thought. It is better if there are several—preferably every man and woman who is connected with it. But there must be someone. It cannot pick up its own education and find its own way, by luck, through the innumerable difficulties and obstacles of commercial life today. It cannot be left to chance to determine whether or not its actions are in conformity with the principles of business which create prosperity and success. All the time there must be someone devoting his effort, attention and judgment to the guidance and direction of every business and its innumerable problems, both large and small, and guidance in the direction of the numerous small things is often more essential to final success than in the occasional large problems.

Economists are unanimous in saying there would be an immediate trade revival everywhere if people would buy as they do under normal conditions. The reason so many are spending less on necessities is fear—that is not justified, fear that is caused by talk of stock market depressions and the like. What they should remember is that this is a period of unusual bargains. Now, of all times, is the time to buy anything and everything is needed.

The total income tax for the months of April and May of this year amounted to \$44,004,824.31 a decrease of \$13,778,200.42 as compared with the same period last year. The largest amount of income tax came from Montreal, the other Canadian cities contributing in the following order Toronto, London, Hamilton, Vancouver, Ottawa, Winnipeg, each showing a proportionate decrease.

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By James W. Barlin, M.D.

PERSPIRING FEET

One of the distressing ailments that attacks even cleanly people is excessive perspiration of the feet accompanied very often by an offensive odor.

Just what causes this is unknown but for some reason the perspiration in these individuals decomposes too rapidly and only the frequent changing of stockings and shoes with frequent bathing will prevent the odor.

That the perspiration and odor may be traced to certain food stuffs has often been suggested, but not proven, so far as I know.

Until the cause is learned all that can be done is to try and keep the feet as clean as possible. Various dusting powders have been used containing one or more of the following—boric acid, bismuth subnitrate, potassium permanganate, and sodium salicylate.

One physician recommends the use of cork soles (or if cork soles are not at hand several sheets of blotting paper) soaked in a solution of boric acid—a teaspoonful to the pint of water—and dried, to be worn inside the shoe. Several pairs of these soles kept washed and saturated may be used, thus protecting the feet and shoes effectively.

Sometimes glycerine spread over the soles and toes after bathing prevents the formation of the products that cause the odor.

Dr. Althoff some years ago recommended formaldehyde for these cases.

"The feet should be thoroughly washed with warm water and soap, rinsed and dried. Then the soles and skin between the toes are painted with equal parts of 35 per cent formaldehyde (commercial), and distilled water. The solution should dry before the foot is covered. This treatment should be repeated three days in succession. The effect is prompt and lasts for four to six weeks when the application should be repeated. The sweating and the odor are often permanently cured."

Where the condition is not very bad, washing the feet and dusting talcum powder, or boric acid, over the feet and also into the shoes, is sufficient to prevent any odor from the perspiration.

Mr. Coolidge As Scribe

(Ottawa Journal) Mr. Calvin Coolidge, ex-president of the United States has given up his job of writing about 200 hundred words a day for the McClure Syndicate. As he was paid at the rate of about \$3 a word, the thrifty Cal thus sacrifices the modest income of about \$600 a day.

Mr. Coolidge has found journalism more profitable than most of us. As a New England lawyer, it is said that his earnings never exceeded \$10,000 a year; and his little office in Northampton hardly suggested that he was ever likely to become a Sir John Simon or a Samuel Undermyer. Yet during the past year, merely by dictating to a stenographer, Mr. Coolidge took in at least \$200,000. For, besides his daily sermonettes for the newspapers, Mr. Coolidge wrote for the magazines.

What McClure bought from him, of course, and what the newspapers bought from McClure, was not what Mr. Coolidge wrote, but his name. For what he wrote was unimportant. Much of it, indeed was the sort of stuff that any half-competent newspaperman can improvise for an editorial page in any quantity; and a lot of it was the sort of stuff that wouldn't get by any competent editor, if turned in by any professional writer.

Reminders and Reviews

During the early centuries the art of Britain seems to have expressed itself in words rather than pictures. While Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Fra Bartolommeo, and many others painted in Italy; and even before them Van Eycks, (who are said to have invented oil painting,) painted in Flanders, and Germany produced a "Master Stephen," Stephen Lochner, Britain and France lagged behind in this branch of artistic endeavor.

One wonders why France, situated between the two great art centers, produced no outstanding painter until the birth of Jean Cousin in 1500. This man is supposed to be the founder of the National school in France; "The Last Judgment," in the Louvre, is his masterpiece.

In the fifth century England and Scotland had their first lessons in painting from the Irish monks who excelled in the art of manuscript illumination; the Book of Kells is a testament to their genius. Another of their achievements in this line is the famous Lindisfarne Manuscript in the British Museum. Later on the English and Scottish illuminators developed their own characteristics, but until the fifteenth century Irish monasteries were the art centers of Britain.

Holbein, a German, was the first known portrait painter in England. He came from Augsburg in 1526 and became court painter ten years later. He is known to us through his famous portraits of Henry the Eighth, and the boy king, Edward the Sixth. Others of his paintings frequently copied and printed are the "Madonna of the Meyer Family," in the Dresden Gallery, and the portrait of Sir Thomas More, in a private collection.

His portrait studies are, to use a trite expression, speaking likeliness; especially his full-length exposure of Henry the Eighth. He is clothed, lavishly, and jeweled, but his unlovely qualities are naked for the world to see; Holbein painted the inner man.

This artist revived the art of Miniature painting in England. This branch of the illuminators art, being nearly altogether the work of monks, was discouraged by the destruction of monasteries. Holbein had studied manuscript illumination and miniature work with marked success, but his pupils, in this branch of painting, left more examples of their work than he: some of them are famous.

Holbein died in 1533 and, between his death, and the coming of Van Dyck in 1632, there was no outstanding painter in England. Although Van Dyck came from Antwerp to be court painter to Charles the First, and his work was entirely different from Holbein's, he established a school that was, in a faint way, the beginning of England's National art. At first his pupils were foreigners like himself; later on William Dobson, Lely, Stone, and Jameson, the Scotchman, worked with him. There are some fine examples of Jameson's work scattered throughout Scotland, but Sir Peter Lely was Van Dyck's greatest pupil; his work had the germ of qualities that we see later developed by Reynolds, Lawrence and Romney.

Anthony van Dyck was Rubens' best pupil, but his contact with Italian painters changed the style had been very like his masters; robust and vigorous. His paintings of the English royal family are noted for their restraint and dignity. His most famous portrait is that of the children of Charles the First, but his "Earl of Arundel and Grandson," and "James Stuart Duke of Lennox," and his equestrian portraits of Charles—in the National Gallery—are all well known. During his stay in England Van Dyck produced fifteen hundred pictures.

Biographers tell us that Lely, who followed Van Dyck, and was court painter to Charles the Second, was not a talented artist. He had, however, a certain quality that makes his work interesting from more than the viewpoint of history. His portrait of "Nell Gwyn" is best known to us, and others of his portraits almost as well known are "The Duchess of Cleveland," "Mary Davis," and, "The Comtesse de Gamont."

Lely was followed by Kneller, a German, who was not only weak but unscrupulous in his art. He was popular in society and the "vogue" as a portrait painter. The pose rather than the portrait interested him and his sitters were given their money's worth in good looks. We have all seen his Portrait of Marlborough (an extremely foolish pose) his "Sarah Jennings," and "Dr. John Wallis."

Writers who have studied the subject tell us that Kneller and his school did more harm than good to English art. Had Sir Peter Lely been followed by another Van Dyck, or another honest artist, there would have been a different tale to tell. As it was originally died, and it wasn't until the beginning years of 1700 that it was revived by Hogarth, an Englishman, of whom I shall speak later.

The Education of Infants

(Bertrand Russell in the Spectator). The nature of the child has hitherto been less investigated than that of any other organism; nobody is surprised when a man of science observes the behavior of an amoeba or a salamander, but it is generally held that the behavior of young children should only be observed by uneducated females. Such observation as does occur is vitiated on the one hand by sentimentality in the observer, on the other hand by fear of moral prohibition on the part of the children. It is only in recent years, and on a very small scale that these two obstacles to the scientific study of children have been overcome.

The Tyranny of Clothes

(Toronto Globe) Out of the suffering endured by man during the past few days should come a crop of mid-year resolutions that never again will a Summer be spent in winter clothes. Men should know that women are laughing at them, where they are not pitying them for their folly.

Look at the occupants of any office and compare the light and comfortable apparel of the women with the heavy materials worn by the men. Look at the dress of the members of a dinner party, the women in frocks of flowered chiffon, light and airy, and pretty as a garden. And the men? They are burdened with the heavy black formal things of mid-winter, their shirt fronts stiff—until they wilt—and their edgy wing collars irritating the newly shaven skin of the neck.

Man counts himself an adaptable animal, but he does not show it in his Summer clothes. He suffers and complains, he revolts at the strait-jacket and then dons it. It is no wonder women find their husbands dodging Summer parties; it is surprising the restaurants and fashionable hotels have any hot-weather business.

Yet there is hope. Homespuns and Palm beach suits, tropical worsteds and other light things are attracting the notice of sensible people. Some day a village Hampden will lead a social revolution, and men will wonder how they existed in the old way, just as they are puzzled how generations lived before the invention of the steam engine.

The Poets' Corner

SUNLIGHT

They slept no longer then. With the first tunc Of thrushes blowing silver all about The pale-rimmed hills, eyes opened on a moon Dead as some street-lamp with the flame blown out. Daylight they cried. The stark and windless air Had somehow come to life. The stars were done. And two could shake the moonbeams from their hair, Stretch out dew-blistered fingers for the sun . . . Day had been given back to them; the blaze Of sea and meadow, brook and stone and flower; Landscapes of dream embroidered with the rays Of golden minutes slanting from the hour; A place to run; a hill to poise for flight Through undimensioned distances of light. —Philip M. Harding in Voices.

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Women and the Church (Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman) A petition for the admission of women to the ministry has been referred to a committee for consideration. It is obvious that their entry to the ministry will not be without opposition. The opposition is not likely to express itself in a declaration that women are unfitted for the responsibilities. Women have entered into business and the professions and have made good and it would be passing strange were the ministering sex excluded from the ministry on the ground of unfitness.

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