

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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CIVIC ACCOUNTS

In March 1930 the Guardian drew attention to the state of Civic Finances. The outcome was a special investigation by the Finance Committee of the City Council which dealt fully with the matter and made recommendation to the City Council for the proper provision of sinking funds for the payment of debenture issues, and also the amendment of the Civic Law to eliminate the power of promiscuous borrowings by the City Council.

Under section 122 of the Act the City Council is still given power to borrow for city improvements to an amount not exceeding five times the amount actually collected of the year's assessment immediately preceding the borrowing of such money.

At the close of the year 1928 the city debenture debt amounted to \$1,253,000 with an accumulated sinking fund of \$163,421.43 to meet the falling-due debentures.

At the close of 1930 the debt had increased to \$1,583,100 with an accumulated fund of \$219,985.35 to meet the same.

The Civic Accounts for 1930 show that \$241,054.90 was received from assessments. Therefore, according to Section 122 the city's debt should not exceed five times that amount or \$1,205,274.50. As a matter of fact it did exceed that amount by \$377,825.50, duly authorized under Section 126 by special statute referred to.

At the end of 1928 Ordinary city debentures debt amounted to \$ 153,100 School debenture debt to 60,500 \$ 213,600

At the close of 1930, Ordinary city debentures debt amounted to \$ 182,600 School debentures debt to 131,500 \$ 314,100

An increase of \$100,500 in two years.

As no sinking funds are being provided for the repayment of these debentures the Council's indebtedness in these two items can only go on increasing by further borrowings, because, according to practice, any falling-due debentures are paid by raising the amounts as required by the issue of more debentures.

It should be mentioned the sinking funds being provided for the repayment of the other civic loans are quite inadequate for the purpose.

We are not in possession of a copy of City Accounts for the year ending December 31st last, but it is earnestly desired that these civic accounts should be printed and circulated before the coming election in order that the citizens may be authoritatively informed on the state of civic finances to that date.

Something should be done, and the sooner the better, to put the finances of the city on a sound basis. The Finance Committee, consisting of Messrs. E. A. Foster, Chairman, W. M. Reardon and W. M. Bourke, who reported fully in 1930 are to be congratulated on their earnest endeavors to get the City Council to bring about the necessary improvements although evidently their warnings fell on deaf ears. Now is the time when an election is in view for the citizens to express their opinions with regard to the necessary action that should be taken.

ISLANDER HONOURED

A telegram received in the city yesterday from Baltimore announces the appointment of Mr. Wilfred T. McQuaid, formerly of Charlottetown, to the high and important position of Assistant United States District Attorney for the State of Maryland. This is certainly a fitting reward for the years of hard work done by our young friend since he left St. Dunstan's University of this city. Ability and persistence have come into their own. The three McQuaid brothers: Dr. E. G., Dr. Ernest and the Hon. Wilfred T. all reside in Baltimore. It is seldom that we can announce the preferment of a Prince Edward Islander to such a high position and we heartily congratulate our young friend and hope that he will reach higher heights.

JAPAN AND RUSSIA

That Japan's present military campaign in Manchuria is aimed at Russia, rather than at China, is the contention advanced by Mr. Hallett Abend, Far Eastern correspondent of the New York Times, in an article which recently appeared in the Sunday edition of that newspaper. Mr. Abend shows how the Soviet has virtually annexed that vast land. Outer Mongolia; how Russia is building up a large Oriental army composed chiefly of Mongols; in brief, how Russia is gradually preparing a first-class jumping-off place for the conquest of all China. He states that neither China, nor the League of Nations, nor the United States has protested against the Russian move and declares his belief that Japan would welcome a war with Russia now, rather than when Russia completes her Five-Year Plan—when Japan thinks Russia will attack. He concludes with the statement that if the present crisis passes without bringing about an open conflict between Russia and Japan, the time will eventually come when Russia will deem conditions propitious, and then the Red Army will move.

TIME TO ADVERTISE

"My son," ran an editorial in Bridgeport (Conn.) Post, "there's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as an advertisement. The prime, first, last and all the time object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not, and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes and his store is so full of custom that he can't get his hat off, and then he rushes to his printer and goes in for advertising.

"When the dull season gets along and there is no trade and he wants to sell goods so bad he can't pay his rent, he stops his advertising! That is, some of them do, but occasionally a level-headed merchant does more of it and scoops in all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill.

"There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time the advertisement is sent out on its mission. It makes light work for the advertising, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that we needed and have a half holiday six days in the week; but who wants to favor an advertisement? They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in the dull days when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions and dragged in with irruptive slaughter of prices before he will spend a cent.

It is disclosed that the term "splendid isolation" which was used with such descriptive effect, in portraying the position of the British Empire before the days of alliances and ententes, originated with the late Sir George E. Foster. It is an eminent authority who gives the honor to one who has so recently passed from the scene of mortal endeavor,—none other than the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. That distinguished statesman some five years ago in a work which covered his long career as a parliamentarian, stated when he was dealing with "political catchwords," that the famous phrase: "Splendid isolation" which used to be heard so frequently in eulogy of Britain's foreign policy, was coined by the great Canadian.

draw business is when you want business, and not when you have more business than you can attend to already."

NOTES BY THE WAY

For us of Canada, a nation of ten millions, of high courage, who have laid the strong foundation of our state in the good citizenship of our people, there is says the Vancouver Province, only one spirit and one purpose that can avail. If we keep a stiff upper lip, and if we keep smiling, we shall pull through all right.

That Germany will never return to the schedule of reparations payments provided by the Young Plan is a proposition on which virtually all those who pretend to be posted on the matter seem to be agreed says the Baltimore Sun. There remains, however, the question of the form in which the funeral of the Young Plan is to be conducted.

The French Chamber of Deputies says an exchange has authorized the Minister of Marine to begin work on the 1932 portion of the naval programme, which is noticed that France, like other big powers, is to continue warship building in the disarmament conference year. In peace and in war, and while conferences are being held, the building of the destructive machinery goes on apace everywhere.

The Nationalist Party of China has formed a new government with Eugene Chen as Foreign Minister. The Administration comes into office with the western world's new year, and the hope will be universal that the Government may be able to end the civil warfare that has been distressing the country for several years, and also suppress the bandits that have a lot to do with the trouble in Manchuria. China needs peace.

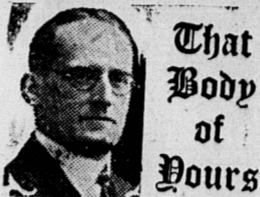
Suggestions that M. Aristide Briand, Foreign Minister of France, is nearing the end of his public career are found in the despatches from Paris which intimate that his physical strength no longer is fully equal to the demands that are made upon it in the responsible position which he occupies. The State has no more honors to offer this leader. He was denied the presidency of the Republic last May, which came as a great disappointment but he consented to remain at the foreign office for a time longer upon the strong appeals of Laval. He probably would have been happier to follow the example of Georges Clemenceau who, under similar circumstances, retired completely after being defeated for the presidency.

The conviction and exemplary punishment of a perjurer in any country would in the long run be more helpful to the administration of justice than the conviction and punishment of the average murderer.

Faced with grim necessity, American business is turning at last towards wage reductions. A cut of thirty or forty per cent at least is needed. It seems probable that before this winter is out such a cut will be enforced over great ranges of American industry. And, until it has been achieved, it seems possible that the depression will not only continue, but will intensify. Incredible as it seems to those who still think in terms of 1929 stock values, even the present level of stock prices is not necessarily the lowest that will be reached. When, in the New Year, it becomes clear that no dividend is to be paid on many of the leading stocks in the country, prices may crumble to still lower levels. After all, they are only now passing well below the pre-bloom line. Hence, critical as the present situation is, it seems quite possible that America has not yet touched bottom. Perhaps she will not do so until she has achieved a general overhaul of her whole economic life.—Spectator London.

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By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE CIRCULATION RATE OF YOUR BLOOD

Just how fast your blood travels is a very important matter from the health standpoint. Of course Nature is always kind to us and keeps a margin of safety so that despite our ignorance or carelessness we manage to get along without much trouble. Thus the normal time of the circulation of the blood is from eight to fourteen seconds. If it travels faster or slower than this it is not considered normal.

Now as some conditions of the body speed up the circulation and others make it go slower you can readily see that testing the rate at which the blood flows can be of real value to the physician. The test is made by injecting a substance into the vein and noting the length of time it takes for it to travel throughout the body.

If the heart muscles is not strong the circulation may be slower. A leakage of any of the valves of the heart will also have a tendency to make the blood travel more slowly. Then the condition of the blood as to richness, coagulability—stickiness—will also affect the circulation rate.

It has been shown that the asthma due to a heart condition slows the circulation, whereas in individuals with the ordinary bronchial asthma the circulation is normal. Then by this test it is possible to distinguish that distressing ailment angina pectoris, where the individual has a gripping feeling in the chest with a fear of approaching death, from what is called false angina pectoris. In true angina pectoris the circulation is slower than normal, whereas in false angina pectoris the rate is normal.

This test is also of value in cases of heart disease where the individual wishes to engage in sports of various kinds. Where the circulation rate is normal ordinary games may safely be played.

European research physicians, in addition to the above mentioned conditions, have been able to use this test in many other ailments such as swelling of the feet, hands or other parts, breathlessness due to heart, lung, or brain conditions, and painful enlargement of the liver.

Lossiemouth's Plowmen

(Toronto Globe)

The shade of Scotland's plowman poet should be well pleased by a week-end scene at Lossiemouth, when Premier Ramsay MacDonald spent a day with the tillers of the soil. The cable despatch states that, at the close of the annual plowing contest, the Premier, "standing on an old wagon on the farm where he worked as a boy" presented the prizes, "and dwelt upon the ancient art of turning a straight furrow."

There was something touching in Mr. MacDonald's reminiscent speech, especially when he said: "I remember, in these very barns, when we used to come in for a bite in the middle of the day, and one of the plowmen would take down his volume of Burns and read to us as we lay on the straw. Are you still reading your Burns?" He may be sure they are.

What thought was uppermost in the Premier's mind during that day at Lossiemouth? Probably, that there was more real happiness about Lossiemouth than in the neighborhood of Westminster; or that the glories of high office are offset by its penalties and obligations; at all events, surely a realization that it is easier to plow a straight furrow on the land than in public life.

Lossiemouth, as well as Mr. MacDonald, has seen some queer changes. Adjoining the fields in which, as a boy, he worked long and not greatly remunerative hours is the pasture acreage the Premier now uses as a landing place for the aeroplane in which he travels up from London. So it is that during week-ends Lossiemouth gets a glimpse of the great white world, and probably is interested; and a wearied Prime Minister finds a place of refuge from the trials and tribulations of Parliamentary life.

Any pretty girl can tie a bridal knot in a man's heart strings.

Once Upon A Time

(Winnipeg Free Press)

He needed a well. Perhaps it was one no-rer the pasture. Perhaps it was that the supply for the house might be more readily secured. Not much fun digging a well, especially if the ground is hard. But this year the frost is so slight. A good time for digging. So the hands got to work. Black earth first, then clay. Not much talking done, for it is heavy work tossing up the spadefuls. But there in the place near Olds, in Alberta, as the implement heaved up its content the farmer was struck with the sudden resemblance in the clay, a resemblance to apples on the branch of a tree. Stone now, petrified, but surely once apples.

Apples at Olds, Alberta! Millions and millions of years ago down the long misty arch of the geological years that tree had grown and in the spring it had shaken off its earthiness and became a dream of pink blossoms in green leaves. Then the apples bent it low. Alberta, all those eons ago. They find the great bones of dinosaurs in the famous Bad Lands of the Red Deer valley, and petrified forests. But this is the first time that the strata have yielded up the grace of the fruit tree.

The Olds farmer has filled up his well and marked the spot so that learned persons from the Calgary museum may investigate it. In the meanwhile he must walk his fields, no longer with quite the same freedom of pressure as a foretime made communion between the man and the good earth that is first to his plow. Millions and millions of years. His feet must fall heavily on such dizzy centuries of time.

Politics In Quebec

(Eastern Chronicle)

It costs the candidates for the Quebec Legislature hundreds of thousands of dollars to carry voters to the polls. This is the expressed opinion of Hon. W. S. Bullock of the Legislature Council, who has just been appointed to the body after sitting as a Liberal M. P. P. since 1912.

"Things have come to such a pass that even in the rural districts some electors will not go to the polls unless they are propelled with a drink of whisky and carried in a limousine.

"Every man in the Legislature knows that campaign funds are spent, not in buying votes, but in transporting voters on election day. I venture to say that not 5000 votes in the whole province can be bought. But I know that it costs hundreds of thousands of dollars to transport the incorruptible electorate to the ballot boxes.

"It is because the people will not vote that we need campaign funds. And it is because we use campaign funds that many men of great ability, who would be an acquisition to the public life of this province will have nothing to do with politics or a nomenclature to the word 'politician.' And why? Not because our public men are corruptible. Not because the members of this Legislature can be either bought or bullied, but because our parties have large, mysterious sums of money, known as 'war chests.'

CHARLES LAMB

(Montreal Gazette)

Ninety-seven years have elapsed since Charles Lamb died, having attained the age of fifty-nine, and leaving as his legacy to future generations those inimitable "Essays of Elia," which still enhance the gaiety of all book lovers, and also those "Letters," four hundred and seventeen of which have been put in book form, and edited by Canon Anger, who was a close friend of the author, the letters still more clearly reveal the genius of "Elia" and the man himself whose images cannot be dissociated from his literary work. DeQuincey, in his usually penetrating way, truly remarks: "To appreciate Lamb, it is requisite that his character and temperament should be understood in their coexist and most wayward features. A capital defect it would be if these could not be gathered silently from Lamb's works themselves. The syllables lurk up and down the writings of Lamb which decipher his eccentric nature. His character lies there dispersed in anagram, and to any attentive reader the regathering of the total word from its scattered parts is inevitable without effort." This judgment is every way sound. There is significance in nicknames. Probably there are few people indeed who make any pretence to being lovers of booklore who have not read some if not all, of the "Essays of Elia" and are inclined to vote them individualistic, quaint, charming, touched with unique mirth and melancholy, a rare fabric of odd-

The Poet's Corner

BABYLON

The blue dusk ran between the streets; my love was winged within my mind. It left today and yesterday and thrice a thousand years behind.

Today was past and dead for me, for from today my feet had run through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of ancient Babylon.

On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold hung back the rays Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million days.

The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle now begins; The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and the sins Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy multitude of towers;

Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist in lily flowers. The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens and I hear Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whispering in my ear.

Oh real as in dream all this; and then a hand on mine is laid; The wave of phantom time withdraws; and that young Babylonian maid,

One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of that tide, Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland by my side.

Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken wings, While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal things.

—"A. E." (George Russell)

ies illustrated with dim yet colorful lights, and carrying an influence which has well been described as a "style aromatic, like the perfume of rose leaves in a china jar." And this is true enough. It accounts very largely for the fact that while the "Essays of Elia," like their author, at first "talked with a stammer and walked uneasily," and at first were collected in two volumes, which, during his lifetime, never reached a second edition, they have survived many more pretentious and laborious treatises, those of Godwin, Southey, Manning and Burney, for example, and at this date are gaining an ever-widening circle of readers, who are probably in love with the antique model of Lamb's essays and with the Old World air of romances that envelops them.

We may take it for granted that "Elia" has come amongst us to stay, albeit he neither aspires to the erudition of Southey nor to those Olympian heights which Coleridge climbed, breathing as one in his native air. It is precisely fifty years since "The Life of Charles Lamb" was added to the English Men of Letters series. Two years later, in 1883, came forth Canon Anger's edition of Lamb's essays, and, in 1888 under the editorship of this cleric and friend of Lamb—one of the number of the select circle gathered on "Wednesday nights" at Elia's homestead—came forth two volumes of the "Letters" which deserve to be better known and more widely read than they are. For in these letters Charles Lamb unburies his soul, and they give the reader not only a clue as to why Lamb made his own choice of friends and books, but also testify to his perfectly independent judgment respecting men and things, surely not the least of attractive qualities which belong to the works of this Templar essayist. As a writer, Charles Lamb has not been inappreciated by Sir Thomas Browne, a verdict that would have pleased him, could he have heard it, tenfold more than any suggestion that he kept his mind in rhythm with current thought. That indeed was the last thing Charles Lamb ever dreamed of, or intended to be his purpose. When some editor complained the style of "Elia" was out of harmony with the taste of the day, right pat came the retort: "Hang the age, I will write for antiquity." In similar strain Lamb declared that "out-of-the-way humors and oddities—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most." Not without good reason has Charles Lamb been termed the last of the Elizabethans. For the thoughts that others would reject as being too trivial or fantastic to merit literary utterances are precisely the thoughts he cherished and deemed fit for publication and sprightly comment, and this not without an element of kindly earnestness and pathos which bountifully offset the incongruity and sportive spirit sometimes carried to a quaint excess. It ought never to be forgotten that there is a wistful strain of a profoundly religious complexion in

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