

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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FOOD INSPECTION

It appears the civic regulations for food inspection do not prohibit the filling of milk bottles on the streets from cans. This process of milk delivery although not generally practiced by our milk vendors should not be permitted. It strikes strangers especially as primitive and unsanitary and our citizens also object very strongly to it. Our milkmen are careful, the quality of milk supplied is equal to that in any other Canadian city. They no doubt have their difficulties, and their hard work and as each has his own regular customers between whom and himself there is the utmost confidence, yet "it goes against the grain" to see large cans opened in the dust of the streets and the milk ladled into bottles for delivery. It is not permitted in other cities and should not be permitted here. The milkmen are supposed to sell only milk from inspected herds. Whether this is strictly adhered to is questioned by many on the ground that cans of milk may be bought en route to the city, from herds that have not been inspected and under conditions that may or may not be sanitary. Inspection of food cannot be too strongly enforced. Our reputation for healthfulness is not such as to justify us in taking too many risks. The care of meat and fish coming into the city is being very carefully looked after by the police and the regulations requiring that these be properly covered in transit are being enforced with commendable success, but our regulations although much better than they have been, are not as exacting as they should be.

IS PEACE POSSIBLE?

The Hague Conference is over, a few weeks ago, the Geneva Conference was over. The aim of these conferences, stripped of all verbiage and pre-arranged resolutions and policies, was the elimination of war, the establishment of permanent and unbreakable international peace. The aim was worthy of a civilization that is growing old, worthy of a civilization lightened by glimmerings of Christianity, but no definite conclusions were reached. Should an international dispute arise tomorrow it would be arbitrated by the sword as the various disputes along the whole road of human progress have been arbitrated. Human nature must undergo an inconceivable change if international or even national disputes are to be settled peacefully. In this age of the world's history the admission is a humiliating one. We preach peace and brotherly love; we extol the virtues of charity and forbearance and forgiveness but in our selfishness we elbow each other out of the way, we trample our competitors under our feet in the race for wealth. This even in the midst of our Christian communities; this even under the shadow of our churches; this while sending missionaries to the dark places of the earth, places so dark that they have not ever learned the rudiments of progress, the virtues or the vices of that ambition which has built up the splendid edifices of modern civilization! Argue it, how we will ambition developed beyond any consideration for the welfare of others, is the instrument of human progress, and yet "by that sin fell the angels." The ambition to control, to monopolize, industry or the commerce, in which they were engaged, was the ladder by which our captains of industry and commerce climbed to the positions they occupy; it is the ladder to

the foot of which we are all crowding, the ladder at the foot of which lie the remains of those whom we crowded off. Nationally and internationally his demon of ambition which has built up our modern progress is working overtime to add storey upon storey to our modern tower of Babel. Can Hague and Geneva conferences chain the demon? I chained, would progress survive? What a happy and an ideal world it would be if in climbing the ladder of commercial and industrial attainment we could eliminate by side with our fellow climbers of our own community, of our own nation, of our sister nations throughout the world, giving him a helping hand upward, restraining our hurrying steps to enable him to keep pace with us, waiting for him when misfortune or physical or mental weakness held him back! In such ideal circumstances could we climb? Would the heights on which we now stand have been attained had the demon of ambition been chained before Christopher Columbus sailed for the unknown West, before we built our modern factories, before we girdled the earth with railways and telegraphs and telephones, before we launched our warships and our ocean liners?

Competition is war, and competition, spurred on by ambition is "Nature's law in the vegetable and the animal world; "Red in tooth and claw," unaccountable and unreasonable to us, is the sign manual of progress. On every level in the natural world the "survival of the fittest" right or wrong, is the rule. The wars which throughout the ages have "marked the earth with ruin," have marked the turning points on the upward road to civilization and we are still climbing. Can we go on without war, without competition, without jostling and elbowing each other, without the weaker going to the wall, without occasionally standing with our backs to the wall as we did not longer ago than 1917?

SPORT DECLINING

There has been a good deal of comment mingled with uneasiness over the fact that Great Britain has been outclassed in sports by other nations in recent athletic contests. At an amateur athletic meeting held this summer in England eleven out of seventeen championships were won by foreigners. Among the winners of first, second and third places were Norwegians, Swiss, Estonians, Swedes, one Frenchman and one Italian. England has for centuries held the world's record in athletics and it is a proud tradition that many of Great Britain's victories were won on the athletic field or because of the training received in athletics. We are too near the last great victory won by Great Britain for it was Great Britain that won the war which has just been ended—to cherish any fears concerning the prowess, the endurance, and the strength of our British youth. There is no evidence of physical strength and endurance declining either in moral courage or in the British race whether in the home land or in the overseas dominions. What occurred during the historic years 1914-1918 affords ample proof of this. That there has been a change in the character of British sports is quite possible. Britishers have ever placed the emphasis on the manner of playing the game. Fairness and honesty in the game has counted for more than the winning, and the man who won by a fluke or a foul has never been recognized as a true sport. The aim of British sport, as it

The Public Forum

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

Why Not Abolish the Sea Act

The following is from the Montreal Daily Star of recent date: The Editor, Montreal Daily Star.

Sir—A letter in The Star of the 15th inst. introduces the question of Senate reform which deserves more than passing notice. The writer refers to the self-evident truth that the Senate is not responsible to the people; and suggests that it be elected in the same way as members of the House of Commons. While that would be making it responsible to the people, yet it would be adding much more useless expense to the country. After all, of what necessity is the Senate? Seven provinces of Canada have but one House of Parliament each, and are not they as well governed as Nova Scotia and Quebec, which still retain the Legislative Council as well as the House of Assembly?

The original idea of the Senate was I understand to act as a stabilizing force on legislation passed by the Commons. But it seems that it has long outgrown its usefulness. It is cited the case that after a Government candidate for the Commons has been defeated by the vote of the people that he is appointed to the Senate. The people say, in effect, "We don't want this man to represent us in the House of Commons for five years. The Government says: All right, then, if you won't have him to represent you in the Commons for five years, we shall appoint him to represent you in the Senate for his entire life. Now Sir, is not that state of affairs a great hindrance to democratic government?

Instead of reforming the Senate as your correspondent suggests, I would say the better reform would be to entirely abolish it. Ridding the people of that mostly detestable, but sometimes autocratic body, would mean a saving of about \$400,000 a year to the public treasury. At any rate, public opinion should be tested on this question by referendum, taking a plebiscite if that were deemed necessary in order to determine the voice of the electorate. It is up to the people to demand the abolition of the Senate, and then ultimately it must be brought about. R. M. L. ENMAN 610 Union Avenue, Montreal.

THE HEALTH-GIVING SUN.

(London Times.) The death-rate for London has fallen to 9.2 per one thousand. This is the lowest figure since last August, and represents about its lowest figure which occurs at any period of the year. It illustrates the truth often pointed out in the Times that health in this country follows the sun. The highest death rate figures of the year and the lowest number of hours of sunlight nearly always coincide, and vice versa. The measles epidemic is now nearly over; in London there were but 18 deaths last week, as against upwards of a hundred a few weeks ago. Influenza is almost non-existent, heart disease claims few victims, and so great is the debt we owe to the antiseptic rays which daily destroy our unseen enemies in the air and on the ground.

should be in all sports, has ever been the beneficial, mental, moral and physical benefit to be derived from playing the game. Exercise and training for mind and body is the true sport. How the game has been played rather than who has won has always been the test of many sports. There is no institution in this that the winners who captured the prizes from British athletes did it unfairly, nor is there any reason to fear that the British ideals of real sport in peace or war have suffered eclipse because the prizes were won by foreigners. "Play up, play up, and play the game" is the true motto of every read athlete and it means much more than winning. Men have won laurels in the ring, on the campus and at the card table, who played the poltroon and the coward when the real game of war for right and liberty was called. British sport is as sincere today as it was in the memorable years between 1914 and 1918 and the world's annals of sport furnish no parallel to the manner in which that game was played. "The ancient spirit is not dead."

Notes By The Way

While the politicians are speculating on the prospects and the Premier and his colleagues seem unable to decide whether to call on those five-by-elections now long overdue, or to give us a general election instead, it seems highly probable that another election of an altogether different sort will first take place. We refer to the plebiscite called for by resolution adopted at the last session of the Legislature to decide whether the importation of intoxicating liquors into this province shall be altogether prohibited.

That resolution has recently been officially forwarded to Ottawa and in the ordinary course of date will there shortly be fixed and proclaimed on which the election will be held. It is thought likely that this may take place during the month of September. The result of several plebiscites on prohibition indicate pretty plainly what the decision of the people in this instance will be. The newly enfranchised women voters may be expected to increase rather than diminish the previous large majorities in favor of making and keeping the Province as "dry" as possible.

Quebec and British Columbia are definitely committed to continue the importation and distribution of liquors for beverage purposes under government control and as a source of revenue. It is confidently hoped and expected that all the other provinces of Canada that have not already done so will vote for the principle of prohibiting further importation. In any case the provinces of Canada stand divided on a great issue regarding which the United States stand as a unit for the prohibition of the importation of intoxicating liquors.

Of course there are those who say, "what is the use of prohibiting the importation of liquor? If it cannot be lawfully imported it will be smuggled in." It is true that there is much smuggling of intoxicants going on between Canada and the United States, all in other directions. But smuggling is no new thing. Regulators of Scott's Red Gaultier, or Guy Mannerling, are familiar with the successful adventures of those engaged in smuggling in those early times. Tea, brandy, silks and tobacco then figured largely in the unlawful traffic. At one time half the silks brought to England and three-fourths of the tobacco used in Ireland were smuggled.

But in proportion to the volume of commerce today smuggling is of minor consequence to what it was one or two hundred years ago. It still goes on, just as lying and stealing are continued, but the lawful authorities in every civilized land have so far conquered it that it operates only in secret. The forces of law and order, though still far too inefficient, and not always so well supported by public sentiment as they ought to be are now in the ascendant almost everywhere in civilized lands. And yet it is too much to hope that error and wrong will entirely die out on earth while human nature remains as imperfect as it is.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

From the W. S. Lawson collection

VAGABOND DAYS.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

Lo, I have done awhile with haste With weary windings up and down; Freed from all eyes, I range the waste Far from the turmoil of the town. More than may be revealed in words I joy in what I hear and see I know the fellowship of birds, And I am kinsman to the bee. As fancy moves, I pause or pass; My tarrying is long or brief; Join the wind song to the grass The lyric laughter of the leaf. A swaying fern my thought beguiles— A ripple, as it cools the crèss; A simple flower upon me smiled And I am wrapt in happiness. I have so yearned for artless things Have been so long unreconciled, The tiniest gnat with gauzy wings Transports me as it would a child. Withdrawn from stress, apart from strife, To loving nature I respond, And drain the deepest draughts of life, A vagrant and a vagabond!

There is reason to hope that the coming plebiscite which hinges upon a great moral question, will be educational and stimulating to the moral sentiment of our province, taking notice of the fact that good laws are also educative and useful, only in proportion as they are given effect by earnest and continued enforcement. There ought to be no more truce with rum smugglers and bootleggers hereafter than with thieves and robbers. Prince Edward Island must never be allowed to really become "The Garden of Bootleggers," as it has been already named. To prevent such a possible disaster the forces that make for temperance and morality must be rallied to activity and organized for action. If this is to be done it is not too soon to begin now. If done these forces will easily prove strong enough to give a good account of themselves in the coming plebiscite, and thereafter in enforcing the people's mandate.

Thompson's High Rank Among Great Poets

Posterity will recognize in Francis Thompson one of the greatest English poets. The misfortunes of his sad life will be forgotten when the extraordinary beauty of his poetry is fully appreciated. As yet he is only the poet of the elite who take the trouble of mastering his archaic phraseology. His language is chaste, idiomatic and perfect, but scarcely intelligible to those whom the Americans call "lowbrows," says Lucian in the Rochester Post-Express. The life history of this poet seems to show that material lack of success may be accompanied by splendid triumph in the writing of poetry. Poe's case has some analogy to that of Thompson, who is, however, at least in my opinion—a far greater poet. Time fights in Thompson's favor. He was one of the late Victorians, and his fame may yet equal that of Tennyson and Browning. The facts of his career are tragic, and some may say, almost squalid. Here they are in brief.

Poor and Friendless.

Frank Thompson was born in 1860, in Ashton, Lancashire. He was the son of a doctor, and was himself for a time a student of medicine. His brother, Edward Henry Thompson, having become a Roman Catholic, he embraced the same faith. He received his early education at Ushart College near Durham. It was at Owen's College, Manchester, that he studied medicine. He disliked the medical profession and tried to earn a livelihood by literature. Poverty and friendliness brought him to the lowest depths of destitution. There is reason to believe that he injured his health by the use of drugs. He actually sold matches in the streets of London. But for his rescue from sheer hunger by Alice Meynell, and her husband, Wilfrid Meynell, he might have starved to death. A poem which he sent to "Merrie England" was published and attracted public attention. Other poems of his which appeared were much admired. A laudatory article on his poetry was contributed by Coventry Patmore to the "Fortnightly Review" for January, 1894. His "Sister Songs" came out in 1895.

Victim of Tuberculosis.

Perhaps the greatest of all his poems is "The Hound of Heaven"—a wonderful expression of intensely strong mysticism. He wrote a prose work entitled "Health and Holiness" and a finely critical essay on Shelley. Owing to his neglected health, tuberculosis attacked him. He spent some time in the Capuchin Monastery at Tanlaeap, and later at Storrington. He died on November 13, 1907 in his forty-seventh year. The quality of Francis Thompson's poetry is unique. He uses no conventional phraseology. He might have been a contemporary of Crashaw or o. Camerion. But he was not the creature of any age; his inspiration is timeless, and it will venture to add eternal. The dedication of his "Poems," first published in 1893 to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, is exquisite in its sincerity and simplicity.

To Alice Meynell.

If the rose to meek duty May dedicate humbly To her grower the beauty Wherewith she is comely. If the lips may pay gladness In laughter she wakened, And the hearts to its sadness Weeping unslackened; If the hid and sealed corner Whose having not his is,

To the losers may proffer Their finding—here this is; Their lives if all live; To the life of all living. To you, O dear givers! I give your own giving.

His dream is that Hellenic beauty might mingle with mediæval saintliness.

In the lines "To a Poet Breaking Silence" this strange passage occurs:

"Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord With earth's waters make accord; Teach how the crucifix may be Carven from the laurel tree, Fruit of the Hesperides. Burnish take on Eden trees, The muses' sacred grove be wet With the red dew of Olivet. And Sappho lay her burning brows In white Cecilia's lap of snows."

Like Emerson, Thompson often has imperfect rhymes. But the spirit of Thompson's poetry has in it an essential piety of which Emerson did not even dream.

Uses Chaucer's English.

In the group of poems entitled "Love in Dian's Lap," we have chaste utterance of a love more deal than that of Petrarch. Laura or Dante for Beatrice. One poem thus concludes:

"O if you doubt the thing you are lady, Come then and look in me; Your beauty, Dian dress and contemplate Within a pool to Dian consecrate! Unveil this spirit, lady, when you will, For unto all but you 'tis veiled still; Unveil, and fearless gaze there, you alone, And if you love the image—'tis your own!"

The chorus of "A Carrier Song" brings us from Heaven's gates to earth:

"Seraphim Her to hymn Might leave their portals, And at my feet learn The harping of mortals."

To the Virgin Mary Francis Thompson has a passionate devotion. She is "the white Mother-Maid." He believes that we have lost the beautiful language. "Which Adam in the garden talked with God," and have inherited a "brutish jargon." For this reason he prefers Chaucer's antique sentences to any modern words.

Others' View Points

HOW PROPHETS ARE MADE.

(St. Paul Pioneer Press.) The process by which prophets are made these days is after all a simple one. It consists merely in sowing predictions profusely in every field, and then resting back to see which of the seedlings

Sowing Seeds of Success



Habits formed in childhood days guide our development in later years. A thrifty boy usually becomes a successful man. Your interest in your child's future is shown when you open a Savings Account for him while he is in the habit forming age. One dollar will open a Union Bank savings account.

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epout. If a man talks enough about the future today he is sure on the law of averages to gain the reputation of prophet tomorrow. There are persons who make it their avocation. On the club veranda or over the cigars these men will lean back, make a few introductory remarks about the wonder of modern science, and then proceed to predict endlessly the complexion of future civilization. The cruder brethren content themselves with the airplane, gasoline substitutes, sun power and other specific items. Their greatest hope is one day to light upon some prediction that will hold the same place in the next generation that Lord Tennyson's chant about heavy argosies does in this. There are others who go to the length of describing in detail the future society. H. G. Wells is their master and they have great sport. A favorite motif is the brotherhood of man, though it must be admitted that as a theme for prophecy it is now on the wane. For the present however, they are all busy on the subject of radio. They have well nigh exhausted the next war and the possibilities of wiping out an entire nation with one vital of poison gas. Radio in all of its manifestations occupies them

Some of their number have already cashed in on their prophetic investments of years ago on the wire less, and their success has attracted others to the subject on the same principle as the discovery of a nugget in the Klondike starts a gold rush. It is too easy to be true doing.

Reading the Bible. (Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)

The editor of a Topeka, Kansas, paper, which some time ago started the publication of the Bible as a serial story, says it has proven the greatest success of any feature ever printed by the paper. It declared that it is being read by many subscribers as faithfully as would be the instalments of a popular novel. This is interesting information. What does it mean? In these days, when there is supposed to be a copy of the Bible in every home why should there be so much interest in the Bible as a newspaper serial? Are the Bibles which are supposed to be in every home not read? Are they kept for ornament, or because it is considered the proper thing to have a Bible in the house?

-10 below zero here yesterday-

YOU'D hardly credit it, would you? Nevertheless it's true, just as true as the fact that the BRIGHTON ICE CREAM plant is the most MODERN in the province—and the only one which has a "hardening room" which maintains a temperature of 10 degrees below zero at all times. Health officials all list "keeping the Ice Cream frozen" as one of the primary essentials in the manufacture and sale of Ice Cream of good quality. The most satisfactory and safe way to do this is with a "HARDENING ROOM"—This is the reason why we installed this exclusive feature in our \$25,000 plant. The approval of the public justifies any extra expenditure in eliminating any possibility of contamination in

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