

BURNS AS A CHAMPION OF HUMAN RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE

A Hero Who is Enthroned in the Hearts of Many Millions

(By A. E. Perks)

"The only two doors by which I could enter the fields of fortune were—the most miserably economy, or the little, chicaning art of bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I never could squeeze myself into it; the last, I always hated the contamination of its threshold!"

Were those the words of the humble author of this article, misers and merchants alike would anathematize him as one possessed. But I hasten to shelter behind the towering figure, the brilliant mind and burly body of him who penned them a century and a half ago; one against whom even the greatest of the pork packing millionaires or market-rigging commodity kings will hesitate to couch a lance.

178 Years Ago

"Our monarch's henmost year but was twenty-four days new begin . . . when the chill, damp January Ayrshire wind first brought squirms and squalls from the writer of that scornful challenge to sordid commercialism. . . . Robert Burns, ploughman, poet, philosopher, lover of all nature and his fellowman, of whom a writer and critic of the last century said: "There may be doubt as to which of the men was most poet, but there is no doubt as to which of all poets was most Man."

On Jan. 25, 1759, 178 years ago yesterday, in the little village of Alloway, in a two-roomed cottage, on the highroad from Ayr to Maybole, to William Burns and his wife Agnes Broun, was born a son, whom they in the fullest of time christened Robert. "The spawfiew keekit in his loof . . ." but even she could not begin to foresee the thrills of joy and pride, the pangs of sorrow and shame that the boy would cause to alternate in the hearts of the young couple to whom he was born.

A Clay Cottage

Who was this "Lad was born in Kyle," destined to break hearts, expose hypocrisies, shatter rust-eaten conventions and preach doctrines that still, a century and a half later, rank as distinctly "advanced?"

His father had rented seven acres of land at Alloway with the intention of doing business as a nurseryman, and built on it the clay cottage in which Robert was born. The boy grew up in an atmosphere, therefore, of hard manual labor. He also grew up in an atmosphere of Presbyterian conventionality. He says in one of his autobiographical notes, referring to one aspect of his youth: "In my seventeenth year, to give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing school. My father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings and my going was, to this hour I repent, in absolute defiance of his commands."

Despised Wealth

He thought little of material wealth, and despised many of the accepted methods of acquiring it. But he was no mere revolutionary ranting against the moneybags that seem unattainable. There is a record of his having flatly refused a pound a week (a lot of money in the 18th century) to write songs regularly for a newspaper; his retort being that it was unthinkable to take wages for writing songs to order. He poured the vials of his contempt equally on anything that smacked of mere possession, divorced from proper use. The workman who could not handle his tools properly was to him all the worse for having a costly and imposing array of implements—whether

NOTICE OF SALE

To Mary E. O'Brien of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Widow and to Margaret E. O'Brien of Portland in the State of Maine, Widow, and to all others whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage bearing date the 19th day of April, A.D. 1929, registered in Book 207 of the York County Records at pages 545 to 547 as No. 81570 made between Mary E. O'Brien as mortgagor and Sarah J. Alken as mortgagee, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the post-office in the City of Fredericton on Saturday the Thirtieth day of January, A.D. 1937, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises described in the said mortgage as follows:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Fredericton, in the County and Province aforesaid and bounded as follows: On the front by Regent Street, on the lower side by lands leased to Andrew Ryan and on the upper side by lands leased to Patrick Hurley, having a frontage of fifty-four feet on Regent Street and running back one hundred feet, being the same lands leased by A. M. J. Shore and Rev. W. H. Shore to James O'Brien, now deceased, the latter deceased to the said Johanna O'Brien by deed dated the nineteenth day of September, A.D. 1888, and recorded in the York County Records in Book H-4, pages 212 and 214."

Together with the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto appertaining.

Dated this 24th day of December, A.D. 1936.

(Sgd.) S. E. AIKEN, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

36 P.C. MATERNAL DEATHS CAUSED BY MISTAKES

1,200 Mothers Die Every Year in Canada

A full half of the irreparable loss from death and disablement in motherhood might be saved, Dr. W. W. Chapman, noted Montreal obstetrician and gynaecologist, recently told a large meeting in Toronto held under the auspices of the Health League of Canada. In maternal mortality Canada ranks from the 5th to the 12th highest among the 29 countries from which statistics are available, Dr. Chapman told the audience.

Laity and the medical profession were blamed alike by Dr. Chapman for the high maternity mortality rate. He charged that "mistakes in technique and in judgment on the part of the physician or the nurse" caused 36 per cent. of the deaths and disablement, while the carelessness or ignorance of the patient caused 18 per cent. Poor pre-natal care and want of proper facilities were the other causes of the high death and disablement rate.

In Canada, in an average year, 230,000 babies were born. Dr. Chapman informed his audience. "In the process, 1,200 mothers died, 23,000 were more or less permanently disabled, and again some 16,000 of their babies died," he said. "75 per cent. of these died within the first 30 days, while in the United States, 16,000 of the mothers died in childbirth."

"The price of our motherhood is indeed cruelly high," the speaker declared. "I say that the time is ripe to mend this trouble."

Sepsis, haemorrhage and the toxæmias are the deadly enemies within our gates, Dr. Chapman said.

He pointed out that in the past five years the Maternity Centres of New York had reduced their maternal death rate from 3 to 2.5 per 1,000 births. In Great Britain the rates vary from 3.87 to 4.51 per thousand births, he said.

"For further encouragement I add that the maternal death rate in Holland is 2.98 per 1000; in Denmark it is 2.74 and in Sweden 3.12."

Thorough medical examination in the early stages of motherhood was recommended by Dr. Chapman. A careful note should be made, he said, of general nutrition, condition of the blood stream, heart, lungs and blood pressure. Advice should be given the patient as to diet, medication, clothing, exercise and the care of the teeth. Special care should be taken during the last three months. The patient should be guarded against sepsis or zymotic disease.

"Too many of our babies are turned out to grass, with their kind foster mother, the cow," asserted Dr. Chapman. Adequate training for our doctors and nurses must be provided, Dr. Chapman said. "We must demand this, from our medical schools," he said. "We must have more adequate instruction, a higher standard of practical training and provision for refresher courses for our doctors and nurses."

"The need is not so much for more babies, as for better ones," Dr. Chapman said. "The stork derbies we shall not encourage."

Dr. Chapman's lecture was one of five lectures on health topics planned by the Health League of Canada as part of its educational campaign for a healthier Canada.

will live when today's and yesterday's Burns are forgotten. Today, much of the Burns that was canvassed from bar-room to street corner during the past century is already forgotten. When much that is today sung and quoted as Burns' best is forgotten, there is probably much in his work that will begin to live.

Burns as a poet is perhaps at the zenith of his fame today. Burns as a letter writer has not yet come into his own.

Burns the ruthless iconoclast may already be on the wane. Burns the stubborn battler for human rights and liberties still lives and moves the world. Burns the apostle of free, honest thought, the champion of obvious fact against the most elaborate sophism has yet to come into his own.

Burns the lover will probably long survive; for all the world still loves a lover. His veneration of personal and family religion, as opposed to religious ostentation, will survive as long as the family and religion live.

"Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King, the saint, the father and the husband prays. . . . Com, pared to this how poor Religion's pride in all the pomp of method, and of art. . . . From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs. That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

The mocking laughter of Holy Willie and the Unco Gild might have enthroned him in history as another Voltaire.

Instead, he developed the reverence of the Saturday Night and the genial humor of Tam O'Shanter, which enthroned him in the hearts of millions who care nothing for history books.

GO-GETTING BUENOS AIRES REMINDS A VISITOR OF THE BOOM DAYS HERE

Lavishness Rampant in City Whose People Have Aggressive Self-Confidence of the Pioneer

(By Leland Stowe)

South America is a continent extraordinarily equipped to knock the slats out of a footloose Yankee's traditional horizons. The first-tripper crosses the Caribbean with a well whetted thirst for what is still a shining new world for most of us, yet his limited exploitations can scarcely fail to send him home again with the conviction that there is many an exhilarating draught still left in Pizarro's old bottle. In fact, it is possible to return woefully unashamed of having been a first-tripper. Hence these confessions—however surface-scratching they may be.

Two months ago we set out toward below-the-equator with all the zest and anticipation of the American tourist: secure in our boundless ignorance of what the lower half of the Western Hemisphere was like, but prepared to relish an infinite variety of surprises. Today, thanks to the humility engendering qualities of travel, we are somewhat less secure in the re-emphasized knowledge of how very much we do not know—about South America, as well as most of the rest of the globe. Even our elementary geography suffered jolts, much to our chagrin.

Geographical Surprise

It is somewhat disconcerting now, for instance, to recall our surprise when we were reminded that Santiago de Chile was considerably east of New York. Nor had it ever occurred to us, until informed by an American correspondent in Rio de Janeiro, that Brazil's uninterrupted coastline was longer than our combined Atlantic and Pacific coastlines—despite which the Brazilian government possesses a ridiculously tiny fleet. We had even forgotten, until soaring past Tupungato, that the Andes were exceeded only by the Himalayas in their bid for the highest range of mountains in the world. But we take some comfort in one geographical anomaly. We never would have guessed that the sun rises out of the Pacific Ocean in Balboa, at the west-coast gate to the Panama Canal; nor that ships traveled north to reach the Atlantic.

As in every newly visited continent there are a multitude of things in South America to be figured out for yourself. Take Argentina, the swiftly developing Colossus of the South. Whereas it supports today a mere 11,000,000 inhabitants, we learned that its resources would permit it to support well above 100,000,000; and we wondered what the balance of power in the Western Hemisphere will be like when such tremendous growths of population had taken place in such lands as Brazil and the Argentine. We learned too, that more than half the Argentines were Italian by blood

Where Eating is Good

Argentina is likewise a land for the gastronomic explorer. Its restaurants overflow with astonishing varieties of beef, mutton, pork and fowl, its steaks are succulent and tender beyond description, the finest by far that this amateur enthusiast has encountered in thirty-odd countries. And the choicest and best of Argentine meats are served fresh killed or within forty-

eight hours, thereby exploding the persistent myth that aged meats are best. A single meal at the Cabana in Buenos Aires should suffice to convince most North American patriots of a sorrowful truth; to wit, that really good meats are almost non-existent in the United States, and that our nation suffers from the curse of super-refrigeration.

For all our vast resources in cattle and hogs and means of communication, it seems likely that we are one of the greatest stale-meat-eating nations of modern times. The refrigerator and the popular fallacy that fresh meat is bad have combined to cheat us of one of the chief delights of the Argentine.

In fact, the average American tourist shouts with praise after finishing a juicy churrasco, until some one informs him that said steak was travelling around on all fours only two days previously. Then he refuses to believe that such a thing could be true of such a lordly cut of meat as that has proved to me. Nor does he find anything comforting to the patriotic ego in its price, for the chances are that he has paid no more than 40 or 50 cents for a huge steak which could scarcely be duplicated at home and almost never in taste for \$2.50.

Only one justifiable criticism may be cited as the fly in the culinary ointment of the Argentine. This is that dinner rarely begins before ten p.m. and is completed with difficulty before midnight, after which it becomes a grave question as to how one can dare go to bed and hope to sleep in such an exceedingly sated condition. Soon you begin to wonder when the Argentines sleep, or if they sleep at all. And that, to us, remains a mystery to this very day. It seems that the Argentines are ultra-American. Not only do they suffer from 'growing pains' as a nation, it appears also that they live on their nerves. Sleep is incidental.

More Peaceful in Chile

When the sharp, strident life of Buenos Aires makes you yearn for a calmer, more serene existence, you may cross the Andes into Chile's sunny hospitable and less ambitious land. There you find the old Spanish tradition much more prevalent, down to the gap between the wealthy few and the many who are extremely poor. In Chile the average railroad employee receives the equivalent of ten dollars a month in wages social security and labor reforms are being pushed at a rate beside which the New Deal pales into insignificance.

Yet the cost of living is astonishingly low; the people seem friendly

and happy; food is remarkably cheap and the top price for the excellent Chilean wines, price fixed by law, is 30 cents a bottle. Chile is not so typically American as the Argentine. Something of the Old World love of living for today's small joys is perceptible in the people as in its climate.

Our glimpses of Peru—and also of Ecuador and Colombia—were far too short and too limited. They were only an intriguing reminder of how much we do not know and how much remains to be explored. The land of the Incas is still largely populated by their descendants, and the mixed Indian-Spanish population, still speaking the purest Castilian to be found in South America, excites the imagination.

Fascism is There, Too

We heard of a budding Peruvian Fascist movement and recalled the Fascist-like elements in Argentina's political life. We wondered what a close study of the various dictatorships and semi-dictatorships in all Latin America would reveal. We inspected the tropical squalor of Guayaquil, Ecuador's chief port, and of Buenaventura and reflected that they might well be located somewhere on the Congo Coast.

Everywhere the vast unexploited or partially developed resources of this southern continent caught the eye and fanned the imagination, as they first had done so violently in the gigantic and breath-taking Republic of Brazil. What may not come out of South America? It is not a continent but a vivid and stirring education which lies beyond our southern doorstep.

British Have a Foothold

In the Latin Americas simple facts more often than not, carry a powerful punch. Such simple facts as this—that the British colony in Buenos Aires totals 60,000 persons, while the American colony counts barely 2,000. And the further simple, eloquent fact that a conservative estimate places the total British capital invested in the Argentine at \$3,000,000,000. It seems that South America is the continent of opportunity as well as a continent of delights.

Homeward bound, this first-tripper speculated by what short-sightedness and stupidity it is still true that the Spanish language is not yet—nor even remotely so—a required study in every high school in the United States. How many more years will it be before our public leaders, our educators and our editors will really discover the rest of the Americas? It is very difficult to be a good neighbor unless you speak the same language and exchange visits once in a while.



Don't Neglect That Persistent, Hacking Cough

Get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from your druggist or dealer. It strikes at the foundation of the trouble. A few doses will convince you it is just the remedy you require. It helps to stimulate the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation, subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucus, and aids nature to dislodge the morbid accumulations.

When this is done the persistent, hacking cough will disappear, no lying awake nights, no inflammation of the bronchial tubes.



Dept. of Fisheries, Ottawa

Please send me your free booklet of 15 pages, containing more than 100 delicious and economical fish recipes and entitled "Any Day a Fish Day."

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