

Sole Remaining Feudal State

By Sybil Hathaway, in Strand Magazine, London

Within a few hours' journey from London lies the miniature island of Sark, which is the last purely feudal State remaining in the world.

This fourth largest of the Channel Islands is only three and a half miles long and one and a half miles wide, but because of its numerous bays and coves, it has thirty-five miles of coast. The cliffs, rising on all sides, are covered with innumerable varieties of rock plants and flowers, and in the spring the whole island is covered with a blaze of gold and blue. Semi-precious stones, such as amethysts, cat's-eyes and moonstones, are found on the beaches, and its mines, which were worked at one time, yielded copper, silver, antimony and galena.

The only means of access from the harbor, which is one of the smallest in the world, is by a road passing through a tunnel pierced in the cliff, thence by a highway to where the island is divided into two parts. These are joined by a huge natural causeway of rock, bordered with sheer cliffs on one side.

Sark has quite an interesting history. There is ample evidence of its having been occupied in the Stone Age, while the written records begin in 565 A.D. Around that time the island was occupied by an order of monks from Brittany who built a monastery there, the ruins of which still exist. After that it fell into the hands of Scotch pirates, later of the French, from whom it was wrested by the English by sea. In 1565 Queen Elizabeth granted the island conditionally to Sir Helder De Carteret of Saint-Ouen, in Jersey. He and his successors received almost unlimited power over the island on condition that he colonize it with forty families. Each man was to be provided with a musket for the defence and to this day a man with a musket is kept on every farm.

In 1532 Sark passed out of the hands of the De Carteret family and eventually came to my great-grandmother in 1552. My grandfather was the last colonel of the artillery militia of one hundred men which was maintained on the island for many years. But now all that remains of it are a few old cannon.

My house or "Seigneurie" lies in a sheltered part of the island. Its main part dating from 1565 stands on the site of the old monastery, and the fireplace in the hall bears the date 1675. The gardens are opened to the public once a week free of charge.

Great privileges being always accompanied by great responsibilities, our home may be described as the clearing-house of all island controversy and is open at any time to any inhabitant who wishes to see me for any reason. Discussions take place on all kinds of subjects.

We have a Parliament that is called the Chief Pleas and sits three times a year, unless called by me in an emergency. Over this Parliament my husband, the Seigneur, and I preside, the members being the forty leaders of the farms allotted originally in 1565, plus twelve deputies elected among the rest of the inhabitants, who now number six hundred and seventy-five.

We make our own laws and regulations and are subject to no imperial taxation, and only to such special legislation as may be enacted by order of the King, who to us is our feudal Lord the Duke of Normandy. We are the smallest self-governing part of the British Empire and the only part that has no public debt, but on the contrary a substantial credit balance, although there is no income tax and only a very small tax on property. This, in conjunction with the landing tax of one shilling per passenger and the revenue from a small tax on alcoholic beverages and tobacco, is sufficient to balance our budget. We are self-supporting, we have no unemployment and no politicians.

The official language of the island is French, although everyone speaks English, both languages being taught in the schools. Among ourselves we speak our old "patois," which is a survival of the old Norman-French as spoken at the time of William the Conqueror.

Motor cars are forbidden on the island so that peace and quiet may be undisturbed. I also refuse to allow the importation of female dogs, the ownership of which is the exclusive privilege of the Seigneur. It is also the old right of the Seigneur alone to keep pigeons and that none but he may grind corn or build a mill. Although my old windmill built in 1571, is no longer used, I still grind all corn brought to the Seigneurie by the more modern methods of motor and machine and charge each farmer a small fee for it.

While the Chief Pleas is held, there is a court of justice presided by the seigneur, an officer appointed by me for the term of three years who has power to inflict fines and imprisonment. But although we have our own jail, it is hardly ever used. The secret of our immunity from crime is no doubt the impossibility of escape from the island. Our constable, who is elected by the Chief Pleas, serves for one year and cannot refuse to do it, so that every able bodied man on the island will at some time take his turn as constable.

All cereals grown on the island are subject to seigneurial tithes. Each of the forty farmers pays a yearly tithe or ground rent on his property and the old chimney tax, or poulogue, which is paid in live chickens. Every man above sixteen must give two days' labor towards the upkeep of the roads and every owner of a horse and cart must send the same for two days' cartage.

The rarest and most important right of the Seigneur is that of succession whereby to him reverts the absolute possession of any property to which there is no heir within the fifth degree of affinity. No landowner may sell a part or parcel of his holding, so

that each of the original forty farms is maintained intact.

Although we have motor boats and wireless sets, the machine age has not really begun in Sark, and after five o'clock, when the little steamer has returned to Guernsey, absolute peace reigns on the island.

Seventeen out of our forty young men who serve in the world war lost their lives, but even so there are nearly as many men as women on the island. Many women help to work on the land and tend our wonderful cattle, every one of which is a pedigree animal.

Divorce does not exist on our island. The utmost the law can do for unhappy marriages is to grant a legal deed of separation. On the sale of an estate, the wife is usually asked to waive her rights. In some cases she agrees to take a fixed sum in return for which she relinquishes her claim to her actual share of the property. Her husband cannot sell or dispose of her property without her consent, and even if the estate is actually his own, the wife can claim a dower on it in the event of his selling it.

Under our old feudal law my husband own everything that I possessed before my marriage, this applying also to the lordship of the island, so that he becomes Seigneur of Sark. My husband, Robert Woodward Hathaway, was born in New Jersey, but he served in the British Royal Flying Corps during the war and subsequently became a naturalized British subject. This fact is of material importance for Sark can be held only by a British subject.

All these laws and customs make Sark unique and we do all in our power to retain this originality, as well as the independence and traditions which even in 1932 make us a living and flourishing example of a feudal State of the sixteenth century. Our peaceful prosperity should prove to all advocates of modern methods of government that our ancient system has a great deal to recommend it.

Geneva, 1932

(A plea for reconvention of the Disarmament Conference)

We who are serfs, Lord, each to his own dark mind,
Or to the greed of nations, as of old,
We who are still idolaters of gold,
Foregather yet from every shore to find

Ease from our own forged chains
Whose fetters bind
All earth in armour to an end foretold;
Only Thy solvent Light, which we withhold,
May melt the shackles that enslave mankind.

Not all the punishment and waste of years,
Nor sacrificial blood and agony
Of guiltless youth, heirs of the erring past,
Aval to make us masters of our fears,
Burn us with vision, manhood, Lord,
So we

Stand freedom shrunken in Thy sight at last.
—Grace Clementine Howes, in the Boston Transcript.

Democracy in China

The system of local autonomy, approved by the National Conference in Loyang-fu last March, is being first applied in Shantung, Chekiang and Kiangsu provinces, where the central Government has absolute control. The Ministry of the Interior has appointed special commissioners to instruct local officials in application of the system. By this means, it is hoped to introduce gradually a genuinely democratic form of government in China. The system provides for local elections, in which all literate citizens may participate. The franchise will be extended as literacy increases. Until universal education becomes a possibility, the electorate will be composed of educated citizens. When local autonomy has been firmly established, central and provincial governments will no longer make any appointments of local officials.



New Novel By Irene Moody

Review by John W. Garvin
Noted Canadian man of letters, Toronto, from the October Issue of the Canadian Bookman.

"Delphine of the Eighties," by Irene H. Moody. London, John Bale Danesi-son Ltd. Book Craft Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada. Sold by all booksellers in Vancouver. 252 pages.

"Irene," B. Moody, who lives in Vancouver, B.C., was born in Ontario and educated at the Collegiate in St. Thomas, and the scenes of this book are laid in her native province with London as a centre.

"Mrs. Moody was chairman of the Board of School Trustees in Vancouver and has been president of the B. C. School Association. So far as I know, this is her first book and it is the initial volume of a proposed trilogy.

"Delphine of the Eighties" is the most important novel of its kind since the publication in 1908 of 'Anne of Green Gables.'

"The heroine is a girl, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. James Avery, the husband an Englishman and the wife of French descent, but both immigrants from the Isle of Guernsey.

"Two faults, if faults they be, may be found in the story, it stirs one's feelings too frequently, and certain of the characters appear too perfect. But it is well to have ideal characters placed before us occasionally in fiction, lest we forget in this life of struggle and misfortune... to strive to attain the ideal.

"Delphine of the Eighties" should be read and re-read by parents, guardians and teachers—as the character of such a child in the hands of the thoughtful and selfless could so easily be blighted and ruined. Delphine grips the heart of the reader so tightly that the next volume of the trilogy will be looked for eagerly."

Mexico Plans System To Link All Highways

Mexico City.—Development of a highway program, which, when completed, will provide trunk lines connecting widely separated sections of the country, has been undertaken by the government through the National Highway Commission. Second routes serving areas joined by trunk lines also are under consideration.

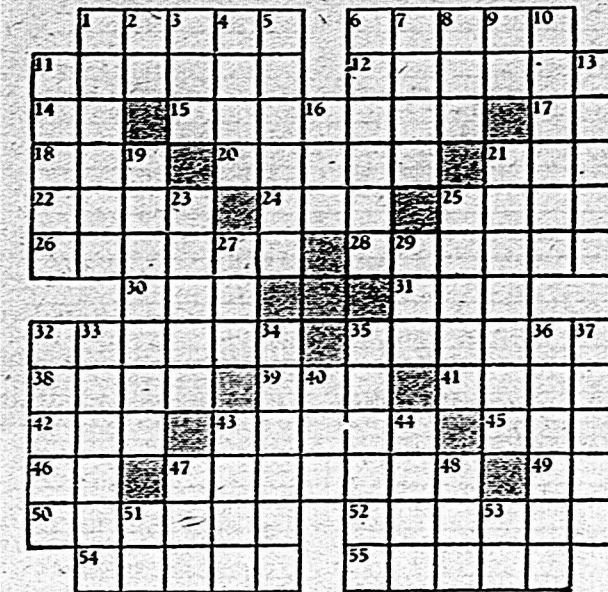
The trunk highways planned are five in number, with a total length of 5,662 miles. Subsidiary roads branching out from the trunk lines will have a length of about 4,784 miles, so that the total system of national highways will extend approximately 9,546 miles.

The approved system of highways will provide not only direct communication between all the states and territories of the country, but also each of the federal divisions and the main highways of the United States and Guatemala.

The federal government is co-operating with the various states in the construction of highways.

One highway which is receiving a great share of attention is the one extending from Mexico City north to Laredo. This route will form part of the Pan-American Highway.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|----------------------|
| Horizontal | 41—Demigod | 10—To pertain |
| 1—Ropes | 42—Dance step | 11—Silences |
| 2—To hesitate | 43—Spanish city | 13—Savants |
| 11—Elephant driver | 44—Heavenly body | 16—To unite |
| 12—Deleates | 45—Latin conjunction | 19—Musical intervals |
| 14—Aloft | 47—Officer who examines | 21—Envoys |
| 15—Feeling | 49—Freak; from | 25—Verdant |
| 17—Musical note | 50—To mislead | 27—Noting |
| 18—Overly | 52—Sins | 29—Greek letter |
| 20—Redants | 54—Fruits | 32—Expected |
| 21—To be tardy | 55—Residence | 33—Spoke |
| 22—To engrave | | 34—Extras |
| 24—Knowledge | Vertical | 35—To fasten |
| 25—Cerebration | 1—Hooded cloak | 36—Eats |
| 26—Surgical threads | 2—Exclamation | 37—Parts of shoes |
| 28—Fabrics | 3—Deer | 40—Fuss |
| 30—Mohammedan rame | 4—To unload | 43—Cipher |
| 31—Beverage | 5—Birds | 44—Starting point |
| 32—Huts | 6—Vouchsafes | 47—Engraving |
| 35—Classes | 7—God | 48—Margin |
| 38—Minerals | 8—Servant | 51—French article |
| 39—Companion | 9—Pronoun | 53—Pronoun |

Prince of Wales Has Expert Knowledge of Tongues

Details of the Prince of Wales's address on the value of a knowledge of languages in promoting foreign trade are contained in the English newspapers. The Prince's remarks were made at Oxford where he spent many happy hours visiting his old college—Magdalen—and recalling his undergraduate days. His visit was for the purpose of inaugurating the new extension of the Taylor Institution, centre of the study of modern languages.

"I know from my own experience," he said, "what a difference it makes if you can speak to the foreigner in his own tongue. Barriers seem to fall, the ice is broken.

"Great mistakes and irreparable harm may be done if negotiating parties do not fully understand each other's idiom. Not every word has its exact equivalent in another language, and often a mere shade of accent or phrasing may alter the whole sense.

"As a result of my travels my interest in modern languages has grown year by year. I am glad to learn that the School of Modern Languages which, in my undergraduate days, was still struggling for full recognition, is now one of the larger schools in the university."

Recalling that it was his own college which had been the first to teach modern languages, having appointed Giovanni Florio, the translator of Montaigne, in 1585, the Prince quoted his dictum:

"I wish there were such a law that any one who should bring up his children without teaching them foreign languages should be beheaded."

"Much as I believe in the value of modern languages," he continued, "amid laughter, I am not prepared to go so far. However, to learn a new language is to have a new life opened up to us, to know new people and new modes of thought."

Britain and Her Debts

By JOHN DI INKWATER,
English Poet and Dramatist

No body is so obtuse and blind in the world as not to know there are troubles. Every little individual gesture of good-will and understanding between one people and another is a gesture of righteousness.

Nobody who takes the slightest interest in public affairs can fail to take into consideration the question of war debts. Of the technical rights and wrongs of this question I am, and I imagine most of you are, incompetent to speak, and I have a grave suspicion that precious few people in the world do know about it, if you come down to brass tacks.

But I do know that no decent American—and America is full of decent people—thinks of the Englishman as a person who doesn't want to pay what he owes. And I know that no decent Englishman—and, if I may say so, England is quite full of decent people—doesn't want to pay his debts.

FIRST—AND LAST.

An amateur boxer accepted the invitation of a professional who announced that he was ready to meet all comers. The local prodigy entered the ring and gave his name to the referee. As the referee was introducing him, the amateur tugged at his sleeve and whispered something in his ear.

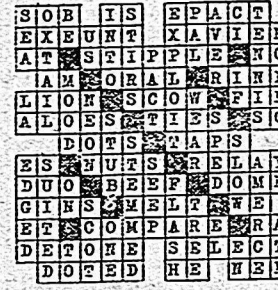
"Kid Binks desires me to state," said the referee, "that this is his first appearance in any ring."

He stepped back, and the two men squared up. The professional ducked a wild swing, led with his right, and knocked the amateur down. The referee stood over the fallen one, counting him out.

At eight the dazed youth got upon his knees. At nine he spoke in a husky whisper. The referee raised his hand for silence.

"Kid Binks also desires me to state," he said, "that this is his last appearance in any ring."

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



Toledan Adventure

You have here a brown, warm plain, studded with villages, donkeys, olives and domed walls; with this plain, without any warning, a great granite rock thrusts itself, and all the objects on it are squeezed together, one on top of the other; and below in the chasm of brown rocks flows the brown Tajo. . .

So many periods and civilizations enter the hard clutch of the Toledan rock. And then, in one of the narrowest streets, from the barred window of a human cage a bird's-eye view of Toledo is revealed to you: one single surge of flat roofs beneath the blue sky; an Arab town, glistening in the brown rocks, gardens on the roofs, and delightful, languorous patios with an intimate and comely life of their own.

But if I were to take you by the hand and show you over everything that was revealed to me in Toledo, I suppose I should first lose my way in those winding poverty-stricken streets. Not that I should regret that, for there too we should have to keep clear of the donkeys, patterning over the cobbles with their nimble hoofs, we should see the open patios and the majolica encounter people. Perhaps here I should find that Aldefar chapel, white and chilly, with its fine horseshoe arches; a little further on is a rock which falls sheer into the Tajo, and opens out a magnificent and austere vista; and the synagogue del Tránsito, bestrewn with fragile and curiously refined Moorish ornamentation. . . If I were to enter another age it would not be another age; it would be only a bewilderingly fine and high adventure lake Toledo, like the Spanish land. —From "Letters from Spain," by Karel Capek, translated by Paul Selver. (New York: Putnam.)

Sprayed and Unsprayed

We have some samples of the Spy apples which were sprayed according to approved methods, as reported last week, and some of the same variety of apples grown on the same soil with the same cultivation which received no spraying. Both samples are the average of the trees. The sprayed apples are 11 inches in circumference both ways the others are much smaller. The sprayed apples are free from scabs and worm holes. The others are spotted and quite wormy.

Wormy apples do not add much to the relish of the cider made from them.—Port Rowan News.

Colic Pains

"I found that BABY'S OWN TABLETS relieve colic pains almost at once," writes Mrs. Mildred Nodding, Long Creek, N.B. Many other Mothers report equally happy benefits from giving their children these Tablets. BABY'S OWN TABLETS are recommended by Mothers for teething troubles, upset stomach, indigestion, colic, simple fevers, combination.

There is no need for YOUR child to suffer. BABY'S OWN TABLETS can be given with absolute safety—see analyst's certificate in each 25c package.

Dr. Williams' 241

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Owl Laufs

Because each of us pauses at this season to renew his expression of cheer and goodwill, all Christendom puts aside its work to do homage to the spirit of Christmas. Cease the exchange of merry greetings and much of the charm and potency of Christmas is destroyed.

And so it is fitting, we believe, that this column convey to you our wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Christmas

This Christmas Day let's lay away The burdens of the year. With gladness about let's go about A-spreading of good cheer. May we on this Blessed Christmas Be filled with joy and mirth, And our hearts re-echo the anthem, Peace, and good will on earth.

When a literary man gets so much a word for his writings, he spreads them around as thickly as confetti on a returning hero.

"Her—I think dancing makes a girl's feet too big, don't you?"
Him—"Yeah."

Her—"I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?"
Him—"Yeah."
(Pause).

Him—"You must ride quite a lot, too."
"Most of the girls that come here don't want to marry."
"How do you know?"
"I've asked 'em."

Human nature is man's excuse for a lot of his onerous actions. When a woman has a suspicion he is always willing to share it with others. Perhaps the greatest optical delusion in trade is the price tag which says \$2.98. Strange, isn't it, that so many critics remain only critics? Too many people are like the sea—they never can dry up. Some successes are made from the fine art of profiting by early mistakes. It's as natural for a boy to want a dog as it is for a girl to desire a doll. We heard a shikie say that a flapper's complexion doesn't always taste as good as it looks. Jobs have a habit of seeming easier when done now, rather than to-morrow. Once a month every man complains of his family's extravagances.

Landlady—"You'll have to pay your bill or leave."
Lodger—"Thanks, awfully. My last landlady made me do both."

Dr. Mayo says the human body is worth sixty-seven cents. How does he explain a doctor's bill for \$500 worth of repairs on a sixty-seven cent machine?

Teacher—"While what is an adult?"
Willie—"An adult is one that has stopped growing except in the middle."

"Eavesdropping again," as Adam said when his missus fell out of the apple tree.

In England it has been decided cows have a legal right to use the roads. This must be a great relief to the cows.

A woman journalist has started a school to teach women how to buy clothes. Why doesn't somebody start a sewing school for fish?

Little Jean was certainly looking rather ill when she returned to the house from the garden.
"Mummy," she said, rather softly, "is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

"That is the saying, my dear," she said. "Why?"

"Well, Mummy," said Jean, I've kept twelve doctors away this morning, but I'm afraid we shall have to have one now."

Jack—"Did you travel in Europe to satisfy your thirst for knowledge?"
Carl—"No, just my thirst."

Women Motorists Declared No Better—No Worse

London, Eng.—These latest statistics seem to settle the question of driving ability.

Leading insurance companies at a secret conference here recently, at which the whole question of insurance risks was reviewed, decided that the woman driver was no worse a risk from their point of view than the man driver.

This decision was reached when it was decided to increase the cost of insurance on motor-cycles and reduce that on motor-cars by offering larger no-claim bonuses.

A suggestion was put forward that the woman driver was a greater source of danger on the road than men drivers, and should be charged more for insurance.

Statistics were called for, and these completely vindicated the woman driver.

It was found that certain women drivers were very bad risks, but the same applied to their rivals.

An average was taken, and it was found that there was little to choose between them.

A Lift in the Spirit

By Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
I think out of all these months of hardship and sorrow there is going to come one great good, namely, a growth of understanding and of interest among all the women of the city and nation in their sisters who work for their daily bread. I feel in the last few weeks a lift in the spirit of the country, a new sense of hope. Whether there is any tangible reason for this hope or not, even though we may not be able to put our finger on any specific thing, still I am confident that the mere feeling that lies within us will bring better days for us all. But these days will not come unless each and every one of us has learned a lesson from the hard days we have been through.

Classified Advertising

A N OFFER TO EVERY INVENTOR. List of wanted inventions and full information sent free. The Ramsey Company, World Patent Attorneys, 213 Bank Street, Ottawa, Canada.

Earn \$5.00 to \$10.00 Daily!

Earn part time while learning following: Wig pay trades; Garage work; welding; Barbering; Hair dressing; Positions open. Information free. Employment service from Coast to Coast. Apply Dominion Schools, Her Office, 75 Queen W., Toronto.

France Lowers Marriage Age of Men to 21

The organized women of France, although they have not yet achieved the vote, appear, in the light of their periodicals, to be much more interested than the men, whether organized or not, in a project of law which would allow a man to marry, at the age of 21 without consent of parents or guardian, instead of making him wait until he is 25, as is now the case. A woman, however, would be married by the new measure; the age above which she may defy her parents and marry whom she chooses is to remain at 21.

The Roman tradition that the child is subject to the father's authority for life obtained in France until after the Revolution. As late as the latter part of the last century a man could not marry without the consent of his father until he had passed the half-century mark, nor could a woman until over 45.

When, some years ago, a Frenchman was considered eligible to vote at the age of 21, he was not eligible for marriage, on his unratified vote until 25, although a woman, who could not vote, could contract a marriage on her own account and also assume the responsibility of financial transactions at the age of 21.

The new bill has already passed the Chamber and is now marking time in the Senate. Why the Senate shows no particular interest in it is said to be due to the fact that parents since the World War have been extremely amenable to their wishes and, in any case, it was easy enough to summon intransigent parents by a "not respectueux" and so have the emergency of the age limit waived, although this right has been rarely exercised.

One of the greatest authorities on legal relationships in France is Maître Levy, and he has taken the occasion to change his view of the "respectueux marriage," marriage de convenience, which he formerly approved as being the rational basis of all French family life. He now considers that if persons who reach their majority were allowed entire freedom in regard to marriage, there would be many more happy and lasting unions in France.

A Theory Exploded

There is a popular impression that musicians are unpractical dreamers. They are supposed to live in a world where the ordinary standards of social and commercial competence are unknown. Like the artist of romantic fiction, they are held to be the absolute negation of business ability. Nothing could well be farther from the truth, in the sphere of stage musicianship at least. A busy writer and producer of operas performs a task beside which most of the problems of commerce and administration are child's-play. Every possible difficulty, alike personal, material, and financial, is his daily lot. He has to organize and focus a combination of efforts which touch every conceivable side of artistic life. He has to coordinate all these activities at a precise place and at a precise moment. One weak link in the chain may destroy him. Months of hard and thankless labor may result in an hour's glory or a year's ruin. This is one of the fascinations of the stage. It is the supreme artistic gamble. Patrons, composers and performers alike feel that all of artistic ventures opera is both the most exciting and the most exacting. It is also the most comprehensive. Poets, painters, and musicians, architects and engineers, dancers and masters of ceremony, carpenters and mechanics, all have a hand in it. It includes every known form of musical material. An opera house is a small kingdom, comprising and controlling many artistic provinces, and there have been few comets, given the chance, have not covered its resources. It exists by favor of those who are ready to stake their wealth and reputation on it. It is emphatically not the place for the unpractical idealist.—George Dyson, in "The Progress of Music."

"All that is made is the work of God, and all is good."—Mary Baker Eddy.

RADIO PARTS

BIG-BANKRUPT STOCK OF
Power Transformers, \$2.50-41; New Dynamic Speakers, \$2-44.50; New Pick-ups, \$3; Sangamo Condensers, .006, 25c.
Write us in Peoria, Ill.
ATLAS SALVAGE CO.
184 York Street, TORONTO 9007 Bloor Street, MONTREAL

Take It Now

Keep strong through Winter through

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil

Builds Resistance
Easy to Take

ISSUE No 51—32