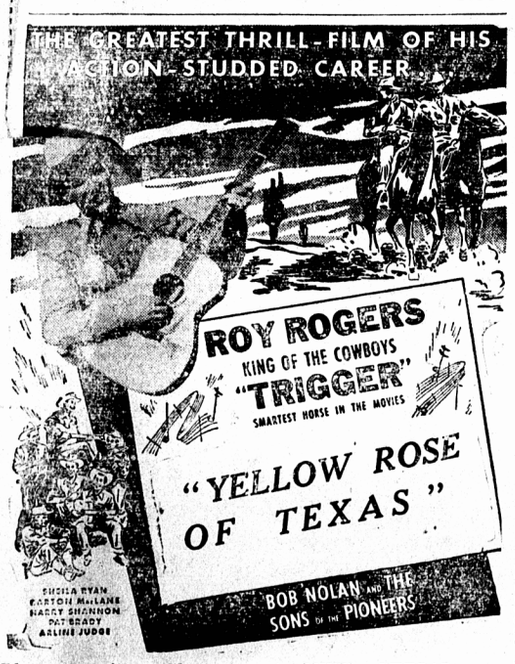
EXTRA — LATEST "NEWS OF THE DAY"
AIR CADETS — A Canada Carries On" Co[illegible] Short
PLAYING *TO-DAY and SAT.*
SHOWS AT 3.15 — 7 and 9
PRINCE EDWARD -:- COME EARLY

. CAPITOL -:- TO-DAY AND SAT.



Plus Opening Chapter of NEW SERIAL — "CAPTAIN AMERICA" and Last Chapter "ADVENTURES OF FLYING CADETS"
SHOWING AT 3.15 — 7 — 8.45

This War—Four Years Ago

By The Canadian Press

JUNE 16, 1940—Premier Paul Reynaud and French cabinet resigned. New government headed by Marshal Petain took office as Germans drove southward through France. British continued to fight in Normandy as Britain reiterated determination to fight on to victory.

CLEANING PERCOLATORS

Coarse salt poured into the coffee holder of the percolator before scrubbing inside and out with a brush will clean out all holes that are clogged up. Hold the container under the hot water faucet and wash coffee deposit and salt away together.

Chucklesome Film Grandest Surprise Out of Hollywood

"Once Upon A Time," Columbia's new comedy currently starring Cary Grant and featuring Janet Blair at the Prince Edward Theatre, is the fabulous tale of a fabulous guy . . . whimsically woven of romance . . . and tenderness . . . laughter . . . and that thing called "heart," and will give you that warm, tender, joyous feeling only a great motion picture experience can do. When you see it . . . you won't believe your eyes . . . but your heart will tell you it's the grandest, most whimsical surprise to come out of Hollywood this year . . . or any year. It is something new under the sun.

Besides Cary Grant and Janet Blair, the cast includes Ted Donaldson, fresh from his Broadway triumph in that smash hit, "Life With Father," Mickey McGuire, remember him in "Our Gang" comedies; the veteran comedian, James Gleason, William Demarest and Howard Freeman.

EMPIRE TO-NIGHT and SAT.
SHOWS 7 — 8.45 — MATINEE SAT. ONLY AT 2.30

PUBLIC FORUM

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

(Continued from page 4)

"keep their feet on the ground", or under the ground in making their preparations. When the war may end, no one knows, but the time to prepare for that ending, and to think over measures of employment for the returning men, is NOW. That is why I suggested the opening of the Chignecto Canal—already partly built as a "ship canal", or sort of cradle-railway, to carry ships across the isthmus. But I would rather see a real canal there, and in digging it, dump the clay and rock to form the near-by causeway to Prince Edward Island. This would both provide employment that would be needed only temporarily, as the returned men, and others, engaged in the work could be gradually absorbed elsewhere, but the results here would be permanent, or, humanly speaking, forever.

And in suggesting such a route for navigation, if space permitted, your readers could have been reminded as a study of any map makes obvious, that there would be a saving not only of twelve hundred miles, coming and going, each round trip, but they would have a safe, inland passage and so avoid the fogs that hang like a pall, almost continually, on the rugged outer coast of Nova Scotia.

You will, I hope, pardon me for relating a little of my own early acquaintance with those fogs My territory, when starting out as a rather young "traveller," included an odd trip to Arichat and Canso, —at that time, and likely yet, fery prosperous fishing centres, but requiring quantities of meats as well. About the time of my first trip there a contract for transportation down the Strait from Mulgrave—where I first became acquainted with the operations of a car-ferry, crossing, train and all, to Pt. Tupper, on the Cape Breton shore—the contract for transportation to Guysboro, Canso and Arichat, had just been awarded to a firm at Yarmouth, and they provided three small steamers—really overgrown tugs—for the service—today I believe they would be called **Corvettes**, and named after members of the owner's family ,the "Percy Cann", the "John L. Cann" and the "Malcolm Cann," respectively. The Guysboro Railway, to run through from Windsor Junction via Dartmouth, was only in the electioneering "promise" stage then, but eagerly expected, and hoped for even as far as Canso. But that was another Maritime promise, and, as usual, only part of it was ever completed.

It happened that just about the time of my first trip down the Strait of Canso, the utilization of "Cold storage" for the preservation of all food products was becoming a rather live question, and "Guarantee of the bonds" a live issue, in the politics of Prince Edward Island. The subject was new to me then, but I lost no opportunity of studying it, and in after years was destined to become quite familiar with it through years of practical experience.

On making my very first call, on the wharf at Canso to our largest customer there—who then gave us all his orders, whether we had anyone there or not—so that my calls were rather as a matter of courtesy, when there. And as I had to remain over night, and could make all the other calls there in much less than two hours, I had plenty time to spare. I soon found that Mr. A. N. Whitman who owned the large fishing plant there, was quite an authority on cold storage, and then operated quite a large cold storage plant—the brine system—in connection with his other business. He was an old man, but well-preserved. He had turned over the management of the large store to very capable assistants, another, a qualified engineer, ran the cold-storage plant so that Mr. Whitman had plenty time to talk on his favorite subject and we discussed it for hours He had shortly before that inaugurated a system—quite common now, but new at that time—of sending a steam tug to pick up lobsters direct from the fishermen, instead of having them lose time in bringing them to the factory. In connection with this he told me of a real school-boy 'howler' which had come to his personal knowledge shortly before: The teacher had put the question, in an examination of his more advanced pupils, "name the improved means of travel and transportation now in daily use along the Strait of Canso". The boy could remember the names of only two of the little boats, but he knew there should be a third one, so he wrote, the "John L. Cann, the 'Malcolm Cann,' and the lobster can".!

Anyway, Mr. Whitman on hearing that I intended to go to Arichat next day, immediately gave orders that next morning, instead of having me spend half the day going up to Mulgrave on one side of the Strait, and in the evening back to Arichat on the other, "plain and easy" he sent his own "lobster car" a good many miles out of its regular course, to take me across the bay, direct to Arichat and, needless to say, as I found out on landing there, also gave strict orders that no one in the crew was to accept anything for his doing so. But what I remember most distinctly, there was the fog Its origin is quite simple; the warmer air from the Gulf Stream meeting that from the cold, northern Arctic current, just as when your warm breath is blown onto a cold glass, condensation of moisture is the result. I was in the wheel-house with the captain. The whistle overhead kept sounding intermittently and the "look-out" kept peering continually into the surrounding gloom, but could see for only a few yards ahead. And the fog, one "could cut it with a knife"!

I often think of this when reading or hearing of the loss of our car-ferry in the fog off Fort Mouton. I am not personally acquainted with Captain Read, but know of his record, and with all due respect to the trial judge, not knowing what the twists of the law may be, I still believe that the sinking of the car-ferry was in truth, as the captain contended "an act of God". (Page your deep sea poet, Ferta Maris Profundi", and see what he thinks of that!). But to believe that any man, towards the close of a long and honorable career, would wilfully sacrifice a million-dollar boat, is simply beyond my comprehension. There must be some other explanation of it that we are yet to hear. "No question is ever settled until it is settled right."

But I must look out, or this letter will be longer than the first one!

What courses are open to Prince Edward Island in seeking redress of our "Communications" problem? We have waited fairly patiently for the dominant party, the Ottawa Government, on both sides of politics there, as well as here, to carry out that written agreement. Will it be any better in another seventy years, If anyone could guarantee that it would, I would advise to wait even for that time, but would insert a condition in the new agreement that if it is not completed fully in that time, then the party responsible for the delay will pay to the other whatever damage accrue from such neglect. I think that is fair. I expect to be gone from here to shuffle off "This mortal coil", long before that. But someone will remain. I will not act like the man that I once heard Sir Wilfred Laurier tell about. When cautioned to "remember posterity"! he came back with the question, "what has posterity ever done for me?" Was it not the same Laurier, as leader, when George W. Howlan, of Tignish, resigned his life-appointment in the Senate, and came back to run another election in his native county, with the definite promise of a tunnel in his pocket if elected, was it not the same plain Wilfrid Laurier who met him with the argument: "Don't accept his proposal, but **wait for us, and we will build a better one!**" And so Howlan was defeated, and soon, with him, the "Tunnel" agitation died out also. This is not "talking politics, but simply reminding all concerned of current provincial history

But Mr. Hemming has propounded a question, and I must try in my own way, to answer it:

As I see it, this province, at the end of another seventy years, if necessary, has the choice of three courses open to it:

First, it may continue to "bear the slings and arrows' of Confederation, as at present and decide not "to fly to others that we know not of."

Secondly, it may withdraw from Confederation, resuming its old, pre-Confederate position as a self-governing "Colony", but still remaining loyally within the Empire;

Thirdly, it may withdraw, and join up as a component part. I might say a complementary part, of the near by United States.

On this second and third alternative there is so much that might be said that it would call, at least, for one long letter by itself. I may be pardoned for saying that. I have studied the matter for a life-time, and like one climbing a lofty mountain and viewing the surrounding country the more I see, the more is there to be seen, in considering the future of this Island in or out of "Canada", as well as the future of "Canada" itself and its place in, or out of the British Empire.

Long ago the **Standard of Empire**, published in London England, offered a worth-while prize for an essay on the "Governance of Empire". The subject was new to me then, but I happened to slightly know the late Senator Donald Ferguson, from Marshfield, who I had seen at my father's home on his only electioneering visit, I believe, to Eastern King's. I wrote him to Ottawa, and very soon received from him all the literature I could use In that essay I advocated a superior council, made up of the Premiers of all self-governing parts of the British Empire or chosen by them, and to meet alternately in their various capitals. I coined for it the name, **The Britannational Council.** The prize went to a young lawyer in Halifax, R. V. Harris, who opened, not so anxious as I was then, nor so impituous, with those words, the only part of the essay that I remember "The governance of the Empire must be a matter of slow and gradual growth". Today, in the current number of "**MacLean's**", Beverly Baxter advocates the very same thing as I did over twenty years ago, even to suggesting that the Council meet in alternate capitals of the Empire, as well as in London! So, you will admit, do great minds run in similar channels, or, to put it in another way so does history repeat itself! I may add that I met Mr. Harris only once, on private business, and did not envy him his success the slightest, but if ever I wished to have a "walkie-talkie", it was the other Monday night, while listening in to the broadcast from All Saints Cathedral, and the installation of their new Bishop, when I heard the name of Mr. Reginald V. Harris mentioned, as co-Chancellor in union with that of our own Judge Harold Palmer, I would like to ask Mr. Harris if he ever does any writing now, and what he thinks of various suggestions being put forward, at present by various authorities, for "Governance of Empire" after the war is over

I may say parenthetically here that it was in the old skating-rink, which then occupied the site of the present All Saints' Cathedral, that I listened to R.L. Borden when he was first persuaded to enter public life, in that land of Canadian statesmen, the province of Nova Scotia. He was comparatively unknown then, but I freely made the prediction, after hearing him that although he might be slow in attaining power, he would be equally slow in going out, and history proves that my words came true. Radical, as I thought, in many of his ideas, or, at least, perfectly independent, He seemed, above all else transparently honest. His was the only government in the British Empire that survived the shock of the last Great War. I believe that the war then literally killed him. However, that may be, he died in harness, and as this province, in its name of one of its ports on welcoming the first car-ferry, perpetuates its thanks with the name of "Borden", so I believe that if he had been spared a few years longer, with problems following that First Great War, once solved and out of the public way he would have turned his undivided attention to the main problem of this province, the fulfillment of the written promises of Confederation, and deal with them in the only way possible, by construction of a Causeway to give us uninterrupted communication, "winter and summer", every day, and, if necessary, every hour in short "continuous", to the mainland of our sister province

The opportunity came to me when fairly young to study those questions closely, or at first hand, for the partner and business manager in the only farm that I ever worked for before answering the ad in your paper by this airport, looking for experienced office help, was no other than, later, the Hon. J. Fred Fraser, a native of near East Point, in this province, but who went away from here while still little more than a boy, and died last year as a prominent and highly-esteemed citizen of his adopted city Halifax. He, public-spirited always, was one of that committee which met some years ago at Moncton and laid down the principles of "Maritime Rights". Another member of that original committee was Mr. Patterson of Saint John, a brother of Rev. Dr. F.W. Patterson, President of Acadia University. When a few years later Acadia offered a prize for the best essay on the subject of those "Rights", I, with many others, submitted one also. I did not win it but the President was considerate enough to send me a copy of the winning essay, which I was glad to get, but which appeared to me as simply a collection of financial reports, without benefit of even a connecting narritative and not my idea of an "Essay" at all. But I valued highly its information, as the accompanying letter from Dr Patterson.

When some years earlier the Montreal Winter Carnival Committee offered a prize for the best essay on "the Canadian Winter", I was more fortunate, although with far less preparation. I wrote the essay on the train, and just as now without reference to any sources of information. I took the night train from Sydney, and next afternoon reached Moncton, on my way to Newcastle, to keep an appointment with a large lumber operator near there, who had told me on a previous trip that he would be ready to buy again on that particular day, I did not often made such "long jumps", generally working in between, but so long as I got the business the firm left it to myself to work out my own time-table, without any interference in any way. Passing through the Wentworth Valley, there had been a heavy sleet or "silver thaw", the night before. It had not yet melted off, and as Whittier says in his "First Snowfall"!

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl"

Describing the scene as the train tore along. I added some general observations of a national aspect, and on arrival at Moncton had the whole production typed. Soon after I had word from the firm that they had received a gold watch there for me, and to let them know where I wanted it re-forwarded. That essay is mentioned here not as self-advertisement, but to recall my statement there, with the "color" question in mind, that we need hardly fear it, for "No immigration law so far devised can equal our 'Forty degrees below'. That way the hope of our country lies." This

(Continued on page 9, Col. 2)

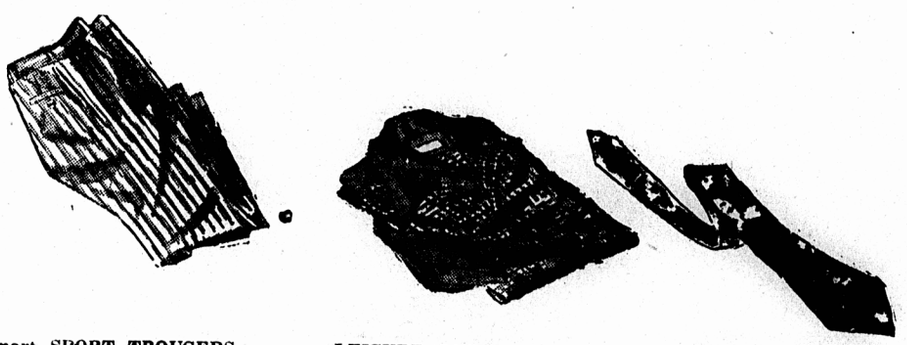
TOPS *for popularity.*

DAD'S working hard these days. He deserves special recognition this June 18th, Father's Day. Give him something to wear . . . a gift he'll always appreciate. Our store is fairly brimming over with attractive wearing apparel . . . the kind all fathers like.

BROADCLOTH
SHIRTS
for Dad

Give him one of our fine quality striped broadcloth shirts ... light backgrounds striped with blue, green, gray, tan or brown.

Special Value **$2.00**



Smart SPORT TROUSERS
Comfortable, pre-shrunk ... well styled in a variety of colors, all sizes $3.00 to $8.50

LEISURE JACKETS
Two-tone rayon jacket, solid color back and sleeves. Valued at ....$3.50 to $6.00

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Gay new ties in bright or soft conservative shades ... a variety of patterns .. $1.00

S. A. McDONALD'S

REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY ... JUNE 18TH.

Out Our Way — By J. R. Williams

FIGHT BINDING