THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded 1887)

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
$5.00 per year (in advance) delivered to City
$4.00 per year (in advance) mailed to P. E.Island
$5.00 per year (in advance) mailed to Canada and U.S.
Members Audit Bureau of Circulations

"The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink."

MONDAY, JULY 11, 1938

An Ominous Beginning

An extraordinary thing occurred yesterday, which illustrates the far-reaching powers of our political dictators even in the matter of overriding such long-established laws as that of Sabbath observance.

A prominent farmer at Marshfield saw, yesterday forenoon, a number of men erecting signs "This Way To The National Park." It seemed an altogether unnecessary task to be doing on Sunday, and he asked the workmen if they didn't know that they were breaking the law. They replied that they were following instructions.

The farmer then rang up the Mounted Police, and asked them if it was permissible to put up such signs on Sunday.

The answer was "No."

But later he got a phone call from the police. They told him they had discovered that they had no jurisdiction over this matter, as it was under the department of the Attorney General.

Under the Prohibition Act, the Attorney General is empowered to hold court of inquiry into his own activities as Prohibition administrator. Couldn't he strain the section a little and take proceedings against himself for permitting violation of the Lord's Day Observance Act?

We recall a famous provincial Liberal platform which is said to have been constructed on the Sabbath day. But that was not known until later. The sound of the hammering was inaudible to outsiders, and occasioned no disturbance to the more law-abiding class of citizens who were attending to their religious duties. This case seems to be different.

Commission Costs

The cost of Royal Commissions in Canada recently, has been submitted in Parliament, as follows:

Textile Commission	$180,000
Grain marketing	114,000
Penitentiaries	90,000
War veterans' assistance	326,000
Coal commission	23,000
Lobster fishing	4,000
Dominion-Provincial (to date)	68,000
Total	$815,000

Few taxpayers realize, an Ontario editor says, that besides salary some of those engaged in commission work have received no less than $35 per day living allowances, while counsel have been paid as high as $200 a day plus expenses. Isn't it time to call a halt?

"What Has Changed?"

Under the above heading the Winnipeg Free Press recalls that Sir Edward Beatty was not always in favor of railway amalgamation. In 1926, speaking before the Montreal Canadian Club he was emphatically against it. He said:

"I was asked if I believed in a railway monopoly for this country and I answered that while no one should attempt to forecast conditions in this country for the next few years with that certainty which would justify a definite and unchangeable view, I did not believe in a monopoly and I did not believe in it for a reason that was perhaps in a peculiar way the result of my own experience. I said that I thought a merger of these two principal properties would involve difficulties of administration which were scarcely contemplated and which would in time affect the whole character of the service given to the public; that I did not know how it would be possible with the best executives, the most loyal and efficient officers, and the wisest and most patriotic board of directors for an enterprise with one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand employees to be maintained in the highest state of efficiency without the spur of competition. I may be wrong in my point of view, but it is extremely difficult to maintain a high morale and that 'on his toes' attitude of railway employees when they have nothing to measure their efforts against and that so far as they are concerned the struggle for results is taken away because there is no one else in the ring."

It is remarkable that the very reason which Sir Edward gave against amalgamation is the one which remains unchanged despite the very different railroad setting of 1926 and 1938.

Ignoring The Public

The adjournment of Parliament without a word concerning the proposed trade treaties with the United States and the United Kingdom is the subject of strong protest in the Financial Post, which complains specifically that no indication was given as to:

1. When the treaty might be expected.
2. Whether Parliament would reassemble when the treaty is made.
3. Whether the treaty will be announced and accepted by the Government prior to ratification by Parliament.

On all these points some clarification should have been given. As it is business will have important tax and tariff changes hanging over its head for at least another month, with no indication as to when such changes may be expected.

That important changes will be forthcoming is indicated by the report that at a recent government caucus, Finance Minister Dunning urged low tariff westerners to wait for the new agreement before they did any "bolting" from the party.

The recent statement of U. S. Ambassador J. P. Kennedy that "the present is a difficult time to reach any agreement" carries no implication that the treaty negotiations have broken down, particularly as he is reputed to have said privately that the U.S.-U.K. trade treaty would be ready before the end of July. Nor can a similar interpretation be placed on the withdrawal of Australian officials from trade parleys in U.K.

Present indications are, says the Toronto paper, that the treaty is delayed by reason of details rather than disagreement as to principle. But the King Government should give some indication as to when and how it will appear.

A Poe Memorial

Memorials to poets have taken many forms. One of the finest and most appropriate we have seen is a recently issued volume entitled "Muse", combining an anthology of modern verse with tributes by the foremost poets and essay writers, of both England and America, to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe. This Poe memorial edition is a magnificent example of the printer's art. Only 3,000 numbered copies have been printed but perhaps later editions will be issued to meet the popular demand. In a foreword it is stated that the volume is "a dedication of the entire poetic movement of our present day to the memory of one man: and that man an American who died some eighty-eight years ago. Those who read it will learn not only much of the relation of the poetry movement of our own day to the genius and example of Poe, but they will have set before them, examples of the best poetry written in our time, so that they may judge for themselves what this poetry—our modern poetry—is worth in relation, not only to the past, but to present life." Poe's poems are also included in the book, which is published in New York.

Two Prince Edward Island poets have the honour of being represented in this magnificent publication, each by a lovely lyric. They are L. M. Montgomery and Mrs. Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.

Editorial Notes

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Crops in every category are looking lovely.

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Alexandria bombarded this date 1882 during Egyptian war.

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A distinguished visitor the other day was advised to go to Brackley, Stanhope or Souris, and ended by going to Beach Grove, because, he said, the south shore should be more tolerable in a cool summer like this.

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Invited to attend the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow, the Prince Aga Kahn was assured a private room would be set aside for him to pray for an hour. It is the Mohammadon custom.

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That $20,000 for youth training will have to be better utilized than the grant last year which went almost exclusively to Grits, or the families of Grits. A day of reckoning is not far off, so it behooves the Provincial Government to beware.

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We are sometimes, indeed frequently, admonished that Canada should follow the example of Britain and tolerate untrammelled speech and propaganda. But Britain is no more tolerant than Canada in this respect.

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The new Conservative Leader is the grandson of a McCallum, his grandmother on his mother's side having hailed from the Island. It is a great mixture for a leader, Irish and Scotch and French, and accounts for Dr. Manion's undoubted popularity, not only in Ontario in general and Ottawa in particular, but wherever he is known.

* * * *

Sharp increase in stocks of creamery butter is noted by the Dominion Bureau of Statsitics in its preliminary report of stocks in nine leading cities to 19,840,184 pounds, as compared with 6,571,171 pounds as of June 1. Total was 17,678,682 pounds at July 1, 1937. Cheese stocks increased to 17,820,478 pounds, against 11,760,293 pounds and 17,252,208 pounds at the same comparative dates.

* * * *

James Bryant Conant, 45-year-old president of Harvard University, is one of a group of 200 members of the Alpine Club to spend two weeks at the club's annual camp on the Columbia icefields from July 16 to 30. Dr. Conant, keen follower of outdoor sports, including mountain climbing and hiking, will take part in all activities of the camp, forgetting all about the warm weather at home which makes such violent exercises unnecessary.

* * * *

If you wish to see a well handled boy camp you should see the Boy Scouts at Camp Buchan, where over a hundred have been carrying on with efficiency, buoyant spirits and true comradeship for nearly ten days. It is a pleasure to see them, busy as bees all day long, whistling and smiling when the Weather Clerk misbehaves, and enjoying themselves to the full when the sun shines and makes out of doors pleasant and attractive. The Camp Chief, assistant Camp Chief, Scoutmasters, and patrol leaders do the trick.

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It is now a virtue not a sin to eat between meals according to a scientist at the Ottawa meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science who says definitely six meals a day. This means, as our mathematically minded readers will see at once, the forty-two-meal week, or something more than a meal per hour of work. Perhaps this is as pleasant a way as any of meeting the challenge of the new leisure. There is one drawback. The specialist at Ottawa says six meals a day, but a total of only two-thirds as much food as one consumes now. But that, too, will be adjusted in time. As science continues to advance with mighty strides, upsetting on its way the science of today, we may confidently look forward to a world of tomorrow in which people will be urged to eat eight heavy meals a day. Incidentlly, that would make an end to the depression by increasing consumption of farm produce.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Storing of whale oil in Great Br.tain for use in the making of oleomargarine in case of war has put new life into the fleets which set out annually to capture the marine mammals. Last year no less than 2,668,103 barrels of the oil were brought back from the Antarctic and nine-tenths of that brought into Britain was for use in the margarine industry. — Windsor Daily Star.

The most cooling experience during yesterday's sweltering heat was a call from a friend who mentioned, in all seriousness, that if this weather continued much longer he was going to change from Winter underwear to a lighter weight of wool.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

In a city bond store, a few weeks ago, an employe made a gruesome discovery. A skull rolled from an old packing case stored in the bond. Investigation showed that in the case, which was zinc-lined, there were 100 human skulls. The case has been in the bond store for 30 years unclaimed. Stencilled on the outside is the word "Gablock," thought to be the name of the vessel which brought the package to Sydney. Experts have decided that the skulls are those of natives of the South Sea Islands, probably of the Solomons Group. Police are investigating, and so far have not decided who has a good title to the bones. It is believed that the skulls were consigned to a scientist many years go, placed in store and forgotten. The problem now is one of ownership—though title will admittedly be inferior to that of the 100 original owners.—Australian News.

I hear on reliable authority that the Japanese have cornered the American market on biliary calculi. In other words, they have a monopoly on the gallstones that are taken from slaughtered cattle. The stones are polished and sold as good luck charms in Japan. The Japanese soldier wears one on a fob and thinks that by rubibng it he can bring good luck his way. Like all monopolies this one has its complications. In China there is grave alarm over the situation—for the old-style Chinese doctor considers the powder obtained from the ground-up gallstones one of the most powerful medicines in his cabinet. The powder retails for as high as $250 a pound. It is believed in China, to be effective against low blood pressure, fever and convulsions. One application given a baby within ten days after birth is thought to protect him from convulsions for life.—John Carlyle.

With their newfangled electrical and seismographic prospecting instruments, petroleum geologists have found indications that oil formations may lie as deep as 25,000 feet below the earth's surface. Until the visible supply of oil begins seriously to dwindle, probably no one will try to drill five miles. Meanwhile, in California's San Joaquin Valley, Continental Oil Company has bored to 15,004 feet—nearly three miles. This well, prosaically designated as K.C.L. A-2, is the deepest hole ever made in the earth. Having brought up oil from 13,100 feet, it is also the deepest producer. Last week K.C.L. A-2 was uneventfully running 400 bbl. of crude a day. It has been throttled down to that figure because of California's proration agreements. In a 24-hour free test run it yielded 3,600 bbl. Even under prorated production it is expected to return its investment — $305,000—in three years. Time.

One of the patrons of a Cape Cod drugstore is a wire-haired fox terrier who comes in almost every afternoon, hops up on a stool, puts his paws on the counter, and barks twice. That's a signal for the soda clerk to dish up a double portion o. vanilla ice cream, which he gives the dog after removing fifteen cents from a purse attached to his collar. The terrier laps up his ice cream as neatly as any Summer colonist, utters one grateful bark, and patters contentedly out of the store.—The New Yorker.

Well do I remember a day when a noted boxing expert of that period came to me in tribulation. He said, "I've got to do a life of Jess Willard in 45,000 words, and they want 10,000 on his boynood. All he can remember about his boyhood is that he had a dog, but when I asked him what the dog did he said, 'He didn't do nothing'." "That boynood stuff is going to be pretty difficult," I remarked. "I've finished that", said the frantic Boswell. "The thing that worries me is the 65,000 words on his adult life. He can't seem to tell me anything about that. In fact, I think I may leave him out and just can the whole blame thing 'The Life and Times of Jess Willard's Dog'."—Heywood Broun in New York World-Telegram.

The Countes of Strathmore in all she did preserved the simplicity and dignity of a great lady whose life was centred in her faith and in her home. Her tastes were simple; she took a keen interest in gardening and needlework, and round the border of the canopy of one of the great four-poster beds at Glamis Castle she worked with her own hand the names of her nine children with the dates of their births. She embroidered many exquisite tapestries. One of the most cherished heirlooms at Glamis is the great bed in which "Bonnie Prince Charlie" slept. When its rose satin canopy fell to pieces with age the Countess made an exact replica. She brought up her family without "frills", and there was always a homely atmosphere in the feudal castle at Glamis, set amid a background of hills, lochs, heath and moorland, where our Queen spent her childhood. The Countess taught the little girl to sew and cook like any good Scots maid, and when war turned Glamis into the pleasantest of hospitals for wounded soldiers the young Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon knitted socks with the village girls. — Manchester Guardian.

A provision of The Municipal Act which may be overlooked by many townships is contained in section 513. This, as the Municipal World points out, authorizes township councils to pass bylaws for granting a prize not exceeding $10 for the best kept roadside, farm front and farm house surroundings, in each school section in the township, and for prescribing the conditions upon which such prizes may be competed for and awarded. A competiton of this sort, if properly managed, may be the means of a big improvement in the appearance of township roads. A bonus may also be granted, by bylaw passed under section 511 (1) (c), not exceeding 25 cents each, for planting on any highway or within six feet thereof, ash, basswood, beech, birch, butternut, cedar, cherry, chestnut, elm, hickory, maple oak pine, sassafras, spruce, walnut or whitewood trees. Such bonus to be payable at the expiration of three years from date of planting if the trees are then alive, healthy, and in good form. — Brockville Recorder and Times.

The Dual Position Of Mr. Roosevelt

(Ottawa Journal)

"As President of the United States" Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt denied indignantly that he is asking the voters to choose Democrats for Congress next November. Nor was he, as President, taking part in the Democratic primaries, he said. But "as the head of the Democratic party" he felt he had "every right to speak" in the Democratic primaries whenever there was a clear-cut issue of liberalism. And it is in the latter capacity that Mr. Roosevelt is to tour his country, making speeches at points where Democratic interests are endangered.

It is a nice distinction, and for comparison the New York Herald-Tribune has gone to the pages of "The Mikado," as set down by W. S. Gilbert more than a half century ago. It quotes from the celebrated conference of Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner, and Pooh-Bah, the man of many posts:

Ko-Ko—. Pooh-Bah, it seems that the festivities in connection with my approaching marriage must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want to consult you as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

Pooh-Bah—Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Purse, or Private Secretary.

Ko-Ko—Suppose we say as Private Secretary.

Poor-Bah—Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that, as the city will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.

Ko-Ko—Exactly—as the city will have to pay for it. That is your advice.

Pooh-Bah—As Private Secretary. Of course you will understand that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I am bound to see that due economy is observed.

Ko-Ko—I see. Come over here, where the Chancellor can't hear us. (They cross stage.) Now, as my Solicitor, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?

Pooh-Bah—Oh, as your Solicitor, I should have no hesitation in saying "Chance it"—

Ko-Ko—Thank you. (Shaking his hand.) I will.

Pooh-Bah—If it were not that, as Lord Chief Justice, I am bound to see that the law isn't violated.

Ko-Ko—I see. Come over here where the Chief Justice can't hear us. (They cross the stage.) Now, then, as First Lord of the Treasury?

Pooh-Bah—Of course, as First Lord of the Treasury, I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that, as leader of the Oppsition, it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Paymaster-General, I could so cook the accounts, that as Lord High Auditor I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Titipu, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police.

"The precedent," remarks the Herald Tribune, "is complete." And the new publicity man of the Republican national organization suggests that as the President is making his tour in the capacity of party leader, the party, and not the nation, should pay his expenses.

It is a curious situation which arises because Mr. Roosevelt, and every man in the high place he holds, is the official head of the State and so above and beyond politics; but at the same time is active head of a political organization and as such keenly interested in its fortunes, bound to advance its interests.

Neptune And Aeolus

(London Times)

In future every passenger who crosses the equator for the first time in one of the Empire flying-boats will be preesnted with an ornamental scroll certifying that he has become one of the "progressive band of travellers who cross the line by air." This gesture, graceful though it is, may seem at first sight unimportant, a mere whimsy on the part of some official with a kind heart and a sense of humor. But in the long run it may turn out to be of great practical effect. For what has so far prevented air travel from becoming so popular as it ought to be is not that it is dangerous or monotonous, or expensive, or sickmaking, but that, like one of those admirable new public schools, it has no tradition.

When a man travels by ship, even on the shortest of voyages, he is floating not only upon water but also upon a sea of associations, literary and historical. He is Odysseus, he is Jason, he is Columbus and Captain Cook and Trader Horn. He is a jolly Jack Tar, and every nice girl loves him, and he doesn't care, and he has a wife in every port and it's yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum, and a life on the ocean wave—or, if he happens to be of a more scholarly type, on the dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea. All this, whether he realizes it or not, is both flattering and exhilarating; it gives him a sense of unity with the heroes and adventurers of the past, and it ministers to his vanity as a well read man. But aerial travel has no such connotations. The air has, as yet, no shanties, and little serious poetry is sure to come, but the shanties are more doubtful. For one thing, they would be scarcely audible above the noise of the engines, and it is poor fun singing shanties if nobody can hear them. For another, aviation does not involve any prolonged, arduous rhythmic movements such as the hauling of ropes or the turning of capstans. Swinging the propeller is the nearest approach to these motions; and the only vocal accompaniment which this seems to evoke is a laconic shout of "Contact."

Still, Imperial Airways have made a good start with their ornamental scroll. But they state that there is to be no air equivalent of the shaving and ducking to which we are subjected by "King Neptune" when crossing the line at sea. This seems a pity. It would be perfectly easy for a member of the flying boat's crew, disguised as Aeolus and attended not by bears but by abatrosses, to give all the novices a baptismal air-bath with the aid of an electric fan. And it would be a short step from this ceremony to the creation of an aerial equivalent to Jack Tar—Will Wing or Peter Prop suggest themselves as possibilities—who will have no more difficulty than his marine proto-type in making all the nice girls love him, even if he cannot succeed (owing to the exigencies of the time schedule) in having a wife in every airport, it is to be hoped, however, that no attempt will be made to introduce into air travel the more barbaric seafaring practices. Keel-hauling, a terrible ordeal even at sea, would be an unthinkable horror in the air; while as for walking the plank—but at that the imagination boggles, sickeningly, and reaches for its paper bag.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

PREVENTING SYMPTOMS DUE TO THE ITCH BUG AND OTHER INSECTS

Like all boys I wanted to travel all over the world, particularly through the tropical jungles. However, in the back of my mind always was, not the fear of snakes, lions, or tigers, but of annoying bugs and insects that would be crawling about my body day and night. Particularly was I afraid even as a boy of the bugs that would cause such intense itching that I would be continuously scratching and tearing my skin to obtain relief.

Later, as a physician, I met hundreds of cases of scabies in hospital. Scabies, the medical name for the itch, is due to the presence of a little bug or insect which gets under the skin and causes the most intense itching. This insect, which resembles a tiny turtle can scarcely be seen by the naked eye, gets into the middle layer of the skin and because of its bristling hair cannot get out again and remains there until it dies. However it leaves its eggs which develop into insects and these insects in turn burrow into the skin. The cure then is to smother the little insects and destroy the eggs.

The treatment has usually been the application of ointments containing sulphur, tar, carbolic acid, zink, or mercury. Sulphur has been used more than any of the others both in the form of baths and ointments. The process of killing off insects and eggs is sometimes slow and prolonged.

What appears to be a boon to those afflicted with scabies and a preventive for those who must or wish to travel or be where the insects are prevalent, is announced by Dr. R. A. Nolan in Military Surgeon. Dr. Nolan uses sublimed sulphur in a bland paste soap which combined well, is applied as a copious lather and allowed to dry leaving a sulphurated film on the body. For treatment, the application of the soap is repeated for three days with daily changes of underwear. The suphur paste soap contains 18 percent of sulphur and requires only about half an ounce for one satisfactory application. This thin film of soap will produce enough hydrogen sulphide (gas with the rotten egg odor) to discourage the itch mite from lodging in seams and underclothing.

Just one application of this soap would thus permit one to be amid the itch mite and other insects which cause definite symptoms and even definite diseases in the body.

The Poet's Corner

LOOKING SEAWARDS

Today I read the songs of one
Dead barely five and twenty years,
Whose notes across Oblivion
Scarce any listener hears.

And then I thought — so great a war
Has raged between our days and his,
That only mightiest things before
Lives in our memories.

Therefore to singers all I say:
With stoutest planks and hugest beams,
Here laboring in the Port of Day,
Build strong your ship of dreams.

For in the night outside I see
Great storms preparing from whose grips
I think shall come triumphantly
Only the noblest ships.

—Lord Dunsany.

SWEATER SMARTNESS

NEW YORK—Fluffy little sweaters of angora and wool are going places on vacation this summer, topping sports skirts or frocks, and, abbreviated and buttoned down the front, worn over simple summer dance dresses.

Gassy Stomachs

RELIEVED

If you have any trouble with your stomach such as indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, heartburn, gastric distress, etc., then don't delay getting a bottle of Dr. L. B. Evan's Stomach Mixture immediately.

Evan's Stomach Mixture is a prescription of Dr. L. B. Evans, noted English Physician of which we have the sole rights to and since selling it have received numerous testimonials from satisfied purchasers.

Try a bottle today. Price 85 cents.

* * * *

SPECIALS

Just arrived, large assortment of Bathing Caps and Beach Bags.

Bathing Caps in all colors ranging from — — 20c to 75c
Beach Bags in Blue, Tan or Rose — — — — — — $1.00
Fresh Sugar Fruit Jellies, — — — — — — 29c Per Lb.
Moirs Fresh Made Chocolates — — — — — 39c Per Lb.

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This advertisement was prepared for the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association by Thornton Purkis.