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

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1944

Mr. Gordon's Warning

Some very sound advice is contained in the address given last evening by Mr. Donald Gordon, chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, on the subject of civilian supply. Recent military successes have accentuated the tendency to "let down" on the co-operation and patience which are needed in order that our supplies may be stretched to their limit. Against this tendency Mr. Gordon warns in strong terms.

The supply situation, he points out, cannot be expected to show signs of rapid improvement. In the field of metals, for example, the requirements of war still must give place to civilian requirements. Some aluminum may shortly be released, but on the whole we cannot expect much immediate improvement. A few washing-machines, some stoves and electric irons and a few other household appliances are being made, but it will be some time yet before this production reaches any sizeable volume. In textiles and clothing, the supply is not and cannot be adequate to meet all requirements. The food supply, by and large, is abundant and no one needs to worry about any general shortage in that field, although "spotty" shortages are bound to be experienced from time to time. But no real hardship is involved in any of these civilian shortages. Compared with the drastic rationing which is still necessary in the United Kingdom, in Russia and in China—not to speak of enemy countries—Canadians have no reason to complain.

Mr. Gordon asked his hearers to reflect upon the problems that war brings. There is first of all the tremendous diversion of productive capacity to supply the huge demands for war in this the most costly war in all history. Second, is the fact that the Germans and Japanese have cut off the sources of the supply of many raw materials, and have made shipping difficulties vastly more complicated. Third, is labour and the fact that not far from half of our working force is occupied in the armed services, in war plants, and in other production for war purposes. Fourth, is the greatly increased demand for all types of goods as a result of our swollen purchasing power.

The real credit for the fact that the Canadian economy has fared as well as it has under the crippling effort of a tremendous war diversion of goods and services, Mr. Gordon concedes, goes to the farmer, the manufacturer, the importer, wholesalers and retailers, the business man and to the worker. No wartime controls in a democratic country can succeed without public co-operation. And it is for a continuance of this co-operation in the immediate future, during and after the war, that Mr. Gordon appeals. To quote his own closing words:

"During wartime most people were able to develop a single-minded devotion to the overriding objective of winning the war, and nothing which was necessary to that purpose seemed too much to contribute. In the problems of transition from war to peace the single-mindedness will no longer be present and there are bound to be violent differences of opinion and conflicts of interest to bedevil the solutions which must be reached. This time the achievement of Peace will not be the occasion to throw our caps in the air. We shall only have begun the real struggle against the forces which the German and Japanese gangsters released upon the world. It is not too early for sober-minded people to ponder upon some of these facts and it is not too early to try to organize a body of public opinion committee to restraint, self-discipline and calm thinking."

Able And Upright

"I think that all the points which have occurred to me are very fully met in the excellent reports furnished by our able and upright Press."—Mr. Churchill.

It is recorded that the House of Commons, eager for news from the beaches of Normandy, cheered these words of the Prime Minister, says The Journal of the Institute of Journalists. A Parliament which, be it noted, has not shown itself too friendly disposed towards the newspapers, here found fitting occasion to express its appreciation of the part played by the Press in presenting to the public the opening chapters of the momentous story of the armies of liberation in action.

"Able and upright" is the verdict passed by Mr. Churchill on the exertions of the free British Press at this crucial hour; and who will gainsay him? If any evidence was really needed of the indispensability of the Press in the service of the community it has been provided in overflowing measure during the past few weeks. Assuredly the journalist has never had cause to feel greater pride in his craft and greater satisfaction in the practice of it, whether his role has been that of a "front-line" reporter or a "back-line" sub-editor.

The "excellent reports" to which the Prime Minister paid tribute, together with the efficient and expeditious sub-editing of them, have won for journalism a position of the highest honour in the public estimation. It is well that this should be recognized and remembered by journalists themselves, and especially by the gallant band of war correspondents, who must have realized with Mr. Churchill (as a war correspondent of other days) that it isn't life that matters but the courage one brings to it. There is an immense future for a journalism which continues to uphold its ideals and traditions.

P. W. C. Alterations

Have the alterations to Prince of Wales College building been wisely considered? None will dispute the need for technical training facilities, but why did the Government allow the site of the old Agricultural Hall to be sold when it could have been utilized to great advantage in this connection? The removal of the rink at the rear of the College, which the students built up by their own exertions, is rather a poor way to encourage interest in "physical fitness." And it will certainly not be conducive to academic study to have a noisy machine shop and blacksmith shop housed in a building adjoining the College. These accommodations should be provided elsewhere. Prince of Wales is, after all, an institution of higher learning. To destroy its value as such, on any pretext, is sabotage.

EDITORIAL NOTES —

Festival of St. Giles who founded a hermitage of that name in France; patron of lepers, cripples and beggars; he lived in the 7th century when he was Abbot of Gilles.

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Hon. Cyrus MacMillan, who has been in Ottawa, will return tonight, and remain here until he resumes duties as Dean of the Department of English at McGill next month.

* * * *

Jacques Cartier, French navigator, died this date 1557; known as the Columbus of Canada; made three voyages to America and discovered the St. Lawrence River.

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There are different ways of informing expectant fathers of the advent of additions to the family. In Glensdale, Ohio, the birth of a baby girl is announced by town church bells playing "Mary Had A Little Lamb." For boys, it's "Little Jack Horner."

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Uruguay, which this week celebrates its 119th birthday as a republic, today is one of the countries where primary, secondary and higher public education is absolutely free; it costs the State 15 per cent of its national budget. The country is also noted for its minimum wage laws strengthened by family allowance regulations.

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English brewers are most accommodating. Last year harvest workers in Suffolk complained of suffering from thirst while they worked, so this year, farmers, anxious to please their hard-to-get help, have arranged with brewers to supply beer to the harvest fields.

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A bad traffic record is grounds enough for a refusal of United States citizenship to a man. When Judge O'Brien, Detroit, learned that Canadian-born Harry Mogloskin, 35, had been ticketed 67 times in eight years, he turned down the applicant's request for citizenship.

* * * *

Food or no food, women must always appear at their facial best. Paris is short of many things — but not lipstick. John Wilhelm, Reuter war correspondent, reported from the French capital that "as we drove in, my face became covered in a violent rash from the kisses I received from hundreds of excited madamoiselles."

* * * *

Premier Drew is here, there, and everywhere. He has just arrived in London with Captain Harold Balfour, British Under-Secretary of State for Air who recently visited Ottawa. Mr. Drew said he would be in England for two weeks, arranging details regarding plans for the rehabilitation of Ontario troops. He said he would also pay special attention to hospitalization problems and would make a tour of Canadian army hospitals in England.

* * * *

The Marquis of Linlithgow, former Viceroy of India, has been elected Chancellor of Edinburgh University in succession to the late Lord Tweedsmuir. He was in Edinburgh recently in his capacity as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He officiated at the opening ceremony of the new Assembly, and the installation of the New Moderator, the Rt. Rev. E. J. Hagan.

* * * *

"We've got one report this week which at first glance makes it look as though a man has to be very tough indeed to stay in the Australian Army nowadays, (says Lieut. Frederic Phelan in the BBC overseas service). Don Athaldo, the Australian professional strong man, has been discharged from the Army as medically unfit. However, it's not as bad as it sounds, because Athaldo, who was a Commando instructor, was taking part in a camp show and sustained an injury to his leg muscles while supporting on his chest a platform holding eleven musicians. The doctors consider that if he continued his present duties his injuries would be permanent. Athaldo, who is now in his late forties, was an original Anzac."

* * * *

According to Pan American Airways, the most exotic and perishable fruits and vegetables from Central and South America may soon become commonplaces on Canadian dinner tables. Recent successful flights and experiments by the company have already proved this. Not only will it be possible for Canadian housewives and restaurateurs to provide variety and distinction to menus by including such hitherto rarely-available delicacies as papayas, mangoes, and passion fruit, but a new profitable business in importing these Latin American favorite foods by air is expected to follow the war. Heretofore, the high perishability of many Latin American fruits and vegetables (papayas, for example, must be picked dead-ripe) prevented their importation by the relatively slow transportation means of surface shipping or even rail. Now, however, a box of Argentine grapes or Chilean melon can be loaded aboard a high speed plane and delivered at one of the great international airports and served in a matter of hours, still as fresh and palatable as when picked ripe on some South American rancho.

Notes By The Way

Still time to think about the winter's fuel—a little late, but it never will be earlier.—Vancouver Province.

General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell is getting revenge for the beating he took in Burma in 1942. He now has the Japs in quite a pickle.—Windsor Star.

Canada faces a hard pull still in a military way, in the Pacific as well as Europe. And we face a long pull in an economic way. We had better brace ourselves for it now.—Winnipeg Tribune.

In Japan a siren used to sound twice a day to call the people to the compulsory worship of Emperor Hirohito. This practice has been discontinued. The siren is now being reserved for a more urgent purpose.—Montreal Gazette.

The newspapers grow smaller. Advertising space is cut down. News stories are told more tersely. We are told to conserve paper—all sorts of paper. Old files have been cleaned out and the paper given to the salvage drive. Children are commended for gathering up paper that might otherwise go to waste. But in all this excellent program there is one class of people, a very large class at that, who, apparently, have never heard of the need to save paper. These are the press agents, otherwise on their various levels known as publicists, public-relations experts, information bureaus and drum-beaters. — New York Herald Tribune.

Those who find it hard to understand the strategy of the Battle of France may console themselves with the thought that for scores of years historians will argue about the details, will be praising and criticizing the leaders and pointing out great opportunities missed. We are living through one of the historic battles of all time.—Ottawa Journal.

One of the most ironic events of the war is reported from London. There was a gathering of Soviet-ists and other noble minded people in a hall, the object of the meeting to plan for the education of Germans after the war. A robot bomb then came over and hit the place. Meeting adjourned sine die! —St. Catharines Standard.

Development of a perennial wheat by Russian agriculturists is reported in a cable from Moscow by a Canadian correspondent. He asserts the wheat yields four harvests within two years from the one sowing and under Russian conditions, similar to those in Alberta and Saskatchewan, has produced up to 40 bushels to the acre. He states that it is rust and drought resistant and of high quality. While no further details of the new wheat were given in the cable, there is no reason, at this time, to doubt the reliability of the report. The Russians have made great strides in other directions during the last few years, particularly in the field of medicine, and their strength and strategy in the struggle against the cream of Hitler's army have amazed the world. Described as one of the most important discoveries in agriculture in many centuries, perennial wheat may, as the Moscow correspondent suggests, "alter the methods of earning a living for many millions of people, including, perhaps, Canadian farmers. — Sarnia Canadian Observer.

Every day we become more convinced that we shall never understand women. Ever since the shortage of silk and nylon became acute, they have been spending huge sums on various types of makeup for their legs, to stimulate stockings. And now they are busily buying a new type of hose which creates the impression of bare legs. You just can't keep up with them.—Windsor Star.

Some people are annoyed, no doubt, when they call a doctor and are told he is on holidays, or ask for an appointment the next day and are told that is the doctor's weekly day off, that on it he does not keep office hours. It seems to us an excellent thing that at last the medical men are learning to live and work within the limits of their physical strength. In the old days a doctor commonly worked day and night seven days a week, and in this program killed him off in his middle years that was considered a sort of professional hazard. Holidays were all right for other people, but the doctor was supposed to be on call day and night, in good weather and bad. A change has been brought about by the enormous pressure the war has put upon the medical profession. So many physicians are in the uniformed services that upon the remainder, those whose care is the civilian population, the demands are so great that a doctor can destroy himself through overwork if he does not watch himself closely. In these circumstances most doctors have found it imperative that they keep one day of the week reasonably clear away from telephone calls, and many of them are taking three weeks or a month as a vacation. It is an extremely sound idea. The public perhaps are put to some little inconvenience at times, but the doctors live longer, can do their work better.—Ottawa Journal.

What Germany must have is Vansittartism. Among all the public men of the United Kingdom, Lord Vansittart stands out in bold clear suggestions as to the treatment to be accorded the German people and their masters, the Nazis, the Prussian Junkers or those who remain unchanged by Hitler and the industrial tycoons. The whole rotten fabric must be destroyed and then the world will fear no more the lust of German conquest and aggression. This is the Russian aim and the Russians are right. They covet no territory, but they demand an era of peace and construction within their own borders, unmolested and with the enemy of today rendered impotent for a hunderd years to come. Beware the appeasers of America, and Britain, and those in Canada, too. — St. Catharines Standard.

After all what really makes for law and order in Sault Ste Marie is not the existence of a police force of 17 men (a small number compared to our population of 28,000), but the fact that our 28,000 people have for the most part a sense of obligation to each other and a desire to live in harmony. That does not mean that in the present state of the globe a world organization with power to enforce peace will not be needed. It undoubtedly will be. But our real job is to create a world in which the mutual understanding characteristic of a Canadian municipality will make for a peace based on strength of spirit.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

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.

BEER CANTEEN PROTEST

Sir,—This morning while visiting at 62 C.A.B.T.C. I saw a card posted on the door of the 2 M.D. and it was signed "Register, C.D.C." After asking some of the staff women, "Did the Dental Corps come in?" I was told that it was the new name for the A.R.P.

I also found out that the C.D.C. was going to have a two day conflab and that they were going to have a wet canteen.

Now, Sir, it is nearly four years since that training camp was opened and there have been somewhere between three and four thousand men passed through the camp. Some of them have given their lives on the battle fields of Italy and France. They have died for Canada and justice and freedom But when in training at this camp they could not get a bottle of beer other than pop. But this C.D.C. can have a wet canteen.

What I would like to know is who gave the permission or had the "drag" and pull, so that the C.D.C. can take 25 or 40 cases of beer in the camp when the men who are fighting for Canada were deprived and could not have a wet canteen. Was it the O.C. or the D.O.C.'s representative? And where did the C.D.C. get all the scripts? Did Premier Jones grant them the scripts or order them to be given? I thought that he was making it harder to get scripts in mass. This don't look like it.

I am, Sir, etc.,
A. WARDEN.
Charlottetown, Aug. 28.

ANOTHER PROTEST

Sir,—Four years ago there was opened in this Province an army training centre. Since then some thousands of young men passed through its doors To my knowledge it is the only training camp in Canada where there has not been a wet canteen where the boys could get a bottle of beer other than pop. Perhaps it was a good thing, or was it, as the boys went to town and got lilled up on "shine"? Now there is to be a meeting of the A.R.P. held in that camp and the men of the A.R.P. are having a wet canteen.

Who granted the A.R.P. the right to have beer when the thousands who trained at this camp and today are fighting for freedom and justice could not get that right? Was the arrangement made because some of the heads cannot drink water or milk or pop, or are the members of this outfit all under the care of the public health officer, that they must have vendor's beer for a nightcap and as a morning bracer? Did Premier Jones pull strings so that this would happen? There must be some explanation.

I am, Sir, etc.,
JUSTICE.
Charlottetown, Aug. 28.

The Poet's Corner

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Blue in the distance, smoky blue and green,
Yet flecked with gold where sunlight flashes through
The banks of cloud that canopy the scene
Beneath the sky's impenetrable hue.

From great beyond of space illimitable
Our musing rests upon the nearer view,
Upon the mystery of vale and hill,
Old as old time but yet forever new.

The Island scene, a Sunday afternoon,
With zephyr winds, the whispering talking trees:
The hot waves rising and the lazy tune
Of buzzing insect or the droning bees.

Half dozing cattle standing in the shade:
The peaceful homes that lonely seem at times;
No sign of life around them till betrayed
By wisps of smoke that from each chimney climbs.

Hour of siesta of the Day of Rest,
Where all existence benediction holds,
While on the Sun moves slowly to the West
Till calm of eventide the land enfolds:

When gathered up the sabbath afternoon
With worship living in the hearts of men
Free from all artifice. Where souls commune
With God in Nature's way—to you —AMEN.

—James M. Maclean.

COULDN'T SLEEP COULDN'T WORK

What a relief to settle down to a real night's rest, and awake fully refreshed, ready for the day's duties. I was tortured by fretful nights—tossing, turning — never comfortable. Half awake days —over-tired, driving body and mind to work when they needed rest. "Try Dodd's Kidney Pills," said a friend — "it may be your kidneys". I'm glad I followed his advice as now I'm sleeping like a top—thanks to !!!

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Churchill & Roosevelt At Prayer At Sea

(By H. V. Morton In Atlantic Meeting)

The service continued. Captain Leach read the Lessons, and the second of Mr. Churchill's hymns was announced - "Onward, Christian Soldiers" The deep voices rose again through the still morning and the other ships far in the bay must have heard it clearly and have recognized it as they sang.

At the sign of triumph.
Satin's host doth flee;
On then Christian soldiers.
On to victory.

I watched the two men in the seats of honour, the tall man and the smaller man in blue, who together represented the people of Britain and the United States; and I wondered what was passing through their minds at that moment. Churchill was affected emotionally, as I knew he would be. His handerchief stole from its pocket. What was he seeing, I wondered, for his mind embraces wide vistas, as he looked round the decks of that warship where the fingers of the wind were gently bringing together the folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes where British sailors and Americans stood shoulder to shoulder, so like most of them that they might have been brothers. Perhaps he will tell us some day what was passing in his mind that Sunday morning; and perhaps the tall man with the calm, carved features will tell us, too.

There came a prayer for the victory of Right and Truth:

"Save us and deliver us from the hands of our enemies; abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices; that we, being armed with thy defence, may be preserved ever more from all perils, to glorify Thee, who are the only giver of all victory.

Stablish our hearts, O God, in the day of battle, and strengthen our resolve, that we fight not in emmity against men but the power of darkness enslaving the souls, of men, till all the enmity and oppression be done away and the people of the world be set free from fear to serve one another as children of our Father who is above all and through all and in all our God for ever and ever."

The voices were lifted in a majestic hymn, the choice, not of Mr. Churchill, but of President Roosevelt. When the Prime Minister, on the preceeding day, hymn-book in hand had consulted the President in his cabin aboard the "Augusta" on the order of the service, Mr. Roosevelt had said, "But you must have 'Eternal Father, strong to save.! Now, as the voices rose and fell, a situation that was almost intolerable in its uncalculated emotionalism reached breaking-point. I have seen many poignant, heart-searching ceremonies in my time. I saw the Victory March through London at the end of the last War. I was present in St. Paul's when King George V and Queen Mary returnthanks for victory. I was in Westminister Abbey when the Unknown Soldier was buried. I saw the blasted Gate unveiled upon the blasted ramparts of Ypres. I saw George V carried to his grave.

The sky cleared and the sun came out on Sunday, August 10th, for the first time in the course of our voyage. As in all bleak lands. it seemed as though a warm, transforming smile had spread over hills and sea, bringing out rich colours that had not been there before.

I met Mr. Churchill walking the deck, admiring the sunlit beaches and the distant woods of fir and larch that rose up pin-sharp in the morning sun.

"We have a grand day for church parade," he said, "and I have chosen some grand hymns."

I asked which he had chosen. He smiled.

"You'll hear," he said mysteriously.

Sailors were already arranging the quarter-deck for the church parade. Upon the starboard side they placed two chairs, one for the President, the other for the Prime Minister, slightly in advance of others for the British and American Chiefs of Staff. In the centre quarter-deck, facing the four guns of the fourteen-inch turret, was a lectern draped with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Churchill walked about inspecting every detail, often taking a hand by moving a chair an inch one way or another and by pulling out the folds of the Union Jack.

In a short while there converged upon our ship from all parts of Placentia Bay boatloads of American sailors standing tightly packed, their white rimless caps shining in the morning light. As they came aboard, they were greeted by our lads and then they streamed together in groups to the quarter-deck, for on the Prime Minister's instructions there was to be no marching about but complete informality. The men were told to mix together as they liked, British and American, and to line both sides of the quarter-deck, and also the space amidship under the guns. The band of the Royal Marines was posted under the gun turret facing the lectern.

The American destroyer "McDougal," which had been secured alongside the "Augusta" cast off and came slowly steaming round our bows with the President and his staff upon her bridge. She edged up inch by inch to us and her deck was level with ours. She secured to us and a gangway was thrown across. Mr Churchill and the three Chiefs of Staff stood at our end of the gangway beside a guard of honour and a band of Royal Marines.

We saw the President come forward, leaning on the arm of a young American Air Corps officer-his son, Captain Elliott Roosevelt. It is well known that since August, 1921, President Roosevelt has fought an heroic and ceaseless battle against infantile paralysis. In that year he left New York where that terrible disease was raging, for a holiday in Maine. Having put out a fire in the Maine Woods, he swam in ice-cold water, and was afterwards seized by a deathly chill which developed into infantile paralysis. Many a man would have become a helpless invalid, but Franklin D. Roosevelt decided to fight his opponent every inch of the way. The splendour of that effort shines in his calm, carved face, the face of a St. George who has trampled the dragon under him. While we gazed at him in admiration he stepped slowly forward, tall and erect, leaning upon the arm of his son and, as his foot touched our deck, the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the guard presented arms. President Rosevelt stood there, his head bared, wearing a blue lounge suit. On the gangway behind him stood the Chiefs of the American fighting services: Admiral Harold Stark, Chief of Naval Operations; Admiral King, C-in C of the American Battle Fleet; General George Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army; General Arnold, of the Air Force; Brigadier-General George Watson, Military Secretary to the President. Among the naval military and air force uniforms were some civilian clothes: Mr. Summner Welles Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Averell Harriman and Mr. Harry Hopkins.

speedy restoration of their freedom.

As soon as the Anthem ended, Mr. Churchill stepped forward and shook hands with the President, and side by side they walked to the chairs on the quarter-deck. As soon as they were seated with the Chiefs of Staff behind them, the service began. The British Chaplain and the American Chaplain stood together facing the lectern, and advanced in turn to read the prayers. The prayer was offered for the President of the United States:

"O Lord, High and Mighty, ruler of the Universe, look with favour we beseech thee, upon the President of the United States of America, and all others in authority. Grant them in health and prosperity long to live. We ask this in the Name of Him who liveth and reigneth world without end.-Amen.

The British Chaplain offered a prayer for King George VI, which was followed by a prayer for the oppressed countries:

"Let us pray for the invaded countries in the grief and havoc of oppression; for the upholding of their courage: and the hope for the speedy restoration of their freedom. O Lord God, whose compassions fail not, support, we entreat thee, the people on whom the terrors of invasion have fallen: and if their liberty be lost to the oppressor let not this spirit and hope be broken, but stayed upon thy strength till the day of deliverance. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

When the first of the hymns chosen by Mr. Churchill went roaring out over the silent bay:

"O God our help in ages past. . ."

British and Americans stood together in close ranks, their caps off, their heads bent over the hymn sheets. It was difficult now that the little white caps had been doffed to say who was American and who was British; and the sound of their voices rising together in the hymn was carried far our over the sea. In the long, frightful panorama of this War, a panorama full of guns and tanks crushing the life out of men, of women and children weeping and of homes blasted into rubble by bombs, there had been no scene like this, a scene, it seemed, from another words, conceived on lines different from anything known to the pageant-masters of the Axis, a scene rooted in the first principles of European civilization which go back to the figure of Charlemagne kneeling before the Pope on Christmas morning.

I was in the House of Commons when a king gave up his crown, and in Westminister Abbey when another king was anointed.

All these events pulled at the hearts in their different ways, and the scene upon the quarter-deck of a British battleship in war-time, yet so far from the War, was of that order, too. We from England had come to it fresh from two bitter years of struggle, years in which some of our best friends thought our time had come. But it had not, and we held on alone; and war can be very lonely at times. The scene before us upon our battleship that morning was certainly a symbol of unity, might it not also have been a promise of alliance? As the sound of the last hymn died away, those lines by Arthur Hugh Clough, which Churchill sent to Roosevelt by the hand of Wendell Wilkie, came to my mind:

And not be eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But Westward, look, the land is bright.

I wonder whether Mr. Churchill was thinking of that, too.

Slowly and solemnly over the hushed gathering came like a benediction those exquisite words that are ordered to be said every day in the Royal Navy:

"O Eternal Lord God, Who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rules the raging of the sea. Who hast compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end; Be pleased to receive into Thy Almighty and Most Gracious protection the persons of us Thy servants, and the Fleet in which we serve. Preserve us from the dangers of the sea, and from the violence of the enemy; that we may be a security for such as pass upon the seas upon their lawful occasions; that the people of the Empire may in peace and quietness serve Thee, Our God; and that we may return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land with the fruits of our labours, and with a thankful remembrance of Thy mercies to praise and glorify Thy Holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The service was over.

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Office Hours: 10 to 12 A. M. 2 to 5 P. M.
Holidays etc., by appointment
Office Connected with DRUGSTORE.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the P. E. I. Fish and Game Protection Association will be held in the City Hall, Charlottetown.

ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st AT 8 P. M.

Officers for the ensuing year will be elected.

W. HARRY TIDMARSH,
President.