

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded in 1887)
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
By Mail in P.E.I., \$4.00 per year; \$2.50 for 6 months.
\$1.25 for 3 months; 50c for one month.
City Delivery: \$3.00 per year; \$1.75 for 6 months.
\$1.75 for 3 months.
By Mail in Canada and U.S.A.: \$5.00 per year.
Saturday Weekly: \$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for 6 months;
50c for 3 months.

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

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1940.

Nova Scotia's Example

The Nova Scotia Government has adopted a course with regard to the Sirois Report which may freely be commended as an example to other provincial administrations, our own included. In a statement issued to the press, Premier MacMillan emphasizes that his government has no intention of rushing the province into accepting the report without giving the fullest consideration to its proposals. "Every member of the Government," he says, "has been studying this Report for months. The Economic Council has also made a study of the Report, as well as other outstanding men, some of whom have submitted briefs. The heads of the various departments have for months past been studying the Report as it affects their particular departments, and a committee consisting of the heads of all departments of Government are meeting together, studying and investigating various recommendations. When their work is finished they will place their report before the Government, and their report with the briefs prepared by the Economic Council and many others will be reviewed by the Government and economic experts." It was expected that the Union of Municipalities would also present a report, to which the Government would give due consideration. Some phases of the report have been discussed by the Premier with members of the university faculties.

"After all these findings are received," says Premier MacMillan, "a brief will then be prepared for submission to the Conference." He added: "There are still six or seven weeks before the Conference at Ottawa and the Government of this province will be pleased indeed to receive recommendations and suggestions from any public body or private citizen of this province. They should be in our hands before the end of the calendar year, in order that when the first brief is being prepared they can be taken into consideration."

This procedure indicates the importance which the Nova Scotia Government attaches to the forthcoming Conference, and shows a laudable sense of responsibility on the part of the Government towards the people of Nova Scotia. There is no doubt that the representation of our sister province at the Conference will be materially strengthened by the course which the Government is following.

The Late Mr. Paoli

The late Mr. Simon P. Paoli was known and esteemed throughout the Province. His success in business was achieved by conscientious attention to detail. From the outset he realized the necessity and advantage of being thorough in everything he undertook. His interest in public affairs was confined chiefly to education and public health, which he rightly regarded as of prime importance and to which he devoted the same attention and ability as was evidenced in the management of his own extensive business affairs. As chairman of the Provincial Sanatorium Commission since its inception he performed a most valuable public service, and may be said to have been the mainspring of the institution from the business standpoint. He was also a member of the City School Board, where his practical knowledge and experience were also highly valued. His public spirit was an example to the whole community, in which The Guardian joins in extending sympathy to the bereaved family.

When Victory Comes

Canada's war and post-war problems were discussed in an informative manner by Mr. Huntly R. Drummond, president of the Bank of Montreal, at the Bank's annual meeting last Monday. In summing up Mr. Drummond said: "While at the present time from the business standpoint Canada is on the crest of a wave, with employment higher than in any previous period and industrial output on a rising crescendo, we must not forget that there will be an aftermath, and it behooves us all, while contributing to the utmost in the prosecution of the war, to keep in mind the adjustments which will later become necessary. Economy in private and public expenditure should be practised to the utmost and projects not relating to the war effort should be postponed to a time when they will not interfere with that effort and when the employment they afford will be needed. We must not throw prudence to the winds, but must do everything that in us lies to keep our house in order. We need prudence in governmental expenditure, prudence in business administration and prudence in our individual commitments. We need a determined and united front to limit the inflation of costs of material, wages and the cost of living—the 'vicious spiral' which created such havoc after the Great War, when a staggering readjustment of prices marked the return to a peace-time economy and left widespread misery and ruin in its train. We must bear constantly in mind that conditions such as now present cannot possibly last, and that when the inevitable end to them comes, and we enter upon the new chapter in our history and the history of the world, the readjustment will tax every resource that we possess nationally and individually. It is not an easy life to which we are being swept, but a hard life. Heavier trials and sacrifices than we have known are likely to

be imposed upon us before the curse of Hitlerism is removed from the world. Removed it will be. Life has no meaning for any free peoples unless it be removed, and not all the powers of darkness can prevail against the conscience of mankind, now thoroughly aroused. Already, because of the war, Canada has attained an importance among the nations of the world such as it could not otherwise have attained in generations. When victory comes—and it may be sooner than we expect—enormous new tasks, new problems and, greatest of all, new opportunities will confront us. Let us, therefore, do everything in our power to be worthy of the position which we shall be called upon to assume in the reconstruction of the world on a new and a finer basis."

EDITORIAL NOTES

A rebellion in Lower Canada broke out this date, 1837, and was speedily repressed, resulting four years later in Upper and Lower Canada becoming re-united under one government.

When the King Government appeals to residents to open their homes for the reception of soldiers unable for the lack of time or otherwise to visit their own friends, it practically admits that there is a real need for payment of return fares.

The number of marriages registered in 67 towns and cities having a population of 10,000 or over, decreased in October by 26 1-2 per cent. However, births and deaths showed an increase over October last year. Totals follow with 1939 figures in brackets: births 8,347 (7,300); deaths 4,721 (4,228); marriages 5,412 (7,355). For the ten month period ended October, totals are as follows, 1939 figures in brackets: birth 80,884 (72,913); deaths 44,683 (43,866); marriages 54,656 (41,442). Marriages increased 32 per cent over the same period last year.

Premier Bracken is not an optimist for Western prospects whether or not the War lasts for years. He told the Union of Manitoba Municipalities that with war in Continental Europe Canada's market was jeopardized, and the prospects were, if the war were long continued, that the Western farmers would be reduced to a peasant standard of living. Mr. Bracken said there must be intelligent planning for the future, and added: "We'll all be here, our land will be here, and we'll get by. The question is just how intelligently we'll get by." He said the present problems of wheat storage, financing and prices would have to be solved at the latest by next summer. Fiscal problems of the West would be alleviated if the Rowell-Sirois report on Dominion-Provincial relations were implemented, he said.

Those halcyon days when youth was passing rich on \$60 per year are recalled by the retirement of Miss Bridget McCarthy of Bonaventure freight office of the C.N.R. Starting as an "apprentice on trial" before the days of streamlined power, typewriters or accounting machinery, Miss McCarthy has retired on pension, on completing 50 years of continuous service. She is the third member of the McCarthy family now enjoying pension privileges, two brothers, James and J. P. McCarthy, having previously retired on reaching the age limit. A third brother in the service of the railway met his death while on duty. As a girl of fifteen Miss McCarthy made application to W. Wainwright, assistant manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, and was accepted as an "apprentice on trial," receiving \$5 per month. A test at the end of six months having been passed, Miss McCarthy was appointed mail clerk at \$100 per annum and began a study of freight station accounting which eventually led to her appointment as interchange clerk, an exacting and responsible position.

When the Canadian Government enters into partnership with the British Government in any deal, the latter holds out for economy. Consolidation of inspection of war materials on the North American continent for the British and Canadian Governments will go into effect with the establishment of a new body under the name of Inspection Board of the United Kingdom and Canada. Canada previously had four inspection services, two for the army, one for the navy and one for the air force, and the United Kingdom had its own inspection service. Personnel of the new board: Col. G. B. Howard, Chief Inspector-General of Armaments for Canada; Col. Victor Sifton, Acting Master-General of Ordnance; Maj.-Gen. R. F. Lock who has represented the British Government in Canada since the war started as Inspector-General of Production; and Col. K. S. MacKenzie, British Deputy Inspector-General. The new board will report to Defence Minister Ralston, Sir Gerald Campbell, British High Commissioner in Canada, and various directors-general of production of the British Government in London.

With reference to the recent report that a large volume of mail was on board the C.P.R. Freighter "Beaverford", recently sunk in the Atlantic, it may be interesting to know that there were 11,000 parcels of tobacco, intended for soldiers, on board that steamer. A further instance of "unavoidable" delay in the delivery of overseas mail has just been announced. The cover of an item of mail matter received on November 20th by an officer of the Post Office Department shows that it was mailed at a Field Post Office in England on October 17th. The letter was included in the mail placed on board S.S. "Beaverhill" which left England 18th October. This steamer was subsequently attacked by the enemy and was forced to return to England for repairs, upon completion of repairs the steamer sailed again and arrived in Saint John at 5:00 a.m. on November 28th. Delivery of the mail on board, as shown by the item in question, was effected on November 29th—43 days after date of mailing. During the week ending November 23rd, some 162,120 letters, 60,640 parcels and 324 bags of news were handled in the Base Post Office, Canada, for despatch to overseas troops.

NOTES BY THE WAY

British prisoners of war in Germany are ill clothed. But to expect Hitler to live up to the Geneva convention is to look for mercy from one who is superhumanly evil. — Hamilton Spectator.

We are told that the B-19 army bomber now nearing completion is so long and narrow enough to contain three railway box cars, as high as a three-story building, and could cross the Atlantic, drop 28 tons of bombs, and return without landing or refueling! The very thought is indigestible. — San Francisco Argonaut.

Among the 500 or so old soldiers at Chelsea Hospital are veterans of the Zululand and Matabele campaigns and of the Egyptian wars of the eighties. Many who are there were too old, 25 years ago, for the first German war, but they have been tugging the second. Three times during the past few weeks bombs have fallen on the Wren buildings of the hospital. One smashed its way into a dormitory, another struck the infirmary a glancing blow, but was near enough for the blast forcibly to turn out the guard. There were no casualties. The Hussar who showed me round and pointed out the first relief column to Khartoum, now, because he is only 75, he looks after his seniors. He had shepherded the really old men out of the dormitory that was ruined a few minutes later. They were too old to climb down into the excellent underground shelters, so he stood with them under a sandbagged staircase. "What was I very pleasant for the old fellows," he said, "is? But none of them has since gone sick with shock. Nor has any one of the infirmaries been carried out of the infirmary, not even Private Rattray, of the 24th Foot. He is a hundred years old, and very properly, too old to be wounded by a bullet. He is not other him to the same extent. — From the Manchester Guardian.

Napoleon had not been able to invade England, and although his armies seemed invincible and his genius unerring, his structure began to disintegrate. The Spaniards arose and the English landed in Europe. A holy war for national independence was incited. Alexander of Russia, in fear that the re-constitution of Poland was planned, attacked him, and denounced the blockade. Napoleon was led into the Moscow campaign and lost his grand army. The Prussian government, which had proclaimed a war of liberation and unmasked its hidden army against him, Holland was in revolt. Troops of the German confederation betrayed him. The peoples he had almost brought together in a reconstructed Europe tore down the structure built upon their heads. Napoleon proclaimed a new empire. On April 11, 1814, at Fontainebleau, the great idea was dead. Napoleon abdicated and Waterloo did not change his destiny. — Chicago Tribune.

Journalists annoy us when they pick up a new word and worry it, without telling us what it means. Like "stick" in the case of the R. A. F. dropped a stick of bombs on a power plant in Berlin." Doing a chore that the news-services should have done for us, we read a "stick" in the case of a man who asked us not to use his name as a "stick" for it. It is the number of bombs dropped from a plane with one put on the release button. A stick may be anywhere from four to 20 bombs, and these leave the plane automatically, one by one, like "stick" in the case of the mechanism is set for. It may be every second, or it may be every tenth of a second. The origin of the term does not have anything to do with the fact that the bombs were dropped fifteen years ago, our man at the (three words censored here) told us, someone in the British military establishment had a line of dropped bombs as a "stick" ever since. It is distinctly a British word; officially, it is a stick of bombs. — The New Yorker.

The burial scene in Coventry when 200 victims of Nazi brutality were laid away in a common grave, brings home to those remote from such terror the grim reality of war as carried on by forces without regard to human life or for those efforts to mourn its taking. The scene brings realization of what a small thing it is to be axed heavily and called upon to answer "unrequited" appeals for material support of a war waged to crush those responsible for wholesale killings in an English city, and throughout the world. Awful as is this occasion of gloom and sorrow, the Huns are utterly astray as to its effect on the people of Britain. Graphic pictures of the burial ceremony describe the mourners as, in the main, "dry-eyed but thin-lipped and grim-faced, though a few wept bitter tears, in which had mingled with sorrow. Hatred is not the word to describe the thoughts of this grief-stricken assemblage. Nor is revenge. Rather, say that, they had a sense of the sepulchre that received the bodies of relatives and friends, the people of Coventry resolved that, come what may in the meantime, the murderers who wrought this human wreckage and laid waste their city shall be crushed. — Toronto Globe.

The vast plains of Australia carry 110,000,000 sheep, yielding annually 1,010,000,000 pounds of wool worth approximately \$200,000,000. Although Australian flocks comprise less than one-sixth of the world's sheep, they produce more than one-quarter of the world's wool requirements, and maintain an industry with a capital value of \$3,000,000,000. And this remarkable development, from the first sheep, brought out by the first colonists for meat, to an industry of wool, has taken place in less than 150 years. — Victoria Colonist.

I wrote last week of Mr. F. G. Brindley, a Fellow of Trinity, who at the time of U.S. election was residing in an internment camp somewhere in Canada. He had been transferred thither from a similar institution in this country. I learn that the Home Office has now decided that Mr. Brindley can now safely be returned and will be free to return to this country if he chooses. I should be interested to know at whose expense he will travel, and in particular whether a Gov-

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PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest to the Charlottetown Guardian. We do not necessarily endorse the opinions of our readers.

WINTER PLAY GROUNDS

Sir.—We notice in the press a lot of complaints of boys and girls coasting on the streets and hanging on to cars. We watched on a holiday last winter a number of boys, waiting behind every car that would leave the railway depot, hold on, and slide along at a dangerous rate, and wondered how they escaped getting hurt or killed. Now it seems to me that it would be almost impossible for the police to stop the practice, as it certainly should be, and if we wish the boys and girls to be out in the fresh air and enjoy themselves, the only thing to do is provide places where they can coast in safety. A few low toboggan slides on the squares or vacant lots would not cost much, and even a few of our sloping streets roped off for a block or two on school holidays should not work much hardship. We feel there are plenty of grown-ups who would willingly supervise the children. Young children do not realize the danger, but that very element only adds zest to the more daring older ones. We know there are City Councilors who are well able to work out some plan whereby the practice may be stopped and children still have their play.

Young children do not realize the danger, but that very element only adds zest to the more daring older ones. Now, with the holiday season here, with its large numbers of new sleigh owners, anxious to try out the machinery for the purpose of having the police chasing them to their homes, only to make plans how to evade them, give them a chance to try our winters in the good Canadian way. I am, Sir, etc.

OLD TIMER

The Lotus Eaters

(Reprinted on Page One of the Chicago Daily News from the Louisville Courier-Journal) America has had time to recover from her descent into the opium dens of politics. But she seems to have caught the drug habit; she shrinks from returning to the cold light of life.

It was fun to turn our backs on the world buzzard, to behave for a time as if nothing mattered but the fairy-tale wickedness of Roosevelt or of Willie. But during our days of innocence the malignant grew more severe, and now it is not fun to face again into that freezing wind. Like the lotus-eaters of old we weakly cry: "Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast. And in a little while our lips are dumb. Let us alone. What is it that will last? All things are taken from us, and become portions and parcels of the dread-dream of life. Let us alone. What pleasure can we have? To war with evil? Is there any peace? In ebbing up the climbing wave? All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave. In silence—ripen, fall, and cease: Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease."

There is no rest for anyone who faces reality today, no rest, no abiding pleasure, no peace, no peace for peace when peace is impossible are the modern lotus-eaters, the peace-mongers who may yet succeed in drenching our land in blood. There is no reason why we need come to these shores; but the peace-mongers are doing their best to bring it here, the silly lotus-eaters give us long rest, that all is well because our last allies have not yet bled to death.

The Poet's Corner

BABYLON

The child alone a poet is: Spirit and Fairyland are his. Truth and Reason show but dim, And all's poetry with him. Rhyme and music flow in plenty For the lad of one-and-twenty. But Spring for him is no more: Than daisies to a munching cow; Just a cheery pleasant season, Daisy buds to live at ease on. He's forgotten how he smiled And shrieked at snowdrifts when a child, Or wept one evening secretly And April's glorious misery. Wisdom made him old and wary, Banishing the lords of Paery. Wisdom made a breach and battered. Babylon to bits: he scattered To the hedges and the ditches All our nursery gnomes and wicks. Lob and Puck, poor frantic elves, Drag their treasures from the shelves. Jack the Giant-killer's gone, Mother Goose has taken place. Bluebird and King Solomon, Robin, and Red Riding Hood Take together to the wood. And Sir Galahad, our hero, lies In a cave with Captain Kidd. None of all the magic hosts, None remain but a few ghosts Of imorous heart, to linger on Weeping for lost —Robert Graves.

Fate gave us the chance to protect America thousands of miles away, on the cold North Sea and in the mist above the British Isles. Fate offered us as allies a noble people. But our peace-mongers ask only for "long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease." In the world of Adolf Hitler "dreamful ease" cannot be had for the asking. "Dark death" is the one drink for the lotus-eaters of 1940; it is the potion they are preparing for their betrayed country.

This is all the more discouraging because the Winged Victory herself is wooing us today, offering her favors cheap but for the last time. If we do not see these advances we shall not see her face again until we, too, have known the toll and tears and sweat of Churchill's England. Freedom and peace can be had today at the cost of a little courage, a little breadth of mind and spirit. Tomorrow the cost may be years of total effort on two oceans and across the two Americas. Tomorrow the cost may be so great that we of little faith refuse to pay it, preferring retreat and frustration to such prolonged pain. Today we need only admit a total emergency, an uncompromising intention to see the war won, and the game is ours. Tomorrow it may be forever too late to win the easy war, or to win at all. The bravest men alive are on our side today, prepared to do almost all the fighting and take almost all the loss. By Summer they may be gone, as France is gone, leaving us alone in a con- temptuous world. Our caution will have handed us in the old dilemma: either defeat, or victory at the cost of rivers of blood. It is our peace-mongers who are driving us to that awful choice.

All winter the resources of the continent of Europe will be used, 24 hours of every day, to prepare the machinery for the murder of England. The enemy is relentless, untiring, filled with a vicious zeal. He owns Europe and most of Africa, and his friends have the upper hand in Asia. What he began in the Spring of '40 he intends to finish in the Spring of '41. We alone can surely stop him; but we cannot be certain of success unless we go "all out" at once.

The American people decided long ago that they would like Britain to win. That decision, with the small results that have followed it, is not enough. We must now decide that we insist on a British victory, come what may. If we reach that pitch of determination today, Hitler's game is ended. If we reach it in two or three months we may be too late.

But what can we do, say the lotus-eaters, that we are not already doing. Haven't we appropriated a lot of money? Haven't we told the Germans that we don't like them? Haven't we traded 50 destroyers to the British? Those who are not yet weakened with "the yellow lotus-dust" not yet ripe for the peace-mongering, know there is much we can do.

First, we can repeal the Neutrality Act, a law that looks more sickly with every day's experience. It has become a disgrace, an admission that we do not mean business in opposing Hitler. Second, we can repeal the Johnson Act, a law that was passed on the lying assumption that we got into the last war to recover our debts, and which is preserved on the outrageous hope that only love of cash could move us to strong action today. With those laws out of the way our chances to help Britain would be increased many fold. We could begin giving (not selling) the goods with which Britishers are helping to save our world. We could begin



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HENDERSON & CUDMORE

using American ships to take to the British Isles the machines without which the war must go against us in the Spring. Third, we could use American warships to convoy boats across the full extent of our declared "neutrality zone." Or we could convoy all the way to British ports. Fourth, we can make easy the enlistment in the armies of the British Empire, of large numbers of American aviators and mechanics. Twenty thousand such volunteers, in Britain or the Near East by next Spring, might turn the tide of war and save our world from years of agony.

Fifth, we can promote some form of understanding among the English-speaking people, an alliance or a union looking toward a peace of justice in which all free men can share equally. We shall not conquer the Satanic darling of Hitler until we lift our imaginations to an equivalent daring in the service of Man. All these are actions that can still be described as "short of war," if we insist on clinging to the ambiguous unworthy phrase. Most of us know that war, in the modern Hitlerian sense, is being waged against America, and that America

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