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

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1946

Even Unto Bethlehem

The Christmas anniversary is a reminder
that Christianity encourages men to enjoy the
good things of life and bids them live in fel-
lowship with each other, not forgetting the
poor and distressed. Therein lies its social sig-
nificance. The pity is that so many who wel-
come the festivities of the season disregard the
facts they are designed to commemorate. Wel-
coming all that makes Christmas a day of merr-
y-making, particularly for the children, we should
desire to pass beyond this to reflect on the cen-
tral fact of the Christmas festival. Tomorrow,
in millions of homes all across the Christian
world, the celebration of the birthday of the
Prince of Peace will take place in a world
once more at peace, but sadly out of joint in
other ways. Men and nations have tried to live
as if the Babe of Bethlehem had never been
born, and today we see the fruits of this world-
wide repudiation of His life and teaching.

A great opportunity awaits this old world,
an opportunity for positive achievement on a
scale never before envisaged by mankind. The
visions so often conjured up by the greatest
thinkers and teachers of the past can now bear
fruit in a score of complex organizations and
institutions designed to translate ideals into ac-
tion. But those institutions whose foundations
are being laid today will crumble unto dust if
the minds of those who operate them are not
inspired and animated by the spirit that shines
through all right Christian teaching.

More than at any other time in the last
2,000 years do we desperately need the comfort
of the "good tidings of great joy." But only the
shepherds heard the angels as they sang for
the birth of Jesus, and only the magi saw the
Star. For most men the night was no different
from any other night, and the child in the stable
was only the first-born of a carpenter, a child
doomed from His birth to the lifelong labor and
obscurity of the very poor. They saw no reason
to rejoice, they felt none of the swelling exulta-
tion with which the shepherds cried to one an-
other, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and
see this wonder which is come to pass!"

May it not be so with us! Let us find a
little time to listen to the music which echoes
our hearts; to look at the brightness of the night
sky. For only those who listen will hear; only
those who watch will see.

It is with pleasure that The Guardian tend-
ers to all its readers, young and old, at this
season, in the time honored words that never
grow old: "A Merry Christmas."

P. E. I. Capitulates

The Provincial Government has tentatively
settled with the Dominion Government's offer
of a minimum two million dollar grant under
the new tax agreement which becomes effective
next April. True, there are some other con-
cessions which other Provinces have fought for
and won, and which we shall benefit from. These
include Federal withdrawal from the gasoline
tax field, and 30 per cent restoration of our
subsidy under the White Commission report. In
all, however, on the Government's own
showing, the total estimated revenue under the
agreement will not exceed \$2,400,000—a long
way short of the three million dollar minimum
which the Province was reportedly seeking.

The Nova Scotia Government has been fiscal-
ing out for better terms on the basis of fiscal
need, and has placed all its cards on the table.
In doing so it has been championing the inter-
ests of all the Maritime Provinces. The capitu-
lation, first of New Brunswick and now of Prince
Edward Island, leaves Nova Scotia standing
alone.

The Island Government has maintained a
policy of secrecy in its negotiations with Ottawa,
and the details now made available are still far
from complete. If it follows a democratic pro-
cedure, however, it will not attempt to sign the
new agreement before opportunity is given for
a full discussion in the Legislature.

The only hopeful feature of the situation is
that automatically this Province will benefit by
any further concessions given to other Provinces.
There is little in this prospect for our provincial
negotiators to feel complacent about.

Government Wheat Monopoly

One aspect of the present wheat policy of
the King Government with which all our farm
readers should be acquainted, but which has
been obscured by a multiplicity of political
speeches, is plainly put in the report of the di-
rectors of the United Grain Growers Limited sub-
mitted at the company's annual meeting in
Calgary.

They point out that since the closing of
the market in September, 1943, growers are not
allowed to dispose of their wheat except to the
Canadian Wheat Board. Establishment of this
monopoly has greatly changed the status of the
Canadian Wheat Board. Previously it had been
the duty of that Board to dispose of wheat, for
the account of farmers, on the best possible
basis. After September, 1943, the Government
itself assumed primary responsibility in connec-
tion with wheat, the price and conditions of
sale of which became subject to government
policy. Although that fact was not immedi-
ately realized, the Wheat Board was transformed
from the type of marketing agency it had form-
erly been, as established by Act of Parliament,

and as farmers had been accustomed to think
of it, into an instrument for carrying out Gov-
ernment instructions and policies.

That was clearly shown in August, 1945,
when an export price ceiling of \$1.55 was placed
on wheat, although obviously the Wheat Board
could have sold it for higher prices. The ceiling
in question was imposed, both as part of the
government price control policy, and in order
to avoid strain on the national treasury by
larger loans to other countries which would
have been required had wheat prices been al-
lowed to rise.

It was a very similar situation to that
which had prevailed in September, 1943, when
the market was closed, in order to prevent wheat
prices from rising further at that time, which
the government then desired to avoid. How
completely the government had replaced the
Wheat Board in administering the sale of Can-
adian Wheat was shown when the wheat agree-
ment was made with Great Britain, and the
undertaking to sell was made, not by the Can-
adian Wheat Board, but by the government of
Canada.

EDITORIAL NOTES

This is Christmas Eve.

Tomorrow Christmas Day.

Thursday, Boxing Day.

Santa Claus was still in doubt as to which
party's stocking he would fill in Quebec when
we went to press early this morning.

The broadcast by Mrs. H. A. Jenkins
(Marion Andrews) from London tomorrow,
Christmas Day, is between 1:15 and 1:30 P.M.
Atlantic Standard Time.

Though not having as yet the appearance
of a White Christmas, it cannot be said to be
a green one, with its oddendum about the "fat
Kirk yard."

The only surviving member of the old City
Fire Brigade before it moved to its present
headquarters is Mr. George M. Moore of Messrs.
Moore & McLeod Ltd.

Store clerks should bear in mind these days,
that it was Mrs. R. E. Mutch who first started
the agitation for the observance of Boxing Day
as a holiday here to provide for them a much-need-
ed rest after a strenuous pre-Christmas rush.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.
Confessing it "gave me the biggest lump I ever
had in my throat," Postmaster W. T. Oakes
opened a Christmas letter at Clinton, Ia., to
read a childish scrawl: "To Daddy, with love."
Then three "X" marks. It was signed "Dickey."
But it couldn't be delivered. The envelope was
addressed to "Daddy in Heaven."

He missed the bus but got to Heaven. Very
Rev. Dr. Inkster, former Moderator of the
General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in
Canada, while running to catch a bus in Tor-
onto, was run over by an auto. Rushed to hos-
pital he died. Coroner's verdict no doubt: he was
eighty-four, and in too great a hurry to keep an
appointment.

John, King of England, born this date 1166;
was the youngest son of Henry II, and suc-
ceeded his brother Richard I in 1199; he mar-
ried his nephew Arthur in 1203; on his mother's
death he lost Anjou, Normandy, Maine,
Touraine; quarrelled with the Pope over Lang-
ton's election as Archbishop of Canterbury, and
was excommunicated; he signed Magna Charta
in 1215; John was unscrupulous, false, gross—
"the worst King England ever had"; so much
so that no successor to the throne has risked
using John as a Sovereign's name.

Ah, friends, dear friends, as years go on and
heads get gray, how fast the guests do go!
Touch hands, touch hands, with those that stay.
Strong hands to weak, old hands to young,
around the Christmas board, touch hands.
The false forget, the foe forgive, for every guest
will go and every fire burn low and cabin
empty stand.

Forget, forgive, for who may say that Christmas
day may ever come to host or guest again.
Touch hands!

In Britain, the switch-over from coal to oil
for generating stations is making still further
progress. The generating station which sup-
plies the entire London Underground railway sys-
tem with current is now to be converted to oil-
burning. The London Passenger Transport Board
announces that a saving of 70,000 tons of coal
will be effected by this conversion. Working con-
ditions will, as a result, be cleaner and more
economic.

The necessity for religious teaching in the
schools of today and for closer co-operation be-
tween the home, the church and the school were
stressed at the annual Speech Night and Prize
Giving of Lower Canada College, Montreal. Ad-
dressing students, old boys and guests gathered
in the auditorium of the historic school, Pro-
fessor John Hughes, chairman of the Depart-
ment of Education, McGill University, and guest
of honor at the ceremonies, said that "the one
great need of our day is more religion in the
home and in the school." Democracy was the
highest and most satisfying form of government
yet evolved, Professor Hughes said, but religion
and education were needed to make democracy
workable because the "finer and sounder fea-
tures of our civilization draw their strength from
these two sources." Above all, he said, it was
necessary today to strengthen and elevate home
life since experience had shown that the prob-
lems of many troubled youngsters in school
stemmed from the home.

Notes By The Way

Norwegian food experts are fully
in accord with their Canadian
colleagues who say that children
should have one meal a day served
them at school, but they believe
that the meal should be breakfast,
not lunch. The successful resis-
tance to wartime disease among
young people in Oslo is attributed
to the fact that breakfast were
served in schools there from 1901 to
1940. The meals consisted of whole
grain bread, whole milk, vitamin-
ized spreads, and orange and a
carrot—eaten slowly in quiet sur-
roundings.—Ottawa Citizen.

Some years ago the search for a
cider apple that was thought to
have vanished was brought to
success by three readers of the
Spectator. The variety bore the
euphonious name of "The Bloody
Turk", and its remarkable quality
was that it was red all through. A
new and quaint query concerning
it has reached me. An Oxford
author investigating the association
of names with historical events, es-
pecially in connection with Turkey,
is anxious to know whether any
student can tell when this particu-
lar name was coined. Cider apples
are not known in the unknown re-
gion, more racy names—fox which
for example—than other apples,
perhaps because they belong to the
more imaginative West Country,
and their distinction in chemical
quality is remarkable. They contain
more tannin and more sugar—as
do perry pears—and wholesome
cider cannot be made without a
large preponderance of their
peculiar qualities, a fact that the
Ministry of Agriculture has some-
times disregarded.—London Spec-
tator.

Few things are better than a good
church supper. We praise the
women of the churches of the Till-
sonburg trading area for the splen-
did suppers they serve. We say with-
out fear of contradiction that there
are no better cooks anywhere. And
we do not know of anything that
makes for a better community
spirit than the suppers served by
the women of the churches. No
matter what church one attends, all
meet as good friends at the church
supper.—Tillsonburg News.

The Local Council of Women of
Winnipeg has got to the place
where it collectively wishes to
know what size of shoes is wear-
ing. It is fed up with a long list of
code figures, and desires a plain
4.5.6, or, at least to where the
higher calculus takes over. When it
comes to textiles the women wish
it plain. They are not sure if they
it is skim milk they are buying soy
bean, or fibres from the old pine
tree. Also they think that directions
should go along as to use and care
of the material. Their nerves are
ticking a beat on the garment which,
at the too zealous touch of the
iron, becomes the shirt which isn't
there. Then take children's
clothing, that is, of course, if you
own it. The women come for a
"uniformity as to finished measure-
ments rather than age, and correct
labelling". Children, Canadian
children anyway, grow out of their
clothing overnight as it is, without
asking a question. These are words
new. The local council feels the
same way about adults' clothing.
They wish to be able to rely on the
information that the dress they buy
is a thirty six, and not a thirty six
and a half. The resolution asks
"Uniformity in sizing, establish-
ing a standard of measurements for
all sizes in all classes of gar-
ments".—K.M.H. in Winnipeg Free
Press.

When delegates from 30 housing
authorities in Devon and Cornwall
reunited to a regional conference
on housing and town planning at
Plymouth, they were confronted by
a large blackboard bearing words
like: Contrapuntal, Polynucleated,
micro-climatology, biotechnic
economy, polarisation of social life,
ecology, sociological, geogra-
phic-plexus, agglomeration, sophis-
ticated urbanity, urban integration,
J. Paton-Watson, Plymouth city
surveyor and joint compiler of the
Plymouth plan for rebuilding the
city, said that the words were
new. I have come across in publica-
tions on planning. You can search the Ox-
ford and Cambridge dictionaries and
not find some of them. "If the
planning profession is talking over
the heads of the people we shall
not see much planning accomplish-
ed." "It is the common man we are
planning for, and the planners
should speak English which he can
understand." There a rope support-
ing the enamel broke and the black-
board collapsed with a crash on the
floor, face downwards. "That is the
best place for such planners'
jargon," said Mr. Paton-Watson.—
London Daily Mail.

If there were any doubts held in
New York City as to the efficacy
of the recently ordered prohibition
of parking on downtown thorough-
fares in the city, these are being
rapidly dispelled. According to a
New York Times despatch, since
the ban went into effect at the
beginning of this week, buses on
Fifth, Madison and Lexington
Avenues, the most important retail
streets in that city, are moving at
26 per cent greater speed. "Except
for a few bottlenecks," reports the
Times, "traffic moved more freely
than at any time since gasoline
rationing was abolished."

Much is heard about the
dumbness of present-day youth.
Much of it, however, is far from the
mark. In fact, their insight is often
starting. In a recent school exam-
ination this question was asked:
"What is the significance of the
eleventh of November, 1918?" And
this is the answer of one observing
youth: "That's the day the
Armistice of World War I was
signed and there have been two
minutes peace each year since.—
Huron Expositor, Seaforth.

The jacinth, brownish yellow
variety of siron, was used as an
amulet to protect the wearer a-
gainst lightning, wounds, injuries,
plague or pestilence, in ancient
times.

Illustration of three children in winter clothing. Text: May the Christmas Carol Cheer your heart... May your day be joyous from the stars... May the Season bring you gladness, too... May God bless you now and all year through.

HENDERSON & CUDMORE

Christmas Cheer In Britain

LONDON, Dec. 23 (By Cable) —
Robert Waltham, formerly U.S.
correspondent of the News
Chronicle, compares 1946 Chris-
tmas cheer in Britain with six
wartime Christmases and that of
last year.

Moderate Cheerfulness

It is clear enough that we have
some reasons for at least a mod-
erate cheerfulness this Christmas.
We have had no serious strikes,
and no serious crisis of govern-
ment. And there is no doubt that most
cities and towns in Britain, par-
ticularly London, look more cheer-
ful now than they did a week or
so before Christmas last year. They
would look a good deal more cheer-
ful if we had more coal to spare,
in the restrictions on lighting of
shop windows and the use of
outdoor display signs could be
lifted.

No Lighted Store Windows

There still are no streets in Lon-
don that even remotely approach
the brightness of Fifth Avenue,
New York, or State Street, Chi-
cago or Market Street, San Fran-
cisco or St. Catherine Street, Mon-
treal. London after dark is a
rather dismal looking place by com-
parison with any of the big U.S.
or Canadian cities. We still get a
long with less than normal street
lighting, no lighted shop windows
and no lighted signs. We can't af-
ford the fuel for more than this.
But in comparison with London
in the blackout, London now is
bright and gay. Londoners remem-
ber the blackout better than they
remember the prewar radiance of
the streets so that the half-lighted
city has a far less depressing
effect than you might expect.

A Fine Show of Goods—But the Price!

Beyond the darkened shop win-
dows, in the stores themselves,
the aspect is very considerably bet-
ter than it was at this time last
year. There are plenty of radios,
electric fires, lampshades, suc-
cans and kettles, fancy and ele-
gant cigarette lighters, shiny jew-
elry and toys—a lot more toys.
All these things were, for the most
part, hard to lay your hands on last
Christmas. It is often true that
anyone who remembers what things
like this used to cost before the
war is inclined to utter a faint
yelp on looking at the present
price tickets, which, of course, in-
clude in most cases a substantial
Purchase Tax. But at least the
goods are on view and you can
inspect them, even if you cannot al-
ways buy them.

A Dismal Food Picture

This Christmas, as last Chris-
tmas, the subject of major interest
and preoccupation in Britain is
food. In a good many ways we are
worse off for food this Christmas
than we were last Christmas. For
one thing, bread is now rationed,
and it wasn't a year ago. Last
Christmas we got an extra half
pound of fat on our ration books
as well as extra meat, an extra half
pound of candy and extra sugar.
This year we are all entitled in

Luxuries

If there were nothing to eat in
Britain except the foods that are
rationed—and rationing covers a
pretty wide territory—we should
be much worse off this Christmas
than we were last. But there are
foods in what is officially regarded
as the luxury category, and on this
side of the ledger we are better
off than we were last year.

"How About a Turkey?"

It looks as though the chance of
getting a turkey or goose or a chicken
will be better this year. At the
moment of speaking we can't be
absolutely sure. We have all been
to our butcher or fishmonger and
asked most cordially at him and
smiled after his children and his lit-
tle dog and said how well he was
looking by way of preliminary to
the \$64 question: "How about a
turkey?" We have compared notes
on the reactions we got and as far

Better Trail Services

We are, then, going to be notic-
ably better off for creature com-

Continued on Page 5

Old Charlottetown (And P.E.I.)

A CHANGE IN GOVERNORSHIP

From the P. E. Island Register,
Aug. 23, 1931

The Poet's Corner

SWEET TALE OF BETHLEHEM

What shall we say of that enduring
story
That does not die although the
years rush on?
It is not vague, it is not transitory,
And centuries have gone.
It is like deathless bronze that will
not perish;
It is as new—and old—as the sweet
spring.
Why is it that its beauty and grace
we cherish
And to its wonder cling?
A Star, some shepherds, and a
Mother holy,
A Child within a manger with the
kine;
Gifts from the Magi brought to
portals lowly,
Richer than richest wine.
The tale endures, and all the words
of sages
Repeat the solemn message down
the years.
And man has heard it through the
echoing ages,
With smiles akin to tears.
It must be true—this legend—like
the roses,
Each coming back upon its death-
less stem.
Ah! thus it lasts, as Time's book
never closes,
Sweet tale of Bethlehem.

—Charles Hanson Towne, in The
New York Times

as I can gather, all the butchers
in Britain have assumed hunted
expressions and muttered that they
will see what they can do but they
can't promise anything. This is
considered to be an improvement
on last year, when many of them
broke into hoarse laughter as soon
as the word turkey was mentioned
to them.

Gift Hints

- Sterling Silver Vanity Cases \$12.00
Ivory Vanity Cases \$10.00
Cutex Gift Sets 50c-\$5.00
Perfumes \$1.00-\$12.00
Revlon Gift Sets \$1.00-\$5.00
Dusting Powder 75c-\$3.00
PEGGY SAGE GIFT SETS
Colognes \$1.00-\$5.00
POND'S GIFT SETS
Bubble Bath 75c-\$1.50
Woodbury's Gift Sets 60c-\$1.25
Soaps 50c-\$1.50
Cashmere Bouquet Gift Sets \$1.00
Bath Mitts \$1.00
Jorgen's Gift Sets 60c-\$1.00
Yardley's Lavendomes \$1.25-\$2.25
Bath Oil 60c-\$1.00
Toilet Water \$1.00 up

The 2 Macs

149 Great George Street

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