THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded in 1887)
Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.
President, Ian A. Burnett; Vice-President, Wm. E. Burnett; Secy.-Treas., G. M. Burnett; Editor and Managing Director, J. E. Burnett; Associate Editor, Frank Walker.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1946

Gasoline Taxes

The figures given by The Canadian Press for gasoline collections by the various Provinces in 1944, the last year for which these records are complete, are interesting for the picture they give of what this levy means to each of them. The figures follow:

Prince Edward Island	$ 309,752
Nova Scotia	3,446,021
New Brunswick	2,122,312
Quebec	12,388,342
Ontario	26,608,291
Manitoba	2,678,149
Saskatchewan	3,397,280
Alberta	3,808,155
British Columbia	3,763,626
Total	$58,521,928

The Provincial tax rates on gasoline range from 10 cents a gallon in the Maritimes to 8 cents in Quebec, Ontario and Saskatchewan and to 7 cents in Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia. These are the Provincial taxes. The Dominion gasoline tax, collected since 1941, amounts to another 3 cents a gallon. The discontinuance of the Federal tax, which yielded about $30,000,000 last year, will mean either enlarged revenues to the Provinces or reduced prices to gasoline users, or, from the Provincial standpoint, relief in both these directions.

What's The Good Of It?

The Industrial Development Bank, a Dominion Government institution, has just released its annual report, signed by Mr. Graham Towers. The Bank was started by the Government to help along new industry with loans for such purposes as erection of or additions to buildings, the purchase of machinery and that sort of thing. It has a director apiece for each of the three Maritime Provinces but its nearest office listed is Toronto, apart from the main office in Montreal. The idea behind this bank is good but, notes an exchange, it would be interesting to learn if any loan from it had been made to help finance industrial development in the Maritimes. What's the good of an institution such as this if it does not function here? Why shouldn't there be a Maritime branch actively at work encouragnig expansion of our industry? "The Dominion Government's brain boys can propose shipping out our unemployed young men by the hundreds and perhaps thousands. What's wrong with getting the Industrial Bank down here in a hurry to see what it can do? Such steps are taken in Britain by the Government as a matter of course. The British Government during the war shifted labor around; now it is directing new industry into those areas which have a surplus of labor. Maybe Ottawa ought to ask London for the loan of a couple of good men to tell us how it is done."

And That's That!

Prime Minister King's letter replying to the Premier of Nova Scotia in the matter of Dominion-Provincial tax proposals elicits the following blistering comment from our sister Province's leading Liberal newspaper, the Halifax Chronicle:

"Mr. King graciously concedes the gasoline tax—a concession already made to the whole of the Dominion. He is willing to withdraw from the fields of amusement and pari-mutuel taxes—provided the Province compensates the Dominion for their loss. The electricity tax is reckoned by the Prime Minister as a sales tax, on grounds which would include almost every imposition under that head. He intends to keep it. As for the subsidy granted Nova Scotia on the findings of the White Commission, this Province may now look forward to receiving 30 per cent of it—not, however, on the ground of economic need, but in order to equate the grants made to this Province with others allocated to the Prairie Provinces.

"Every constructive proposal in Mr. Macdonald's all too modest program was brushed off as inconsequential. Perhaps the most fundamental of the Nova Scotia Premier's requests was that an annual conference between the Dominion and the Provinces should be held on a fixed date. This is vitally necessary if any agreement now to be made is candidly regarded as temporary. There would simply have to be consultations in order to devise machinery for a permanent settlement of relationships at the end of the five-year period.

"Mr. King, in reply, harked back to constitutional principle to find an excuse for refusing this embarrassing request — though the constitutional aspect of the whole Dominion-Provincial debate has been carefully obscured and ignored. Any future conference is to be called "when the need arises," and "where there is reasonable unanimity on the part of the Provinces in the desire for a conference." Of such need and desire, no doubt, Mr. King would be the ultimate judge. Once in the spider's web there is no escape for the fly.

"From the Nova Scotian point of view, Mr. King's letter is a verbose and shoddy product. It stays within the narrow terms of reference of the original conference. It entirely ignores the previously-acknowledged principle of economic need in this part of Canada. Instead of answering the Premier of Nova Scotia in the ringing tones of high statesmanship it limps haltingly with the accent of a peevish pedagogue lecturing a rather stupid audience."

— EDITORIAL NOTES —

Tomorrow shortest day—winter begins.

* * * *

When our reading concerns just one age, one country or one branch, then we may be sure that we are narrowing our minds and restricting our education.

* * * *

Today is the Feast of St. Thomas, also known as Didymus, one of the twelve apostles; he shared the danger with Jesus at Bethany when Lazarus lay dead; was filled with dismay when Jesus announced His departure at the Last Supper; refused to believe in the resurrection till he had actually seen and touched Jesus.

* * * *

"Boys are not what someone humorously called them: 'A superfluity of naughtiness'; they are a bundle of amazing possibilities. In them is vested the future of our country." So writes Canon H. J. Cody, President of the Boy Scouts Association.

* * * *

Saint John, N. B., had a black-out the other day from 12 noon till 8 P.M. Mr. Barry Wilson, general manager, said that the disruptions were the result of trouble in the supply lines carrying current from, first the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission plant at Musquash, and, later the New Brunswick Commission's plant at Minto.

* * * *

George Eliot, pseudonym of Mary Ann Evans, English novelist and poetess, died tomorrow's date, 1880; her first effort in fiction was *Amos Barton*, followed by *Scenes From Clerical Life*, and *Adam Bede*—her finest novel. Others are *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Marner*. Her poetical work is contained in *The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems*. Her place is among the greatest writers of English fiction. Curiously enough, she excelled as a painter of middle class life and character, and her work is marked by much pathos and humor.

* * * *

Mr. J. M. Macdonnell, member of the House of Commons for Muskoka and president of the Dominion Progressive Conservative Association, charged in a dinner address at Kingston that Prime Minister King had failed to handle the labor situation and had "made a mess" of Dominion-Provincial relations. The Canadian people were in danger of losing their freedom through the Government's refusal to relax wartime controls.

* * * *

British coal miners will dance at the pit heads when the mines are formally handed over to the National Coal Board on New Year's Day. It marks the end of a long struggle between miners and mine operators, but it does not mean that the miners are left in triumphant possession of the field. The operators have gone, but in their place is the State in its manifestation as the National Coal Board. It remains to be seen whether British miners will be any happier bargaining with the all-powerful State than they were when the function of government was merely to keep more or less in balance the relative power of miners and mine operators.

* * * *

Present enrolment of 35,000 veterans in Canada's universities will increase to 40,000 within the next year, as soon as those ex-service students qualifying for university entrance complete their studies, according to Hon. Ian A. Mackenzie, Minister of Veterans Affairs. The Minister estimates there were 16,000 veterans in their first year at universities, 12,000 in their second year, 4,000 in their third year, 2,000 in their fourth, and 1,000 in post-graduate courses. In addition there were 800 Canadian veterans studying in the United States and 200 in Great Britain with the Department's assistance.

* * * *

"Know Your Government" is the title of a very useful booklet just issued by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce. It is presented "in the faith that democracy is the best system of government yet devised" and it tells, concisely and clearly, about Canada's governmental machinery and suggests how citizens can help it to work more efficiently. As appendices are given a complete list of the members of the House of Commons, by Provinces, with their constituencies, postal addresses and political affiliations, also lists of the various Federal Departments and Deputy Ministers, and standing committees in both the Senate and House of Commons. All this valuable information is contained in fewer than thirty pages. The booklet should prove of special value to high school and college students, and it is to be strongly recommended to our educational authorities in this connection.

* * * *

It seems the striking farmers of Saint John area are "taking time by the forelock", charging as increased expense in production the anticipated 30 per cent increase in railway rates; likewise higher taxes for better schools when they build them. Mr. John Vaughan explains all this and more in a letter to the *Telegraph-Journal* in which he says: "On account of the hay crop failure this year and the effect of the dry season on pasture, the barns of farmers have never been so empty of hay at this time of the year, as at the present time. The farmer is therefore forced to buy hay at twenty dollars per ton, that ordinarily sold at six to eight dollars, but only a third-rate article lacking in Vitamin A. He is then compelled to feed an expensive grain and concentrate ration to make up the deficiency. Faced again with a probable 30 per cent increase in freight rates on feed, it will make that commodity the highest priced in history. The government has allotted a number of Poles to this province as farm labor, stipulating that they be paid seventy-five dollars per month with room and board. This stabilizes the wages of the hired man, as no native will work for less than a Pole. The buildings of most farmers have become dilapidated and need very extensive repairs at a tremendous cost. His farm machinery, equipment and trucks, are worn out and must be replaced. Better rural schools are the need of the day which means higher taxes. Where is the money going to come from if he doesn't get a profit from his cows?"

Notes By The Way

Norwegian commercial fishermen are planning to test nylon nets and fish lines to see how the material will stand up in salt water, when they can get the material, says Science Service.

Still scarce, they say, are suits for the fat customer. While research show the 44-stout makes the best husband, the garment industry never heard of the guy. —Winnipeg Tribune.

Every well settled rural district should have a community building for meetings and entertainments and the provision of these, some day, may be considered a public obligation. —Fort William Times-Journal.

An interesting bit of information comes from Lloyd's Registrar of Shipping, which reports that of the volume of merchant shipping being built throughout the world up to Sept. 30 last, more than half or 53.8 per cent of the tonnage was being built in Great Britain and Ireland. —St. Thomas Times-Journal.

We referred recently in these columns to the announcement by a Harvard professor that stout men, as husbands, should be in a preferred class. We wish he would take time off and tell clothing manufacturers about this; they apparently do not know that stout men exist. —Kingston Whig-Standard.

This idea of holding a "citizenship week" is worthy of commendation. It can be used to do much to impress upon new Canadians the importance and significance of the action. But it is not enough merely to hold such ceremonies during one week and then forget all about it. The bestowing of naturalization should always be impressive and there should be assurances from those taking it that they realize in full the meaning of what they are doing. It is an honor to be a Canadian. —Winnipeg Free Press.

Have you noticed how many times recently when you drive into a service station you are addressed as "Sir," by the young attendant. Perhaps it never struck you as unusual but it started us to thinking. In nine cases out of ten the attendant who so addressed you was a member of the armed forces who learned discipline and respect for his officers on the parade square. He is too recently out of the forces to have forgotten the hard-learned lessons. That is the reason he addressed you as "Sir." —Oshawa Times-Gazette.

Casual visitors are not the only ones who sometimes forget that the foundation stock of Canada and the United States is not the same. Into the latter poured many streams —comparable to our Continental European immigration — but no major currents. Here we have had two, one going back to France the other to the British Isles. There is nothing to compare with those two dominant divisions in the United States racial background and the gradual merger of the two will produce not Americans but Canadians. —Toronto Financial Post.

There are a few characters who are always present at auction sales. There is the lady who thinks that anything old is antique and that walnut is valuable no matter what guise it has assumed. There is a certain period of walnut furniture which is neither fish, flesh nor good red herring, which is her special joy, and many the time we had heard, or overheard— "Well, my dear, it must be good. It is certainly walnut—and an antique." —Elora Express.

The frequency with which women are being attacked lately is shocking. The reason for the increase in this type of crime is hard to find. Women must exert great care and avoid the company of men with whom they are not well acquainted. They should avoid walking alone on dark streets at night unless absolutely necessary. And perhaps those who commit these assaults might be discouraged from the practice if women went armed with old-fashioned hat pins and used them whenever accosted by a prowler of any type. And when an attacker is apprehended the courts should give him the punishment such crimes deserve. —Boston Post.

Somewhere in England there is a man who suffers from noises in his head, comments The Vancouver Province. The thing that distinguishes him from other noise-in-the-head sufferers is that his noises can be heard by other people. British Medical Journal finds this sufferer's ears produce loud crackling, like static in a faulty radio, at an average of 24 to 32 times a minute. He first heard the noises 24 hours after being hit in the face by a football. Doctors say the "most likely cause" of his affication is "spasmodic contraction of the stapedius"— a small muscle attached to a tiny bone in the ear which helps to keep the ear-drum taut and resonant.

Patients with some kinds of heart disease may in future have fresh, living muscle grafted onto their hearts to replace dead bits of muscle in their own hearts. This possibility appears from studies reported by Dr. Mandel Weinstein and Dr. Benjamin G. Shafiroff of New York University College of Medicine, says Science Service. Muscle strips from the abdomen and legs were successfully grafted on the heart muscles of dogs, they report in the Journal Science. Within two or three days after the operation the dogs were up and about their kennels, except in some cases which became infected. They were exercised daily and showed no signs of heart trouble. The idea of replacing dead parts of heart muscle with grafts of fresh muscle has been suggested before, but the New York investigators are apparently the first to develop a practical method.

PUBLIC FORUM

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

WAR BRIDE'S VIEWS

Sir,—I observed the results of the Gallup Poll on war brides with some astonishment.

During the war, countless Canadian, American, Polish and other Allied troops were welcomed to Britain. They were gladly given hospitality in private homes, as the family went short of rations, for a week to give "Jeanie's Canadian" a good spread. Mothers with a Canadian son-in-law spoke of him with conscious pride, (wording it just a little over those not so fortunate-. The holding of a Gallup Poll to see what Britain thought of her "war husbands" would have seemed to us not only un-necessary but a gross impertinence.

British war brides are unfortunately quite well aware of a certain amount of prejudice against them. A semi-jocular (though slightly bitter) greeting among us at the moment is "Oh hello there, and have you been insulted at ——'s recently?" The attitude of many young women shop assistants is made only too painfully clear to us.

These and these alone, are the only people who have not made us heartily welcome. Our "in-laws" have been wonderful, and the kindness shown to those of us in "rooms" is heartwarming. The churches also have welcomed us into their midst with great kindness.

We are not all angels we know! Some have been much too outspoken in criticism of your ways. (and these are the ones sensation-seeking reporters take a malicious delight in quoting). That happens all over the world when men and women have to uproot themselves from an old familiar way, and strike new roots in a strange place. Please remember we are two thousand miles from those we have loved for the greater part of our lives, and the tie of blood is strong in us.

We are settling down, slowly, some taking longer than others. My happiest moment came when, watching my first Canadian snowfall, I felt a little bit of Canada creep into my heart and the first small root went firmly down.

I am, Sir, etc
"A SCOTTISH CANADIAN"

HISTORY FOR YOUNG CANADIANS

Sir,—A few months ago a committee was named to consider the advisability of providing a Canadian History text book for the purpose of teaching Canadian history in Canadian schools. The findings of this committee have recently been published. This report recommended that the same general content of history and social studies should be taught throughout Canada but that a common history textbook for the whole Dominion would be impracticable.

It was hoped by social studies teachers everywhere that a different decision would be reached. Nowhere in the whole curriculum for Canadian schools have we been more badly served in the past than in the provision of suitable textbooks for teaching Canadian history to young Canadians.

It was Sir John A. Macdonald's conviction that education should be a Dominion Government responsibility, that only by having a national system of education could we hope to foster and develop a genuine national spirit within the British Commonwealth. There would seem no more valid reason for having a separate textbook for teaching Canadian History in each Province, as it is at present, than there would be for a separate textbook in Geometry or Algebra. Insisting on separate textbooks, separate school organization for each Province, separate qualifications for teachers has done more to retard national growth and intellectual development in the Dominion than any other single factor.

A good case might be made for having different textbooks in different Provinces for teaching such a subject as Agriculture, where soils and climate differ, but why the facts of history should be stated and distorted nine different ways in nine different Provinces just to satisfy the whims and the prejudices of a select few is a little difficult to understand.

There is a science of history just as there is a science of mathematics. If the fundamental facts of history, the cause of the rise and fall of empires could be presented to our young people in clear, unprejudiced language, free from parochialisms, free from provincialisms, free from racial distortions, an inestimable service would be rendered to contemporary society and to posterity.

If a separate textbook is needed for the teaching of the facts of Canadian History, let us have one that can be used without apology in every school in every Province from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so that the children in the schools of today may realize what their elders have never learned, that the Dominion of Canada is one and indivisible. This petty provincial autonomy in this atomic age is as obsolete as the bow and arrow.

Let us be done with the Family Compact and MacKenzie and Papineau, and the Clergy Reserves, and Bunkers Hill, whatever that was, and get around to an understanding of the position of the Dominion of Canada in the British Commonwealth and the relation of the British Commonwealth to the great World State that is even now taking shape.

It is too much to expect that we grown-ups should shed our prejudices and our suspicions over-night, but surely our children and our children's children might be spared.

I am, Sir, etc.,
VERNON CROCKETT
York, P. E. I.

An Englishman's Sense

A Countryman's Creed. By Sir William Beach Thomas. (Michael Joseph. 10s 6d)

(Spectator)

There are, of course, many ways of representing the Englishman by types from the various walks of life in our southern part of the island of Britain. But I like to think of the Englishman at his most conscious and expressive embodiment as being one of the sons of the perpetually economically embarrassed professions (the Services, the Church, the Law or Medicine), who has been educated at some parental sacrifice, brought up to an austerity of taste and morals, and reacted sensuously through his own chosen vocation.

Such men have flourished here throughout the whole of our history, each adding something to our heritage of art, science or law. Every reader can name a dozen, according to his taste. I will now add Beach Thomas to that pantheon. In the autumn of a long professional life as naturalist and journalist, he has written three books. The Way, the Poems and this last, A Countryman's Creed. They are a unit. Read together, they bring to the reader a whole way of life that is enriched by quietness, an austere sympathy and an emotional vitality deep-rooted in our English soil. He has much in common with Wordsworth, to whom he looks openly as his mentor. People who are initiates of that great poem, The Prelude, will be able at once to assess the value of Beach Thomas's affiliations.

For me, these three books concert to make a deep, green symphony of England; though I would break up the volume of poems and scatter its contents among the prose of the other two, in the manner of The Compleat Angler. The historical depth of the verse would show up better. However, read as they are, the three volumes are a noble contribution toward the revelation of that particular aspect of the English genius which writers such as Spenser, George Herbert, Cowper, Wordsworth, Gilbert White, Jefferies and Hudson have already made. You will see where the bias lies; in the solitariness.

Solitude is the keynote of Beach Thomas's creed. It colours his mood (and he calls mood "the mother of thought"); it shapes and sets the pace of his prose rhythm. The desire for it is a constant in his meditation, and every reference to it is the expression of a passionate need. He is not unaware of the dangers of this craving. He says, "It is a glorious thing to be solitary, a necessary thing for the discovery of the soul, whatever that may be, but it is of no use—it is altogether harmful —to let a field lie fallow for long; and loneliness, if over indulged, becomes a vice." But he is more concerned with the positive attributes of solitude than with its drawbacks. He believes in the Wordsworthian doctrine of what he calls "Original Joy" rather than original sin (a phrase which he castigates as "silly".)

In this faith, his relationship with nature, the unique nature of our English countryside, is one which is constantly fecund with a quiet, steady flow of understanding and joy—a joy almost absolute, so deep indeed that it becomes a mysticism comparable only to that which fills the work of W.H. Hudson.

It is probable that in an assessment of his books, Sir William Beach Thomas would ask for a less personal concentration than I have given. He would be right; for the whole purpose of his life-work is to show not himself, or even his fine professional art in the handling of words, but England herself, as she manifests herself in her soil, weather, clouds, "rocks and stones and trees," her birds and insects, flowers and green leaves, rivers, hedges and roads; and finally in all the human signature which the centuries of our history have put upon these infinite riches. Beach Thomas has learned to know these treasures first by their being the birthright of a country-born man, and, secondly, as savoured by an English scholar nourished in that "useless" education which produced such men as Philip Sidney and Tennyson. It may be that such a way of life, with its special culture, is dying out before the advance of the new international technology. Or it may be, more happily, that such people have always been in a minority, a salt to savour every generation otherwise insipid with materialism. In either case, Beach Thomas's creed, manifest in these three books, is of the utmost value. —Richard Church.

World's Loneliest Spot

(By Richard Dimbleby, United Kingdom Information Office)

The loneliest spot in the world has come into the news. It's the island—or three islands, to be exact—of Tristan da Cunha, lying 2,000 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, and 4,000 northeast of the Horn: a minute speck in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean.

Tristan, and its fellow islands Inaccessible and Nightingale, are the loneliest inhabited islands in the world. Month after month, the South Atlantic storms blow over them, and the 250 men and women see no sign of life but their own. But now the British Colonial Office is going to reopen its special enquiry into the economic and living conditions of Tristan, an enquiry postponed at the beginning of the war. Tristan, the loneliest relative in the large family of British nations, has a highly interesting story.

The island was first sighted by Admiral Tristan, a Portuguese sailor on his way home from India five hundred years ago. In the early part of the 19th century Britain sent a garrison to Tristan to prevent it being used as a base for commerce raiding. When Britain took the garrison away a gunner, named William Glass, asked to stay behind with his wife and two children and two other men. And thus was founded the Tristan community, with Glass at the head. Gradually, various settlers arrived during the 19th century, more Englishmen, some Italians, two Germans and some African women. The numbers rose but, as they rose, sailing ships were changing to steam and steamships no longer needed to visit the lonely island for supplies, and the numbers went down again. The world forgot about Tristan and Inaccessible and Nightingale.

One disastrous day in 1885, when there were only nineteen men on the island, fifteen of them were drowned when rowing out to a ship that had turned up unexpectedly with supplies. Four men were left. But still the population rose again and by 1940 there were 240 men and women living there in the one and only village, Edinburgh.

* * *

The biggest and most exciting thing that has ever happened to Tristan was only three years ago when the Admiralty decided to build a radar signal and weather station there. More ships than had ever been seen at once before came up over the horizon. They lay off the island and landed radio parts, men, tinned food and electrical gear. An English doctor and his wife, a nurse and a London clergyman were among those who landed. The Admiralty, which likes all its depots and stations treated as ships, whether they are afloat or not, decided to rename Tristan da Cunha. There was no bow over which to break a bottle of champagne and no champagne either, though there was an empty bottle, so the doctor set up an African dug-out canoe, made from a tree trunk and his wife smashed across it a champagne bottle filled with fruit salts and a dash of rum. The band played "God Save the King" and the Home Guard — they had a Home Guard even there—saluted, and Tristan da Cunha became H. M. Ship "Atlantic Isle."

And so it remained until this year when it became Tristan again. But the weather people are staying there and so are the stocks of food and the medical supplies and the radio and the running water and the electric light. And now the official investigation to see how Tristan can be further improved enough to make Old William Glass's turn in his grave with pride.

The Poet's Corner

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

Not to the scholar at his book,
Or man of earthly fame,
To whom in wonder all may look,
The happy tidings came.
But shepherds heard; from dusk till dawn,
They kept their sheep from harm;
To them, the lonely hills upon,
It came as an alarm.

Their fears allayed, the shepherds heard
About the Saviour's birth,
The very heavens with song were stirred,
The Lord had come to earth!
Fitting it was, since harmony
Is found in all God's ways,
That to the sound of music He,
Began His earthly days.

That night the starry heavens bent low,
The angels band came down;
Henceforth no city's fame would grow
Like little Bethlehem town.
In cribs of Athens and of Rome,
Artists and warriors lay;
But though to dust earth's fame shall come,
Time cannot dim Christ's day.

The shepherds blazed the news abroad,
When silence fell again,
Told what they saw and heard, that God
In flesh had come to men.
The hearers wondered; and while now
Art in warm rapture stands,
Devotion at this shrine must bow,
And cold earth warm her hands.
—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Old Charlottetown (And P.E.I.)

FIRST CHIEF JUSTICE

John Duport, Prince Edward Island's first Chief Justice, received his commission from Governor Patterson in 1770. His promised salary of two hundred pounds a year was just twice the sum he had been receiving as second assistant judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; but he seems to have had difficulty in collecting it. He wrote plaintive letters on this subject to Lord Hillsborough, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

"The Governor," he wrote in April, 1771, "gave me leave to draw for my first year's salary due in May last on Mr. Smith, his agent in London, which I have accordingly done, but my bills have not been paid as Mr. Smith informs me that he had not money in his hands, occasioned by the backwardness of the proprietors in paying their quit-rents. I would humbly submit to your Lordship's judgment. . . the failure of a regular payment must reduce me to the utmost distress in a place where ready money is expected for every necessity of life."

In the autumn of the same year he wrote: "The protesting of my bills has brought me the greatest distress imaginable I have stretched my credit to the utmost in procuring salt pork and brown biscuit to support me through the winter." He referred to his long service to the Crown and thus closed his cry of relief: "I trust that I shall not be left here destitute in my old age. I am informed that there is a vacancy for a Chief Justice in South Carolina, and I humbly hope that your Lordship will not think me too presuming in requesting that I may be appointed to that vacancy."

This appeal was unavailing. He died here, still impoverished, on Jan. 29, 1774.

BELFAST—(CP) — The refrigerated cargo liner Loch Avon, 9,200 tons, was launched by Mrs. Claude Barber, wife of the managing director of Royal Mail Lines.

LONDON — (CP) — Sir Stanley Holmes, member for Harwich, has been elected chairman of the Liberal National Parliamentary Party.

SHEFFIELD, England —(CP) — Sheffield Repertory Company plans to build a new "people's theatre" to seat 1,000 persons, for stage plays and movies.

PERTH, Scotland — (CP) — Lawors Mansion and farm at Comrie are being acquired by Perth and Kinross County Council for use as an agricultural school.

LONDON—(CP)—Anticipating a "baby rush," London County Council is getting 26 more midwives, a total increase of 50 this year.

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and Best Wishes

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