THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1945

Poppies For Remembrance

While the Remembrance Day anniversary falls this year on Sunday — the most suitable of all days in which to observe it reverentially—Poppy Day under the auspices of the Canadian Legion, with which Remembrance Day has so long been associated, is being observed today as a matter of convenience. It may be of interest to many whose memories do not go back so far to recall the circumstances under which the distribution of the Flanders Poppy was introduced.

No one is unfamiliar with the poem of Colonel John McRae, a Professor of Medicine of McGill University, "In Flanders Fields," who, when brought as a stretcher case to the shores of France and looking across to the cliffs of Dover, said to his doctor:

"Tell them this,
If ye break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep."

It was an American woman, Miss Moina Michael, who wrote a reply to his charge in "We shall keep the Faith." So impressed had she been with McRae's poem that the wearing of a poppy appeared to her as the way to keep the faith and she decided always to wear one. During the last war Miss Michael worked in America for the Y.M.C.A. In New York City on November 9, 1918, a meeting of overseas Y.M.CA. war secretaries was held in the house of which Miss Michael was the hostess. During the morning three of the secretaries went to her room and made her a gift of $10 as an appreciation of her efforts to make a "home-like hostess house" of their headquarters. She was touched by the gift and surprised the secretaries by saying: "I shall buy 25 red poppies with this." She then showed them McRae's poem and her own reply.

After the conference the secretaries came out and Miss Michael was asked for 25 separate poppies, and she claims, probably rightly, that this was the first group selling of poppies.

A French woman, Mme. Guerin, conceived the idea of turning the poppies to practical use, and visited various parts of the world to suggest that poppies should be sold to help ex-service men and their dependents in need. For the first year the supply needed for the Old Country was made in France, and the profits were devoted by Mme. Guerin to helping the women and children who were returning to the devastated areas over there.

Nowhere has Poppy Day been more successful than in Canada, and this chiefly due to the fact that it is known far and wide as a Canadian Legion enterprise. The poppies are made by war veterans in Legion vetcraft shops and the proceeds go to aid disabled veterans and their families. "Buy a Poppy" has become synonymous with observance of Remembrance Day in all our minds; a fitting prelude to the church services and the brief but solemn ceremony of wreath laying at the war monument tomorrow.

Federal Financial Proposals

Speaking at the recent meeting of the Queen's County Liberal Association, Premier Jones stated that the terms offered Prince Edward Island at the Dominion-Provincial Conference last August were anything but satisfactory, and that he would insist on a new deal when the Conference steering committee meets on Nov. 26. This is an important matter, involving nothing less than the solvency of the Province.

The whole gist of the Dominion-Provincial problem financially is the inequality of the various provinces. The Sirois Commission found this to be the case, and in its report of May, 1940, it laid particular stress on the importance of Federal subsidies to the provinces based upon the demonstrated fiscal need of each, with provisions for periodic overhaul and revision by a national adjustment board. This, in the language of the report, was the Commission's "primary achievement." The report (page 273) proceeds: "It (the Commission) is convinced that this fundamental problem must be faced and it has not been able to discover any alternative way in which it could be solved."

What of the new Dominion proposals? In one respect they follow the Sirois formula. They would transfer to the exclusive jurisdiction of the Dominion the income, corporation and inheritance taxes. This transfer was regarded by the Sirois Commission as fundamental to any just settlement, and it continues to be so regarded. But from this point onward there is little resemblance between the two plans.

Under the new proposals the Dominion undertakes to pay large subsidies to the provinces, to take over the total cost of old age pensions above 70 years of age, to assume responsibility for employed employables, to assume a more active role in the development of natural resources and to make conditional grants in aid for health insurance and health services. This new approach ignores the question of fiscal need and treats every province on an equal basis of $12 per head per annum.

Herein lies the nigger in the woodpile, or so at least we may justly infer. It is obvious that if the per capita subsidies are calculated on the basis of the need of the weakest province, then they must be extravagantly wasteful for the richer provinces. And in the reverse, per capita subsidies calculated on the need of the richest province would be hopelessly inadequate for the weaker ones

It is true that a measure of fiscal need is recognized in some of the conditional grants in aid (which incidentally are roundly condemned in the Sirois report) but this is not being done to an extent which meets the case. Certainly not to an extent which meets Prince Edward Island's requirements. As Premier Jones told the Conference at its August sitting: "We shall have on the credit side $1,215,000 and on the debit side $1,325,000; a net loss of $110,000." In declaring that he will not be a party to any such terms, he can be assured of having the people of Prince Edward Island 100 per cent behind him.

The wartime taxation agreements which are the base of the present taxation structure will automatically lapse within the next 18 months. That is what makes the present situation so serious. It is not too much to say that if the King Government proposals go through, without further regard to fiscal need than is shown in the measures presented last August, this little Province, in the words of a former Liberal Premier in a letter addressed to the same Prime Minister Mackenzie King, "might just as well hoist its anchor and drift out to sea."

Cost Of Zombie Army

In reply to a question of Hon. John Bracken in the House of Commons, Hon. Douglas Abbot, Minister of National Defence has announced the cost by fiscal years of enrolling, training and maintaining Canada's conscript "Home Army", which for the most part remained in barracks across the Dominion throughout the war. It adds up to $246,242,000, or about $1,558 per man. This is the breakdown:

Year	Cost
1940-41	$ 7,234,000
1941-42	21,571,000
1942-43	54,829,000
1943-44	76,566,000
1944-45	66,605,000
Six months 1945-46	19,437,000

This total of nearly a billion dollars, it will be admitted, is a pretty stiff price to pay for keeping the Mackenzie King Government in office.

—EDITORIAL NOTES—

Tomorrow the Great Day of Remembrance and Re-dedication.

* * * *

The last chance of getting in on the Ninth Victory Bond investment. Do it now.

* * * *

Will we go over the top of even the Four Million mark? It would be grand indeed.

* * * *

Now inspection of fish and seizure of immature canned fish is to be enforced by Act of Parliament.

* * * *

The lion and the lamb in the Potatoes vs. Politics episode have agreed to let by-gones be by-gones, and to lie down together.

* * * *

There is no public holiday on Monday, the eleventh (this year a Sunday) not being a statutory holiday, only the two minute silence being provided for.

* * * *

Newsboys' training in self-discipline lasts throughout life; Major Tilston of Toronto and Windsor and Major Mahoney of New Westminster, B.C., winners of the Victoria Cross in this war, were formerly newspaper carriers.

* * * *

One would not be surprised were the Jones Government to appoint a Provincial Instructor of Temperance in the Schools at a salary of $2,000 with $1,000 for expenses. Nobody takes exception to the hallowing of "blood money" these days.

* * * *

Nothing is more appreciated in the City and Province than the way the Provincial Government and the City Council have collaborated and co-operated in the handling of the housing problem. More power to them!

* * * *

It is now customary here to close the Vendor's on Saturday to protect the wage-earners' pay-check. Which reminds one that in England, Manchester's Town Hall clock chimes a little tune after each hour. Recently the local licensing justices issued a stern warning to the local bars against failing to shut promptly at 3 p.m. Next day, at 3 p.m., the clock chimed solemnly, "Drink to me only with thine eyes!" But in Manchester there are no bootleggers, here we have them by the score.

* * * *

Robert Devereau, 2nd Earl of Essex, born this date 1566; was highly thought of as a statesman under Elizabeth, with whom he was prime favourite; he fell into disfavour, and was sent to Ireland as lord-deputy; returning, he tried to raise a rebellion, was captured and executed in 1601; his heir, the 3rd Earl, commenting on the prevalent practice of the day among politicians of changing their convictions and loyalties to suit the particular occasion, wrote the memorable phrase to Lord Willoughby: "Reasons are not like garments, the worse for wearing."

* * * *

Tomorrow the Feast of St. Martin. He was the son of a Roman military tribune, born at Sabaria in Hungary about 316; from his earliest years he was remarkble for mildness of disposition; yet he was obliged to become a soldier, a profession most uncongenial to his natural character; after several years' service he retired into solitude, whence he was withdrawn, by being elected bishop of Tours in 374; the zeal and piety he displayed in this office were most exemplary; he converted the whole of his diocese to Christianity, overthrowing the ancient pagan temples and erecting churches in their stead; from the great success of his pious endeavours, Martin has been styled the Apostle of the Gauls; and, being the first confessor to whom the Latin Church offered public prayers, he is distinguished as the father of that Church; in remembrance of his original profession, he is also frequently denominated the Soldier Saint.

Notes By The Way

So far, radio has not been called on to counterfeit the atomic bomb blast. One assumes, however, the sound effects man will have to stand closer to the mike to snap his gun. — Stratford Beacon-Herald.

As the war criminal trial gets nearer Goering is said to be considerably more depressed than his companions This can be attributed to several reasons—he has more chins to keep up. — Toronto Saturday Night.

Before the war there were usually about 900,000 automobile tires in the hands of Canadian dealers. Now there are only 250,000 of them. That explains why tire rationing continues to be a necessity. — Brockville Recorded and Times.

Courtesy is never outmoded, and is always common sense. The man or woman who does not know how to show everyday politeness toward his fellow works under a severe handicap; he will never rise to any position in which he has to boss people, or meet them, because he does not know how to do either without giving offence. No, polite and formal behavior is just as useful now as it ever war, and in a world which gives the illusion of becoming smaller we may find that courtesy, and such things as knowing how and when to say "How do you do?" have taken on a new importance. — Peterborough Examiner.

Victoria, which has produced besides roses in December and such local phenomena as a private sea serpent, now claims another rare distinction. It has produced a stork. Now a stork in Victoria is a rarity indeed. The local residents had never seen one up to a few days ago. Then an excited gardener rushed indoors to inform his employer that a stork had settled on the roof. But this natural wonder was more remarkable than appears at first sight. For the roof on which the stork settled belonged to a spinster lady, one of the leaders of Victoria's society and a prominent figure in its charitable works. One can only conclude that somebody gave the stork the wrong address.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Grandpa worked 12 hours a day for a dollar. Today his grandson works fewer hours for many times as much. The reason is that grandson has modern machines that make him more productive and so worth more. If grandson decides to limit his production to grandpa's output, he'll get grandpa's pay. That is simple economics and all the laws, directives, bureaus and the "leaders" in the world can't change it. But if grandson decides to use his modern machines efficiently to produce more and more, he reduces the cost of what he makes. The lower the cost, the more people who can and will buy it. The more who buy it, the more secure the workman's job and the more he can be paid.—Brandon Sun.

For the idea of a God-Emperor it is not necessary to go as far as Japan, though we do have to go farther back in time than Hirohito. The Romans, from whom we got the word emperor, ascribed divine attributes to their emperors, it is noted in The New York Times. It began even before the establishment of the empire by Augustus, Julius Caesar set up his own statue among the gods in the Roman temples, and after his death was formally deified as Divus I Julius. It set a precedent for many of his successors who were regularly elected to the Roman pantheon after their death by a vote of the Senate. It is a little hard to think of characters like Nero or Caligula as gods, but so it was. Later, when the office of emperor was put up at auction by the all-powerful Praetorian Guards, there presumably went with the bill of sale the right to be worshiped as a god. That last situation may help us understand how the Japanese have managed to fit a God-Emperor into their practical way of life.

The Poets' Corner.

FOR THE FALLEN

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea,
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, ready and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them,

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the daytime;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the starts that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

—Laurence Binyon.

MOSLEM MAJORITY

The great majority of the people in Egypt are Mohammedans.

Gold Stars

By Rt. Rev. W. E. Conkling
Bishop of Chicago

John took off for his test flight out over the Atlantic. This was to be the last before the great one for which he had been months preparing, the flight over the ocean to the other side, to share in the great battle for freedom, His plane mounted into the sky. It became a tiny speck to those who watched. Then, it was gone. Days later came the dreaded telegram from the War Office. The plane was lost! A gold star was placed after John's name. The world's way of putting it was that John's plane had crashed and that John had died. Another way would be to say that John flew into life—real life, vital, soaring and free.

All over our country there are parents, wives, and other loved ones who wear gold stars. Brave they are to others, but within, sorrow lies deep. Heavy hearts long for comfort, and minds are questioning. It is to these that this message would come.

Many centuries ago the shepherd poet looked up into the sky brilliant with shiny stars, and thought of the greatness of God and his own human significance. "When I consider the stars, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

When I consider the stars—well, first of all, they "twinkle." There is something very living about a star. Scientists may tell us there is no life on them, but in our hearts we can never think of them as dead things. They sparkle with life. They shed a glow of warmth and cheer into men's hearts. They are alive. They give comfort and strength. They quicken hope and purpose. They inspire to life and achievement.

"Consider the stars"—What of those gold ones? John, and the many other thousands of precious sons and lovers. Here, they were of our finest; with bodies beautiful under disciplined development, with minds alert and trained, and hearts filled with the spirit of high courage and limitless sacrifice. Many went as John did, into the new life even before a blemish had marred that body, or disease had blurred the mind or burdened the spirit. Our gold star—What can we say of him as we consider?

First of all—he is alive. He lives more fully than ever before. Freed fom the limitations of humanity, with greater knowledge, with love increased and joy increasing, he lives! This is the greatest of the good news that Christinaty has to proclaim to a world darkened, even numbered, by sorrow and death. Those who have heard it, and believed, have lived fearlessly. It gives power to laugh at death. It gives strength to face life here. It robs the grave of its terror.

We cannot read the triumph song over death as proclaimed by St. Paul in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter 15, without catching the thrill of this great truth now given to men through the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. :"O death where is thy sting?" O grave, where is thy vitcory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

To be sure, Christians have heard but not believed. They have wept and sorrowed as those without hope. But not all! Many have listened in faith and were made strong. They have, sought the victorious Lord of Life and known the confidence of His victory and the peace which passeth understanding. The gold star shines. Your gold star is not dead. He is alive. The path to this glorious knowledge for you, as for us all, leads first to Jesus Christ, the living triumphant, risen Lord. In Him we learn; we come to know. And our gold star shines with luminous brightness.

The New Life

Little has been told of us of the details of that new life with God. Human as we are, we would so like to know the little things, and sometimes, because we do not, we doubt the glorious fact of the life itself. However, there is more to know of it than we often realize. Many still make the mistake of transferring the characterists of death to new life—and think of sleep and inactivity. This ignores even the fact that during sleep we are not dead and inactive. Life goes on within the body and deep things are born and grow within our minds. But "the dead," as we so often mistakenly speak of them, are not dead. They are not even just asleep. They are awake and alive and growing.

There is a beautiful prayer, which asks that they increase in knowledge and love of God, and go from strength to strength in the life of perfect service in His Heavenly Kingdom. Think well on these words! They tell us of growth in knowledge and love—of a life of service for God and with God. To use the human way of expressing it, this means that every moment they are learning some new wonder, that they are ceaselessly active in joyous service, that their love for God, and all, and for you too, is ever increasing! They have not ceased working for good. They are forever at it, vital and purposeful. They have not ceased learning; there is ever a new song upon their lips. They have not ceased loving; they love truly and deeply ever more and more. Your heart must rejoice as you think thus of your gold star boy as he works happily there, and grows and learns. But, oh, so wonderful is the further assurance that he not only loves you, as he did here, but more and more, ever increasingly. Surely this makes this day, and every new day, more brightly golden as the gold star shines to dispel the darkness within. No matter how brilliantly the sun does shine, the day is dark for one who does not know the fire of love within. There is no darkness, even at night, for those who live in the confidence of the increasing love of bright souls.

And perhaps this is the place for us to give a needed warning. We must beware of wrong words. We must not say, ever, "Our boy is dead." This is untrue. He went in a moment through the experience we call "death," but that was the gateway on the other side of which is the new life. He does not linger in the grave, or wherever his body might be. He is not dead, but alive. Never speak of him as dead. Even the word "departed," so often used by many as a substitute for "dead," has its dangers. To be sure, it is an improvement in that it implies continued living, but it must not emphasize separation. It could so easily be taken to mean increasing separation. "They are departed from us, are gone, and more and more as the years go by are we separated." This cannot be true for those who in faith believe their loved ones live and grow and serve in God's Kingdom:

Prayer

The greatest spiritual activity is prayer. Prayer is the means of communication in the spiritual realm. Our Lord, we are told, constantly makes intercession. Our loved ones in the spiritual world carry on the great work of prayer. They pray prayers of penitence for sin, their own and ours and of the world. They intercede for our growth in knowledge and love. They adore with increasing joy the King in His beauty. As we, too, join in these great spiritual acts, we are united with them in Christ our Lord. Never let a day of this earthly journey pass without this union through prayer. You can pray for the growth of your boy in knowledge and love, for blessing upon him in his service for God in the heavenly Kingdom. You can give thanks for him—for what he was to you and what he achieved and for the blessings which now are his. Know that when you are uttering your petitions for earthly needs, your intercessions for others, your acts of penitence, thanksgiving, and adoration, you are uniting in a common activity with your boy who is doing the same great work, only more perfectly.

The seperation which death brings is not unbridgeable. Not only is there life in and through Christ, but for those who find in Him their source of life, comes also the blessing of deepening union with all in Him. Deeper and more strong become the precious spiritual bonds; and as the earthly journey grows nearer its end, there is the confidence that when we meet again in the new life, those whom we have "loved and lost awhile", we shall not meet as strangers.

There must not be need of added help to meet the common and oft recurring doubt that our precious gold star boy was "wasted". This is a deadly poisonous and satanic means of attack. No matter who is left behind, none are better off than he! Where he is and what he is doing are highest supreme gain. As months go by and the world here seems little improved, if at all, by the great sacrifices made, it would be easy to think that youth had been grievously wasted.

Even from our limited human point of view, this is not true. As human history is viewed in the course of centuries, we see the unmistakable upward march in freedom from slavery, disease, poverty, and death. This has been possible only by the sacrifices of many. Without them we should be the poorer. To call their sacrifices wasted would be untrue, and it would be wicked.

Another World

But we have more to comfort us than the testimony of human progress. We have the assurance of another world where those who have sacrificed entered into the rich reward that is theirs; who know the deeper joys of fuller life; who share most intimately in the glorious fellowship of their brethren: who likewise have found life by losing it; and who dwell in the love-the companionship of Him who promised a special blessing to him who laid down his life for others; and who Himself endured the Cross for the joy that was set before Him. That joy is now His—and your boy is there too! This is not waste!

But we do so long for the touch of the hand that is gone, the cheering smile the loving voice. This we cannot have, and we know so little of the ways of the spirit. How are we to find the path to the new companionship? We may not hear and see and touch with earthly physical means. How can we hear and see and know spiritually? How can we find the way of union in deepest truth and intimacy, bringing knowledge and inner joy and peace? The answer is found, surely, in St. Paul's words of admonition, direction, and encouragement: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be yet steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

These words follow immediately the triumphant proclamation of the victory over death through Christ. The grave and death are conquered. Life is victorious. In the face of this tremendous fact, we are to be steadfast, unmoved, and immovable, ever engaged in doing the work of the Lord. We know now that this is not vain. We are to be workers with Christ, builders of His kingdom. The ways of the spiritual life are not strange or unusual. In our own way, in our station in life, in our homes and at work, we are to labor in the Lord. We are to carry on the building of the kingdom.

This will be to us the way of life. This will build in us the new life, sharing in the same work and life as is our boy of the golden star. Thus we shall grow daily into union with Him whom we serve. We shall grow in faith, in knowledge, and love. We shall know His peace. His joy. His life. And we shall find within us the answer to all our need.

"Lights in the world," that is what we are to be too. Stars that shine: that twinkle with merry joy; stars that steadfastly give light to comfort and cheer; stars that point the way to the bewildered and the straying.

As we do our shining now, do we take our own place beside our golden star, together in the galaxy about the throne of God.

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