

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily, (founded 1887) \$4.00 MAJOR A. A. BARTLETT, President... J. R. BURNETT, Editor and Publisher... D. R. CURRIE, Associate Editor.

Thursday, Dec. 25, being Christmas day and a public holiday, the Morning Guardian will not be published on Friday. The Evening Guardian will not be published on Christmas Day, but will appear as usual on Friday. Advertisers please note.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1919.

CHRISTMAS 1919.

Christmas, the great love festival of the year and of all the years, is with us once again with the message that has reverberated through the ages; a message of "peace and good will," a message heard in the peaceful home, and in the storm of battle; heard where love reigns and where wrangling and discord and hatred hold sway. "Peace on Earth!" Slowly the peace of God is penetrating the stormy wastes of earth; slowly overcoming human passion.

Never, since first the angels sang the song over the peaceful plains of Bethlehem, has the message sounded more pleadingly than over the war scarred fields of Europe and Asia during the four and a quarter years that ended on the eleventh day of November, 1918, never more pleadingly than it is sounding today over the peoples still weltering in each other's blood in their blind human search for peace.

Out of the war chaos in which millions laid down their lives in a war against war, there is already emerging an era that will be nearer to peace, an era in which the weak and the oppressed will find around them the protecting arms of their stronger neighbors, an era in which international peace will be the more highly prized because of the price paid for it.

To our readers one and all, to those whose homes have been saddened, to those made glad by reunion, we wish a joyous and happy Christmas.

SINCERITY.

Hon. T. A. Crerar is being hailed in certain political circles as the coming premier of Canada and he is playing up to the role with more or less modesty. Mr. Crerar's political religion is the damnation of tariffs and on this issue he is attempting to climb to the leadership of the new Farmers' Party that shall be.

Apropos of Mr. Crerar's adventure, the Winnipeg Telegram is authority for the statement that when Mr. Crerar, then Minister of Agriculture in the Union Government, disagreed with his colleagues on the tariff issue and threatened to leave the cabinet, he was offered the chairmanship of a ministerial committee to investigate the whole tariff question with a view to making certain necessary changes. He declined to accept the position.

If Mr. Crerar was sincere in his views on the tariff this was his opportunity. If he believed, as he then stated and as he has since frequently repeated, that the whole tariff scheme was wrong this was his opportunity to convince his colleagues on the committee and in the government, but he chose to go on talking instead of honestly investigating. Now he is stumping the country with a theory that he had not the courage or the honesty to put to the test of a full enquiry.

If the Winnipeg Telegram's statement is correct and there is no reason to doubt it, the only conclusion is that Mr. Crerar is relying on the gullibility of the people to carry him to his goal. Unfortunately, gullibility is a factor to be reckoned with in elections. We in Prince Edward Island do not require to go to the West or elsewhere for proof of this. We have seen, not long since, a whole province chloroformed into the belief that it was being overtaxed and that under different management taxation could be reduced. Already it is being awakened by a demand for higher taxation than ever before experienced in its history, but that by the way.

Mr. Crerar's present campaign against the tariff is singularly out of harmony with existing conditions. Even with our industries protected for many years by the National Policy against which Mr. Crerar is declaiming we have rolled up an adverse trade balance with the United States which reduces the value of our dollar to 90 cents. Had it not been for the National Policy we would today have no industries in Canada and consequently no home markets. Our only resource would be agriculture, and the value of our agricultural products would be represented by the value of our dollar in the United States, which, with the United States dominating our markets, would probably be no more than half what it is today. Our tariff doubtless requires revision and the government has made provision for a sane adjustment to suit the conditions that have arisen. Had Mr. Crerar been in earnest about his theory he would gladly have seized the opportunity offered him to investigate. As it is he is simply trying to mislead the public.

NOTICE TO FARMERS

Our agents will take delivery of live hogs at all our usual buying points on Thursday, December 18th and on Monday, December 29th.

Watch our advertisement for dates for January.

WM. DAVIES CO., LTD.

E. M. CRAIG, Mgr.

Post Office Inspectors' Office, Charlottetown, 18 Dec. 1919.

Daily Selections for Guardian Readers

Furnished by W. S. LOUSON

BETWEEN OURSELVES

It is easy to think of good things, but not always so easy to express them properly. Those who have not the ability to write must depend on those that know how. The following beautiful selections, with the happiest Christmas greetings, have much pleasure in passing along to all readers, of that little corner in the Daily Guardian known as Daily Selections. There's pleasure in remembrance.

WILL S. LOUSON

THE BEST OF CHRISTMAS WISHES

This paper traveller goes forth to your door charged with tender greetings. Pray you take him in. He comes from a home where you are well beloved.—Robert Louis Stevenson

Many Merry Christmases, many happy New Years, unbroken friendships, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth and heaven at last for all of us.—Charles Dickens.

My thoughts go out to you my friend, this happy Christmas tide, wishing you joy in all your deeds, and days—wishing you time for the task of wisdom for the work peace for the pathway friends for the fireside and love to the last.—Edwin Markham.

You may search for the richest blessings. Search 'til the world shall end; You'll find nothing half so precious as the love of a loyal friend.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Somebody's thinking this Christmas of you, Wishing and praying, and loving you too; Wishing you all that a Christmas could bring, Praying and knowing, that God's answering; Loving you always, and want you to know, and this little message is telling you so.

THE BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Why should I wear my think tank out and make my dome all bare wondering what you wish with the shekels I can spare; You've socks and shirts and gay cravats, Your Bible's good and new! and some more prosperous boob than I. Will send—he couldn't do it stronger nor friendlier wishes, for here's where I beat him to it!

A purpose firm, And a courage true, Che head to plan, And the heart to do, and the strength to see Each new task through this I am asking God for you. For a Christmas gift, that shall always stay to gladden your heart From day to day.

OLD PAL

Wish that we could live the old days over Just once more wish that we could hit the trail together Just once more say Pal, the years are slipping by With many a dream and many a sigh sets chum together, you and I Just once more!

A man there was and he had a friend (Even as you and I) and he tried to think a wish to send Original stuff with a subtle trend One that a high brow might have penned (Even as you and I)

But the man was stripped of his foolish pride (Even as you and I) for he saw at last that a wish is tried Not by the word but the thought inside So MERRY CHRISTMAS—he wrote and sighed (Even as you and I)

WELL, WELL!

When you will put your head out of the window you will hear a lot of Merry Christmases flying by, and many of them will be meant for you. However, if you hear one that rings a little bit clearer than any of the rest, it is mine. For as the old lady said of opera music—My Merry Christmas is even better than it sounds. Even your friend—P. S. Gosh, I almost forgot Happy New Year.

HELLO BROTHER

And a Merry Christmas! Wish we could be Children again today, Back in the old home! But though childhood's happy days are over, The same love lives in your heart for me, and in mine for you, And not much else matters While love lives So, Merry Christmas, Brother, And many, many more.

There's a very thankful feeling Deep in my heart today That I have a home and parents Though they are so far away. For Christmas is a Home Day And its a Heart day too, And my heart holds happy memories Of my childhood days and You.

How I wish the long, long distance Between us could be less Dear Father and dear Mother And at his merry Christmas time When gladness simply pours In boxes for St. Christmas On the Dodds' Mail to you

Literary Notes

"THE GIRL OF THE NEW DAY."

This book is written by Miss Helen M. Knox, Principal of Havergal College.

It is only now and again that the Principal of a leading college in Canada finds time in the midst of a busy day's work to deal with the problems which come immediately under his or her notice, but Miss Knox comes of a family of workers. Her elder brother, Sir George Knox, of the Supreme Court, Allahabad, recently celebrated a jubilee of fifty years in India, with never a furlough and only one day's absence. Another brother, the Bishop of Manchester, is just completing his fifty years of arduous service, latterly over a diocese of over three million people.

Miss Knox came to Canada after winning First-class Honors at Oxford and experience in Cheltenham College, one of the leading if not the leading Girls' School in England. She placed before her from first to last two great ideals: First, founding a College which should be Canadian in the highest sense of the word, that is to say, comprising the best tradition of the English schools from which she came, with the highest spirit and ideal of Canadian education. And the second, proving that Scripture taken as a first and all-important subject in a school curriculum, if wisely taught, gives a strong sense of duty which becomes a dominant note of the school, and even from a material point of view is thus gained not lost, as this year's brilliant Matriculation results in Havergal abundantly show.

The insight and experience gained from dealing with successive generations of girls, numbering at the present moment over five hundred in the three Toronto schools, give Miss Knox an unusual opportunity for studying the Girl of the New Day and her needs for today and tomorrow.

The value of the book, therefore, turns not simply upon the scholastic commonsense and knowledge of human nature which it contains, as upon the fact that it expresses the deliberate and mature experience of a lover of girls, English by birth and education but, as her writings clearly indicate, for over twenty-five years Canadian in touch and sentiment.

With a Book

I cannot make new worlds for you Yet these closed covers truly frame A wondrous world of rapture true— Be pleased to enter in my name!

With a wish for health and happiness Every day the whole year through.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO YOU AND OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Its fine to say "Our Neighborhood" It sounds so homelike and so good So cordial and so true.

It means the things one cares about And folks one couldn't do without Good neighbors, just like you.

And so this little verse is sent Packed full of kindly sentiment And friendly wishes good.

That Christmas time may be all through The happiest time of all for you And our dear neighborhood. Here's a Merry Christmas greeting For the dearest one I know Full of wishes for great comfort As the new days come and go; Full of tenderest affection Full of thanks for love bestowed And a prayer that God be with you Mother dear, along life's road.

FOR CHRISTMAS OLD MAN

I won't send you cigars you don't need em, You smoke too darn much any how! Or a flock of Ford cars you might speed 'em And may be kill somebody's cow; If I send you a gem—you might flash it And friend foot-ped would put out your light. If I wrote you a check you might cash it And I'll sleep in jail Christmas night; But a good wish will always hold steady And here are a million or two, That this be the best Christmas season, Old man that you just ever knew.

DEAR FRIEND

In taking inventory at the close of the old year I find I have several friends left and you are one of the best of them. So I marked you up 1000 per cent and intend to keep you in stock, not only during the New Year but forever, if you will let me. Happy New Year.

EVER YOUR FRIEND

HELLO SISTER

And a Merry Christmas! Wish we could be Children again today, Back in the old home! But though childhood's happy days are over, The same love lives in your heart for me, and in mine for you, And not much else matters While love lives So, Merry Christmas, Sister, And many many more.

There's sun enough

And rain enough For all the grass and flowers, And there's joy enough For everyone In this dear old world of ours; And at his merry Christmas time When gladness simply pours In boxes for St. Christmas On the Dodds' Mail to you

THE REASON WHY

WHY DOES A HUMAN BEING HAVE TO LEARN TO SWIM?

It is strange, isn't it, that almost every animal, excepting man and possibly the monkey, knows how to swim naturally; others such as birds, horses, dogs, cows, elephants, can swim as soon as they can move about alone.

The trouble with man in this connection is that his natural motion is climbing. He has been a climber ever since he was developed from the monkey, and when you throw him into the water before he has learned to swim, he naturally starts to climb and as a climbing motion won't do for swimming, the man will drown.

This climbing motion is as much of an instinct in man and monkeys as the instinct in cogs which causes him to turn round once or twice before he lies down just as his forefathers used to do ages ago when, as with dogs they first had to ramp the grass before they could lie down comfortably.

—From the Book of Wonders, Published and Copyrighted by the Bureau of Industrial Education, Inc., Washington, D. C.

UNLESS

We cannot hear His Angels sing—we cannot see His Star, And, on the Christ-Child's natal day, how strangely cold we are The laughing voices of the world are calling us away.

Ah! We are chasing bubbles and forgetting how to pray. We prate of "Peace on Earth" who know the madness of unrest, And leave the faithful shepherd few to greet our Heavenly Guest.

We give our gifts—our greetings to a worldling silken clad, And turn from supplicating hands—from faces worn and sad. Unless we purge these souls of ours from selfishness and sin, We vainly sigh for rest to come—for peace to enter in.

There is no hope for troubled earth, warshaken and defiled, Unless we turn our straying feet to Mary and Her Child. —Lucy Gertrude Clarkin In Red and White for December

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE OF NOVA SCOTIA

OTTAWA, December 22.—After a lengthy conference, the operators and miners' executive of the Dominion Coal Company have agreed on a readjustment and increase of wages involving eighty-one different classifications of work.

A telegram conveying this information was received by the Labor Department yesterday from the Rev. Clarence MacKinnon, chairman of the Board of Conciliation appointed by the Minister of Labor to deal with the dispute.

The Value of Saving

All successful men began by saving. Later, perhaps, they invested, but they first had to accumulate capital.

The first step towards wealth is to open a Savings Account. The second is to save regularly.

Come in and ask about our simple, convenient Savings Accounts. Interest compounded every six months soon amounts up.

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital \$ 9,700,000 Reserve Fund \$ 15,000,000 Resources \$ 232,000,000

J. H. MALCOM Manager

Charlottetown Branch



"The Haberdashery"

We Wish All Our Customers and Friends "A Very Merry Christmas" Henderson & Cudmore

FORD

"The Universal Car" Still Leads

The 1920 Ford model has many improvements which makes an ideal moderate priced car. They are equipped with or without self-starter and improved lighting, demountable rims, non-skid tires on rear wheels, tilting wind shield, one-man top, spare tire carrier rim, improved upholstery, improved seating.

The reputation of the Ford for service, light upkeep and long life places it in—well, in a class by itself. We could continue saying good things about the Ford, but it's needless. Everybody knows the little Ford with its great big satisfactory service. We are booking orders for these cars NOW—for Spring delivery.

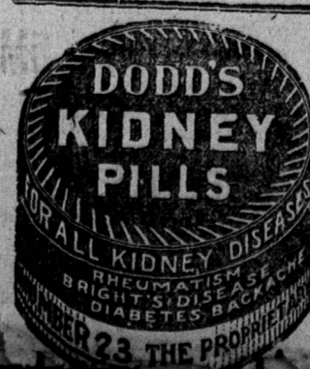
Better get YOUR ORDER in early and not be disappointed as so many were last year.

Kennedy, Webster & McKinnon

174 Great George Street

SUPERSTITIONS

If you will go to the cross-roads between eleven and twelve on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.



Your Batteries Charged

We are now prepared to charge and store your Batteries, and deliver to you when wanted in proper condition.

We Are Service Men.

Kennedy, Webster, McKinnon Ltd.