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

MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1940

Carry On Canada

That the seriousness of the war situation should be more keenly felt, and that leadership should be provided so that many of our citizens who are not at present doing any war work could in some way have a share in aiding our country in this crisis were the keynotes expressed at a citizen's meeting Friday night.

It was stated that the loyalty and patriotism of a considerable number had no means of being sufficiently expressed aside from monetary contributions to the various war services. The proposed Carry On Canada Corps is a patriotic organization to supply this need and to instill confidence and enthusiasm which would benefit all the forms of war work now going on.

The prepared brief further stated that there is no suggestion that the public shall be burdened by solicitations, contributions or donations if and when the object is to raise money. The suggestion is that this be done in usual and unusual ways, such as bingos, country fairs, the obtaining of concessions during the period of any large gatherings in the city, dances and any other fair or legitimate means available.

The groundwork has already been satisfactorily laid, and it is hoped by those voluntarily assuming the responsibility for starting the movement that the public meeting in the City Hall Tuesday evening will be well attended.

The Curse Of Garibaldi

In Italy today, says the Globe and Mail, the spirits of dead patriots are brooding, striving vainly perhaps to reawaken the country's conscience, to repudiate the greatest crime ever committed by one nation upon another, not excepting the unspeakable atrocities of Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia.

But it will be in vain. Italy is lost, sold in bondage to the powers of paganism, persecution and tyranny. Upon her is the curse of Garibaldi, who said: "If ever England should be so circumscribed as to require the help of an ally, cursed be that Italian who would not step forward in her defense." And rising against Italy, higher than the Alps, is the execration of a world that stands appalled at the cold-blooded attempt to jab a stiletto into the loins of France at the most desperate moment of her battle for life.

For this the people of Italy, like the people of Germany, who are responsible for the foul deeds of their rulers, must and will pay the price. For neither Germany nor Italy, no matter how exultant they may be today over passing triumphs, can win in the end.

The World's Hope

Addressing an international audience at Fort Erie last week, Colonel George A. Drew, leader of the Ontario Conservative party, made this sturdy statement:

"The world's hope of a lasting peace is understanding among the three great democracies, Britain, France and the United States. We in Canada are interpreters of that common understanding between Britain and the United States. Victory we are going to win, and after that those three great peoples are going to go forward and give freedom to such countries as Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark and others now under the Nazi heel, and restore to all the world its right to Christianity and civilization."

That the world's greatest democracies are the most powerful and wealthiest of the world's nations, is an argument for enlightened freedom that needs no elaboration. Civilization represents the survival of the worthiest, and that is the reason civilization cannot die.

The Suez Canal

Can Mussolini fulfill his threat of blocking the Suez Canal and so rendering it useless to the Allies, blocking up the fleet assembled in the Mediterranean and crippling trade? The feat, says the Hamilton Spectator, would not be so easy to accomplish, with the large Allied armies stationed at strategic positions, and an adequate patrol service. But this threat to what has been described as the Empire's life line to the East recalls the reluctance of Mr. Gladstone to consent to the original purchase of Ismail Pasha's shares. "Is our real hold over the Suez canal in war-time any other than our maritime superiority in the Mediterranean?" he asked Lord Granville. "Would Egypt make any real addition to it? If not, then the holding of it would be a new military responsibility, a burden and an evil." Fortunately, Disraeli thought otherwise, and bought up 46 per cent. of the shares. It has been a wonderfully profitable investment for the company, the British Government being the largest shareholder and reaping about two million pounds sterling a year in dividends.

Italy has complained that the profits are too large, that dues are excessive and that she is entitled to better representation on the board of directors. Dues have, however, been progressively reduced in recent years, and Italian traffic passing through the canal is not on a sufficiently grand scale to warrant her claims to greater consideration from the company. In 1934 it amounted to only 6 per cent.; after the Abyssinian war it rose to 18.5 per cent, but subsequently declined to 13.5 per cent. in 1938. Some 6,600 ships pass through the canal every year, with a net tonnage of over 36 million. Of this 46 per cent is British, 8 per cent, German, and other countries in lower proportion. Dues are based on tonnage, with a tax on passengers.

The canal is a hundred miles long and cost thirty million pounds to build. Nearly a million pounds a year are spent on upkeep, and about the same sum goes out in wages to the three or four thousand men working on the canal, twelve thousand souls depending on such employment. About a million and a half dollars are paid to the Egyptian government annually. The concession expires in 1968, after which time the canal will pass into possession of Egypt. Ships of all nations, in war-time as well as peace, have the right to make use of the facilities, and any attempt to interfere with that right on the part of Italy or any one else, in spite of hostilities, would be a direct violation of the international convention.

— EDITORIAL NOTES —

Bunker Hill, when the American forces were defeated, this date, 1775.

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Gounod, who composed both *Faust* and *The Redemption*, born this date, 1818.

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An appropriate short name for the new civil Carry On Corps would be the Revivalists.

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"On your toes" is the necessary injunction to all who would be of service to the State in these trying times.

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It is highly improper to boast about local prosperity at the expense of the Allies; but all the same it is but fair that this province's rights should be recognized as they now have been, by the Federal Government under the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme.

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It is not those who have loved ones in khaki or blue that lament the most these days: They are proud of the fact. Lamentations are heard for the most part from those who have nothing to lose but are afraid the day must come when they will have to do their bit.

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From now on it is not going to be so easy for Islanders to take a run to "li'le n'Yrk" or home-like Boston. Before they can do so they must possess a passport, and before the passport is any good it must be vised by the nearest American Consul to whom the appliant must go personally. As the consul is in Saint John that entails a visit there before, say for a week's visit, an Islander can obtain the necessary permit. It seems hard lines, but it is War, and the United States wants to keep free from Fifth Columnists and others of that ilk. The regulation is playing havoc with U.S.A. border city trade, as it is estimated nearly 6,000 Canadians per day visit America's stores on merely a nod-and-a-wink as they are known to Customs authorities. Protests are being lodged at Washington but without effect.

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As part of the cost to be paid on the home front for all in the war Britons will have to get along without a wide range of consumer goods, from lipsticks and slimming creams to lawn mowers and washing machines. By order of the Board of Trade drastic measures have been taken to limit for the next six months the supply of articles in everyday use as well as luxury goods to two-thirds the value of such goods supplied to stores in the corresponding period of last year. The object of the new order is to make more goods available for building up export trade and to release workers in raw materials for more important war work. Retail sales of the goods affected amounted last year to about $1,250,000,000. This is in addition to the restriction of supplies of cotton, rayon and linen goods applied in April, the retail sales of which last year were valued at $500,000,000. Every member of a family will have to learn to do without something now used or worn.

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Immediately prior to its suspension, Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, London, asked for fairplay for the Vatican daily paper, L.Osservatore Romano, for he has heard from friends in Italy that many obstructions to its circulation had been placed on it—"all the more to be deplored as it is the only real newspaper in the country." He continued: "There have been ugly incidents of violence from which the readers and those connected with the paper have grievously suffered. The Osservatore is the most impartial paper in the world. What has caused the attempted suppression of its circulation? The answer seems to be—the publication of the Holy Father's telegrams to the Sovereigns of Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg. Fascist papers are at the same time allowed, if not encouraged, to public attacks on those who do not enthusiastically support the party, and even on the Vicar of Christ himself whose only aim is peace through justice. May we not as Catholics and as subscribers to the Osservatore Romano, appeal for truth and fairplay? Great is the truth and it will triumph."

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As the result of the agitation in the Press and in Parliament there has been inaugurated a very necessary speed up in war supplies. The recent conference between the manufacturers and the Cabinet has had a most beneficial effect. Canada will furnish in large quantities gun tractors, army service vehicles, ambulances and other mechanized material destroyed or abandoned in Flanders. The Oshawa and Windsor Motor plants are turning out 200 of these vehicles a day now, and a holiday in pleasure-car production will result in stepping up that output tremendously. Already more than 7,000 vehicles have been provided by Canadian factories for the three Canadian Army Divisions, and others have been made for Australia and other parts of the British Commonwealth. Canadian motor manufacturers believe that these transports, designed and made in Canada, are the best in the world, and they want a wider opportunity to show it. The job of producing tanks of thirty tons or over will be a bit slower. These tanks carry four-inch armor plate, manufacture of which is beyond the present capacity of Canadian motor industry. But here the locomotive works and the steel mills will come in and they are coming fast. Once the two industries get together and in full production it will be merely a matter of assembly-line methods.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Many British ex-soldiers who know also the soldiers of today have pointed out that in one respect there is a difference between the troops of today and those who fought at any period in the last war; that whereas many men then could scarcely have explained what the war was about, there are few today in the British army, navy or air force who do not understand what sort of thing they are fighting against. The conviction is almost universal that the Nazi regime made war inevitable, and that peace was not worth having as long as its aggressions continued. Among the troops of today there seems to be far less tolerance of the idea of war than in 1914, but there appears an absolute belief in the justice of the cause. — Christian Science Monitor.

There was a time when Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh was regarded as a modest young man, for he was then a man of deeds rather than of words. His modesty has not been so conspicuous of recent years, and he has become a man of words rather of deeds, though his words are not distinguished by any considerable amount of wisdom. The more recent part of his education he acquired in Europe, though not in those parts of Europe which a believer in republicanism and democracy admires most. The Nazi Government of Germany has decorated him, and ever since that time his utterances have seemed to the larger part of his fellow-countrymen to have taken on a Nazi slant. — San Francisco Argonaut. ... ...

The British War Office has refused to allow women to become lay readers to the Women's Auxiliary Forces, among those supporting the ban being Lord Hugh Cecil, provost of Eton, who says that the ministry of women is contrary to the teaching of St. Paul. The champions of the W. A. F. could retort that Nazi Germany's teachings and practices also are contrary to the teaching of St. Paul. And they are helping to fight the Nazis, who are enemies of the Church. — Montreal Gazette

Lieutenant F. Lewin of the Irish Guards has been killed on active service. He was the grandson of Earl Roberts and would have succeeded to the title. He was born two months after the death of the famous British Field Marshal at the first of the last war. Old "Bobs" won the Victoria Cross and his son was killed winning the Victoria Cross. Both father and son had served the British Empire on foreign fields, and both had won the highest award for gallantry. Now, the third generation of the family has gone to the wars and given his life for British freedom. — Clark in Windsor Star.

A good cat in the Temple, well known to many people in different countries, has just passed out of his busy life and deserves a word in the annals of these times. He was in his thirteenth year when he caught a rat in February. His name was Frank. He was the first cat to have spoken across the Atlantic. It was two years ago last Christmas. An American friend of his master's had returned from Tokio and was speaking to his wife and family on Christmas Eve in an Temple's cottage in Surrey. The reception was good and the American spoke to his wife and children and heard his dog (a Cain terrier called Coolin) barking and asked for Coolin to be brought to the telephone. The dog, however, had escaped into the garden, so Frank's master took Frank to the telephone, and the lady in Baltimore, who knew Frank well, said a few friendly words to him. Frank cocked up his ears at these words to him over the Atlantic, but did not reply till his tail was pulled. Then he said "Wau-u," and the cry of the faithful cat went across the broad Atlantic over whales and porpoises and ships desynchronised on this side, resynchronised on the other, to the ear of the lady in Baltimore. The deed was done. The cat had spoken across the Atlantic. Frank had a friend, a Cabinet Minister, who lived in the opposite flat in the Temple, Frank waited at night and came upstairs with him, and the Minister used to knock at the door and then go into his chambers, and when Frank's mistress opened the door there sat Frank on the mat. The lady sometimes convinced people that Frank knocked at the door for admittance. Once the Minister put a note for Frank's master in the letter-box with on the corner, "Deliver by paw." Hail and farewell to Frank. — Manchester Guardian.

What London and England mean to the world's trade and as factors of stability in the world's economy is being brought to the fore these days as business leaders in other countries wonder what would happen to international commerce and finance if the worst—the unbelievable—happened and London should fall. Particularly concerned are bankers, industrial magnates and prominent business men of the United States, with this anxiety being centred in Wall Street. Nothing short of paralysis would be suffered by world trade, it is feared, if the financial and commercial life of Great Britain were disrupted, for London is the world's banker and trader. In a normal year of peace more than 125 million tons of cargo, valued at about six billion dollars in peace-time move in and out of British ports. This huge volume of commodities, in the form of raw materials and finished goods, comes from the ends of the earth and goes there too. The United States is a profitable participant in this trade. Last year it sold more than 500 million dollars' worth of goods to Great Britain, which represented about 16 per cent of total American exports. In return it bought from Britain goods to the value of 150 million dollars, or about 6 1-2 per cent of American imports. — Hamilton Spectator.

The Nazi parachute troops, says Wallace R. Deuel in his despatch from Berlin, require a special concentrated food, to provide them with nourishment for several days, after they have dropped on to an enemy country. Does this throw any light on the recent murder of Professor Lewis B. Allyn, one of the two foremost food chemists in the United States, shortly after he had perfected a food formula for the U. S. military authorities. The 66-year-old chemist, living quietly at Westfield, Mass., had kissed his elderly wife good night, when a knock came to the door. Four shots rang out, and the scientist fell with four bullets in his head. His scientific associates state that

PUBLIC FORUM

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

THE USELESS PLEBISCITE

Sir:— When Rev. A. A. MacLeod says that a vote in favour of Question 1 on the ballot is a vote for more drunkeness he is undoubtedly right. But how can he or other members of the temperance organizations be so blind as not to see that a vote in favour of Question 2 is also a vote for more drunkeness? As Mr. John L. Read has so well shown in his splendid letter published June 5th it is not a question of two alternatives, but of "heads I win tails you lose. Therefore, it is doubly monstrous that this plebiscite should be held at this time, as it is a waste of money which should be used for war work and is practically certain to give another impetus to drinking, whichever way it comes out. The only possible good feature is the question on the questionnaire regarding the limitation of doctor's prescriptions, and I suppose it will be worked so that one cannot fill out the questionnaire without voting the ballot. A limitation of prescriptions to 50 a month would perhaps result in more forged prescriptions and more liquor sold openly by vendors without prescriptions. Conditions seem hopeless short of martial law, and I have a letter from the Deputy Minister of Justice of the Dominion that has to be seen to be believed.

I am, Sir, etc.,
CHARLES N. MURRAY
Crapaud, June 14th.

The Sort Of Work Canadian Warships Are Doing Now

(H. C. Ferraby in the Navy (London).

Seventy tons or eighteen hundred tons—they are all destroyers. Whether they work the offshore patrols, hurtling and pirouetting at 50 miles an hour in the cockle-shell hull of a motor driven boat or whether they storm into narrow waters in the face of a withering, concentrated fire from trapped enemy ships, they are all destroyers.

Only rarely do we hear the name of one of them. Maybe the occasion for the lifting of the official secrecy is that tragic news for which the formula is "The Secretary of the Admiralty regrets to announce..." Maybe the name slips out, on a semi-official sidewind so to speak, as when we learned, no one quite knew how, that it was the Antelope which had sunk two U—boats in one day. But just now and again it does come with full official formality, as in the record of hte attacks at Narvik.

The destroyers have been mighty hard worked for the past nine months. So has all the Navy for that matter, and the urgent calls for more destroyer help from every quarter have thrown a fierce burden on the officers and men (and on the material) of our destroyers. To the laymen it must sound as though there were ample vessels for every conceivable task. But we built, in the last war, 300 new destroyers to add to those with which we started, and then we never had enough for all the work that the strategic plans of the Navy Staff initiated. So you see how much work has had to be piled up on the smaller flotillas we have had at sea since September. Many of the vessels were underway for 100 days out of the first 120 of hostilities. They steamed as much as 25,000 and 30,000 miles each in that period—more than once round the world. But it was no luxury world cruise, and certainly no rest cure! The men on escort work with the Atlantic convoys, for example, had a sort of routine that ran like this—

13 days at sea.
1 1-2 days in harbor.
11 days at sea.

* * * *

Now that day and a half in harbor is important, but it most certainly does not mean, that for 36 hours there was nothing to do, that officers and men could relax and get a rest.

Take the engineroom staff. That 36 hours had to be given up to boiler cleaning. Now you and I and other citizens ashore send for the chimney sweep to clean our flues, but the Navy does the job itself. (Though there is a quaint item in the Navy Estimates for chimney-sweeping expense every year, but it applies to the barracks' chimneys and not the funnels of ships!)

Boiler cleaning in a destroyer is hard, hot work in cramped quarters. There are thousands of feet of small tubes in the boiler and all of them have to be scraped inside by passing long wire-bristled brushes through them. The only way to get at the opening is through a small manhole into a sapce that measures some six feet by four, so that the man working the brushes had to be doubled up all the time or crouching on his haunches. The job is bad enough anywhere, but out in the tropics the temperature may be 120 deg. F., and the humidity 95 percent. Not much of rest to work at that for a day and a half in harbor!

All the other departments have jobs on hand too, while the ship is at anchor. Re-storing, re-ammunitioning, putting on a spot or two of paint to try to keep the ship, despite her tearing-wearing life, looking something like a model H. M. S. And there are urgent repairs, for the destroyers get badly knocked about on active service by the weather even when they do not find the enemy.

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It is important to mention also that a lot of our destroyers are the grandfathers and grandmothers of the flotillas, qualified by long years of service for a pension —of the scrap yard. Just before the war, the King held an insnection of the Reserve Fleet which had hastily been put into full commission with crews of reservists and pensioners to give everyone an intensive refresher course and rub up their knowledge. There were 58 destroyers in that Fleet and nearly all of them were "over-age." They had done more than sixteen years' service. Their officers and men too, particularly in the engineroom, were past the retiring age. One of them, I remember, caused a minor sensation by appearing in uniform with the ribbon of the Boer War medal on his chest.

Those men had been ashore, out of the Navy, for many years, indulging in the quieter pursuits of gardening, bee-keeping and living soft. But in the stress of war they took their whack of hardship as well as any. Equally remarkable was the way the elderly ships, some of them hastily built in the last war, stood up to the strain of constant running. It was one more tribute to the skill and care of British shipbuilding yards and not only those that specialize in Admiralty work, for the vast programs of 1917 and 1918 had to be spread over many firms that, though experienced in mercantile shipbuilding, had never tackled Navy work before.

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An officer who was with the destroyer escorts for the Expeditionary Force to Norway gave me more graphic details of what that undertaking had meant in extra work for the flotillas.

The ship he was in had done nine days' escort work, had been in harbor 24 hours and then went off again on escort for a merchant ship convoy. On the way they met a British submarine and after interchange of recognition signals and some news the submarine, before she dived, made the signal "Good luck and a safe landfall." It was probably the last signal she made, for the submarine was the Thistle which the Admiralty later recorded as lost with all hands.

The destroyer had a full North Sea gale to contend with. The gun's crew of the foremost gun could not live in the seas that swept the forecastle and had to be withdrawn. The men at No. 2 gun crouched together for warmth in what left the gun shield provided.

Everybody was worn out. Men coming off watch were too tired to clamber into a hammock to sleep. They flung themselves down in the shelter of the mess decks and fell asleep as they lay.

One dawn during the passage the convoy made contact with the Main Fleet and saw the great mastadons, looking in the half light like exaggerated galleons of an old time navy. And then as soon as they had taken their convoy into harbor and had spent two hours refuelling, came the order to rush further north still to form part of the escort for the transports for Norway.

They were given the course to steer and told to keep their eyes peeled. It was in the dawn as they came near to the point marked as a rendezvous. There were great masses of storm cloud, piled down to the surface of the sea. Purple, impenetrable masses of blackness. Somewhere near at hand were the transports—but where?

On the bridge, the captain, officers, and look-outs peered into the gloom of that grim dawning. Then suddenly the clouds broke and ahead they saw a conort of destroyers and transports circling round. One of the destroyers they identified. Her captain was an old term-mate at Dartmouth of the captain. And a message flashed from the newcomer to the circling destroyer:

"What have you got hold of there?"

Back flashed the answer from the winking signal lamp:

"The Spanish Armada."

* * * *

That is the spirit in which the Navy carries on the war.

Through tumbling, troubled seas the destroyers plowed, keeping constant watch for trouble for the soldiers in the transports. And they landed them all, men, guns and equipment, without losing a button or a cartridge.

My friend's destroyer turned back for home. They had then done 22 days at sea and the only pause they had was two hours for refuelling alongside an oiler. They all grew beards—more or less successfully—because there was no time to shave. My friend's eyes were deep sunken like those of a man for whom healthy sleep had long been unknown.

He had no complaint. He made no grouse for himself. But he thought it was darned rough on the Chief Yeoman of Signals who for 13 days had never had more than 10 minutes snatched sleep at one time.

The Poet's Corner

WILD DUCK

Twilight, Red in the West.
Dimness. A glow on the wood;
The teams plod home to rest.
The wild duck comes to glean.
O souls not understood.
What a wild cry in the pool;
What things have the farm ducks seen
That they cry so—huddle and cry?
Only the soul that goes
Eager. Eager. Flying—
Over the globe of the moon,
Over the wood that glows,
Wings linked, necks astrain,
A rush and a wild crying;
A cry of the long pain
In the reeds of a steel lagoon
In a land that no man knows.

—John Masefield.

Prof. Allyn had refused to disclose to a foreign agent the secret formula for his concentrated vitamin food, and had been threatened with death when he refused to make an airplane trip to Europe to negotiate a sale of his formula. A friend of the murdered scientist says the agent represented "a European nation now at war." What's a murder more or less to a nation engaged in murdering millions. — Vancouver Province.

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THE NEW IMPROVED QUICK DIP SEED TREATMENT FOR
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One pound will treat from 60 to 80 bushels.
One pound tin — — — — $1.90
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NEW IMPROVED DRY DISINFECTANT FOR
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Mussolini At War

(New York Times)

With the courage of a jackal at the heels of a bolder beast of prey, Mussolini now has left his ambush. His motives in taking Italy into war against the Allies are as clear as day. He wants to share in the spoils which he believes will fall to Hitler, and he has chosen to enter the war at the precise moment when he thinks that he can accomplish this at the least cost and risk to himself. This is the end of all these weeks and months of hesitation, all this eager watching, all this cautious sniffing of the air, all this splendid courage held in leash so carefully for some sure sign of the weakness of the victim. Fascism marches when it thinks that it smells carrion.

It is questionable whether any other statesman in our time has done a greater wrong to his own people. For it is the overwhelming testimony of those who know Italy best that, given a free choice, uninfluenced by the gigantic official propaganda to which they have been subjected, the Italian people would have chosen to remain at peace. It is true that they dislike Britain. It is equally true that they believe themselves to have been unfairly treated by the French. But they have a cultural unity with France that is more profound than all political disagreements. In their traditions, their manner of thinking, their heritage of law and culture, they are part of that Western European world of which France is a part—and of which the Nazi Germany of Hitler has never been, and could never be, a part. Even in the case of the British their dislike is certainly no greater —it is in many ways considerably less, since it is not compounded with the same fear of a great alien power at the Brenner Pass—than their instinctive dislike and distrust of the Germans.

Given a wiser leadership, given a clearer view ahead given an opportuunity to follow their own natural inclinations and desires, the Italian people could readily have remained at peace. They could have been a stabilizing rather than a destructive force in Europe. They could have continued to serve as the custodians of Western law and Latin culture. They could have conserved their strength to help build a new order on the smoking ruins of a broken world.

Unfortunately, this was not to be. By every artifice of propaganda, by every pressure which dictatorship can bring to bear, by every goad he could apply, Mussolini led the Italian people away from peace away from the position of respect which they could have held so easily, away from their own best interests. For it does not seem believable that participation in this war can be in Italy's best interests. It does not seem believable that the people of Italy can profit from this cynical adventure into which they have been led. It does not seem believable that out of it can come gains for them great enough to compensate for the losses they must suffer, morally and materially. It is possible, in the event of a final German victory, that they will be awarded the Jackal's share of the killer's spoils; it is much more likely that the killer, having slain his prey, will turn upon the jackal. It is still more likely—it is certain —that in the event of a German defeat and the destruction of the Nazi system Italy will find herself at the war's end friendless, bankrupt and dishonored.

The Need Of Passports

(Globe and Mail)

Careful consideration is being given—and needs to be given—at Ottawa to the dramatic move of the United States under an executive order issued by President Roosevelt requiring passports and visas from Canadians, Mexicans, Cubans and citizens of a number of other countries in this hemisphere wishing to visit the United States.

The step taken by President Roosevelt is part of a broad program to check the fifth-column menace. It is designed to prevent the entry of any alien whose presence would be detrimental to the public safety ,or who would be unable to establish a legitimate reason for being in the United States.

Our neighbor's move puts the threat of Nazi agents up to Ottawa in a manner so emphatic that it cannot be ignored. If it is considered necessary for a neutral and powerful nation of 130,000,000 people to guard against saboteurs and spies from abroad, how much more is it imperative that a belligerent country like Canada be on the qui vive against the potential menace of members of German-American Bunds who may come here in the guise of innocent tourists. The stratagem of the wooden horse of Troy has been successfully employed in Norway and elsewhere, and we cannot afford to be caught napping.

Requiring passports from tourists and travellers from the United States undoubtedly may discourage the tourist trade to some extent, but dollars don't count when the very security of the nation is at stake. If it is necessary to forgo profits from tourists to safeguard our existence we shall have to dispense with tourist travel, or some of it, until after the war. Bona fide and friendly Americans who desire to visit Canada will not cavil at paying $5 for a passport. After all, it is but the cost of a fishing license.

The necessity for caution and restrictions at the present time recalls the fact that for nearly a century and a half there has been free intercourse between the friendly peoples of Canada and the United States. Since 1796, when Jay's Treaty went into effect, no passports have ever been required from United States and Canadian citizens crossing the international boundary for friendly or business visits. Hitler and his Trojan horse hirelings have thus put back the clock 150 years, and the prospect is that we may experience tryanny worse than that prevailing immediately after the fall of Rome before the European aggressors are crushed and the world returns from madness to sanity.

CASTLECONNELL, Eire.—(CP)—Between 40 and 50 men were arrested when they were found drilling near this Limerick town. Some of them were alleged to be carrying firearms.

For Vitality always use
BRAHMIN
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