THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded in 1887)

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Editor and Managing Director: J. E. Burnett, F.J.I.
Associate Editors: Frank Walker and Lieut. Ian A Burnett, R.C.N.V.R. (On Active Service)

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

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8, 1943

Teheran Conference Results

While the details of the master plan to defeat Germany are not revealed, the Teheran conference results, as viewed by an Associated Press writer, seem to justify the following broad outline of things to come:

1. The Red Army, which already has killed twice as many Germans as died in the First Great War, will continue through the winter the offensives that have almost driven the invaders from Russia.

2. Allied bombers from British and Italian bases will tear harder at the Nazis' means and will stave off inevitable defeat.

3. The Allied armies in Italy will maintain strong pressure on the Germans, forcing them up the Peninsula, and will be ready to take advantage of any withdrawals.

4. Preparations for a main invasion from the west, proceeding apace, will be stepped up even more with appointment and arrival of a commander-in-chief for Western Europe, expected to be Gen. George C. Marshall, United States Army Chief of Staff.

5. The great, final assault is not generally expected in the near future, but meanwhile the Russians and Allied airmen will give the Reich plenty of trouble, while Allied propaganda will continue to gnaw at German nerves.

Mr. Eaton's Criticism

An outstanding banker and industrialist of the United States is Mr. Cyrus Eaton, formerly of Nova Scotia. Mr. Eaton is a booster for the Maritimes in most things, but he has the following comment to make by way of criticism in a recent article in the *Cleveland News*:

"One of the best illustrations I know of man's failure to make the most of his opportunities for good eating is furnished by my native Nova Scotia. In the surrounding sea, for the taking in unlimited quantities, are such exquisite delicacies, as oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, trout, salmon, cod, tuna, halibut, haddock, swordfish, shad, mackerel, herring and smelts. Despite the shortness of the growing season, the land lends itself to the cultivation of a wide range of excellent cereals, fine vegetables and choice fruits. The best mutton in the world is raised in Nova Scotia. Domestic fowl thrive there, while superb wild-fowl, including duck, grouse and woodcock, abound.

"Although the pick of these products is shipped away to Boston and New York to be served at premium prices by the leading clubs, restaurants and hotels, Nova Scotia could still supply her population with all of them it could eat. Yet many families live on a diet mainly composed of salt pork, boiled potatoes bread, pie or cake, and tea, and choose to neglect the infinite variety of foodstuffs that could be enjoyed and the multiple attractive ways of preparing them for the table."

We might ask ourselves whether, in this favored Province too, we are neglecting to make full use of the abundance and variety of the good resources at our disposal. Nova Scotia is surely not the only province where the importance of proper nutrition could be emphasized.

An Island Poet

It is pleasing to note, in the latest and best collection of Canadian verse which has appeared to date, that prominent place is given the work of John Hunter Duvar. *The Book of Canadian Poetry: a Critical and Historical Anthology*, edited with an introduction and notes by Prof. A. J. M. Smith of the Michigan State College, East Lansing, devotes several pages to this much neglected Island poet:

From one poem in particular, *The Emigration of the Fairies*, lengthy excerpts are given which we quote in today's Guardian. They give a delightful picture of early times in this Province. As noted by Prof. Smith, the tone is obviously derived from Byron's *Don Juan*, but the whole invention is happy in its lightness and precision. The name "Epaygooyat" used for the Island is, of course, a variation of the more familiar "Abegweit"; "Hernewood" was the poet's own estate at Fortune Cove. There in comparative retirement he lived, in Prof. Smith's words, "like a Canadian Sir Walter Scott—half feudal lord and half man of letters." He had previously served as Lieutenant Colonel of a brigade at the Halifax Garrison Artillery and later commanded a Prince Edward Island battalion of the active militia. For ten years he was Dominion Inspector of Fisheries for this Province. He died at Hernewood in 1899, leaving, besides a mass of scattered pamphlets, *The Enamorado: a Drama*, (1879) and *De Roberval: a Drama* (1888). With the latter was published two narrative poems in mock-heroic verse, *The Emigration of the Fairies*, above referred to, and *The Triumph of Constancy: a Romaunt*. He published privately some lyrics under the title of *John a'Var: His Lais*. *Annals of the Court of Oberon* appeared in 1895.

It is his appreciative introduction to Duvar's work that makes Prof. Smith's anthology of special interest to Island readers. "Duvar," he writes, "perhaps because of the aristocratic superiority of his point of view, has not received his proper due from the historians of Canadian literature. There is only a perfunctory line or two about his work in Logan and French's comprehensive *Highways of Canadian Literature*, and no mention of him at all in Rhodenizer's *Handbook of Canadian Literature*. Critics who praise Mair's *Tecumseh* ought to look into *De Roberval*. There they would find a genuine Canadian theme treated with intelligence and wit and presented in a blank verse that has the variety needed for drama and that can be rhetorical when rhetoric is called for and easy, colloquial, and terse when those qualities are wanted."

Of *The Triumph of Constancy* Prof. Smith writes: "It is as though one of the milder of Chaucer's tales had been retold by a slightly irreverent Tennyson, and the result, while not very important, is pleasanter reading than some of the Idylls of the King."

Prof. Smith, a native of Montreal and graduate of McGill and Edinburgh Universities, is himself a poet, as might indeed be gathered from the insight he has shown in compiling this new work of Canadian verse, which ranges all the way from translations of Indian and French-Canadian folk songs to the work of moderns born as late as 1918. It is a book which is almost certain to become a classic in its field. For that reason, if for no other, its placing of Duvar in his proper niche in Canada's literary hall of fame is a matter of gratification.

— EDITORIAL NOTES —

Conception Day.

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Travelling by sea, road, rail and air difficult these days.

* * * *

To our Public Forum today Mr. Hemming contributes a letter on the Island's political history and prospects deserving to be read and studied by all who have its interests at heart.

* * * *

The appeal for farm help for other jobs would indicate that the powers-that-be at Ottawa think there is no work on a mixed farm in winter. They must have Western ranches in mind.

* * * *

Britain and the United States formally declared war on Japan this date 1941 after meetings of Parliament and Congress; Japanese forces landed in Thailand; Singapore was raided by Japanese planes; Hong Kong was blockaded by Jap warships; the Thai cabinet accepted Japan's terms.

* * * *

Uruguay is one of the few South American countries where women may wear slacks without incurring disapproving frowns. But more important, Urugayan women enjoy all the civic and social rights of men. They are eligible for all elective and appointive offices in Federal, provincial and municipal governments, including the office of President of the republic. Many women are serving as mayors and justices of the peace in smaller communities and four are now in the National Legislature, two in the Senate and two in the House.

* * * *

With one judge dissenting, Montreal Court of Appeal held that Macy's Drug Stores, Registered, had made out a prima facie case for issue of an interlocutory injunction to restrain the City of Westmount from enforcing bylaw No. 523, adopted last June 30, to compel all drug stores within the municipality to close at 7 p.m. every day. The majority opinion of the Court was that application of early closing should be suspended in Westmount until a final judgment was obtained on Macy's action in the Superior Court attacking the validity of the by-law. The concurring judges were Chief Justice Letourneau, Justices St. Germain, Prevost and Errol McDougall. Mr. Justice Marchand dissented. Justice St. Germain delivering the majority judgment said: "In my opinion the bylaw simply proceeds to regulate arbitrarily the drug trade after 7 p.m. It is evident that it was not adopted in the public interest but merely to protect six or seven of the appellants' competitors in Westmount who desire to close their stores at 7 p.m."

* * * *

There are, so far, no scenes like the following at our vendors' doors, but Christmas is coming. Crowds described as largest since beer and liquor rationing started besieged government liquor stores and beer warehouses in Toronto in an effort to obtain November rations. Many stores sold all stocks within an hour and hundreds of persons were turned away after an hour or more in line. Tempers flared frequently. One man said he drove at least 25 miles, making the rounds of seven beer and liquor stores without success. In Ottawa police were required at Queen and Dalhousie street beer warehouses to keep order amongst crowds anxious to use their November coupons and "stock up" for the approaching holiday season. A constable was sent to the Queen street depot because the manager feared for his plate glass window, so dense was the line-up. At the Dalhousie street branch the constable on the beat devoted part of his time to keeping the crowd in order.

* * * *

"The enormous demands for feed in the United States have been the chief dynamic in the whole grain situation on this continent," says the current Review of the Bank of Nova Scotia, which summarizes recent developments in the wheat and grain markets against the background of the supply and demand picture. The Review traces the effects of these feed demands, particularly upon wheat. In the last crop-year, 310 million bus. of wheat were used for feed which, together with large quantities for alcohol, raised the total of wheat disposed of in the United States to nearly a billion bus. In the current year, unless steps are taken to limit such non-food utilization it might become so much greater as to absorb the mountainous surplus of U.S. wheat by the time of the next harvest, leaving no more than a minimum reserve. Consequently, the prospect is raised that the Canadian wheat surplus must be the chief source—at least so far as North America is concerned—for meeting large overseas demands should they arise in the near future. (That surplus for export and carryover is large, however, amounting to over 700 million bus. this crop-year even if Canadian domestic use should be larger than last year's record 166 millions).

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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.

WHAT A FREE PORT WOULD DO FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Sir,—Read the Confederation tablet in the Charlottetown Provincial Building and you will be told the Fathers of Confederation "builded better than they knew." This was true of Quebec, Ontario and the West but altogether untrue of the Maritimes, particularly of Prince Edward Island. Not only did the Fathers not build, but they actually destroyed the splendid structure erected in generations by the farmers, fishermen and business men of the Island. The per capita wealth of the Island in 1873 was the highest in British America. Today it is the lowest in Canada.

The first Confederation meeting was held in Charlottetown in 1864. The thinking men of the Island refused to consider the proposal for nine years. They realized that they were living on an Island and that they were trading on a Free Trade basis with the outside world, exporting at the highest prices and importing at the lowest. The cost of living was low and prospects were bright. They knew that Canada, producing goods similar to their own, would be an unprofitable market, and that the much-vaunted Intercolonial Railway would be of little help, except on the mainland.

But political pressure continued from both Ottawa and London. Downing Street, worried over the Fenian raids, pressed the Island Legislature to link up with the other Colonies. Finally, in 1873, the Island sent delegates to Ottawa, where such astute diplomats as Macdonald, Tupper, Tilly and Cartier, offered a loan to buy off the absentee landlords. They also offered to pay the bonds of, and to take over the poorly-planned Island Railway. These were tempting offers and, without considering the loss of the Island's self control, consent was given to a union, in which for seventy years the rights and basic needs of the Province have been ignored.

The Islanders seem to have been blind to the fact that in 1873 Canada was in the throes of a serious depression. The American Civil War was over. Washington had abrogated the Reciprocity Treaty and the United States was deluging Canada with manufactured goods and farm products. Nor was this all, for the rapid development and high wages in the United States were daily drawing large numbers of Canadians across the border. The situation was so serious that the merchants of Montreal passed a resolution in favor of Annexation.

Sir John Macdonald, who was then in opposition, realized the danger and offered Canada a protective tariff, with the result that he was returned to power in 1878. This Tariff fostered the manufacturing industries of Ontario and Quebec but did nothing to assist Prince Edward Island. On the contrary, it not only added to the cost of living, but it killed the factories already established, as they could not compete with the mass-produced goods from Central Canada.

In 1873 the population of the Island was 94,000. Finding it impossible, under the new conditions to make a living, 75,000 Islanders emigrated to other Canadian Provinces or to the United States.

In those days steamships were gradually driving sailing vessels off the ocean and the one outstanding need of the Island became docking facilities for ocean vessels, but these facilities have never been supplied by any of the Federal Governments, who alone control all ocean water fronts. This resulted in the Island having to depend upon Ontario and Quebec for a market. As both these Provinces have been producing a surplus of the same lines as the Island, and as the rail freight rates to Central Canada have been excessively high, the prices received by the Island farmers have averaged but 50% of those paid to the farmers of Central Canada.

The results of this policy are well known. The Island suffers from mortgaged farms, impoverished soil, denuded forests, fully 50,000 acres of cultivated land lying idle in abandoned farms, shortage of modern agricultural implements, a school system that educates the boys and girls "off the land," and a general lack of industrial enterprise.

All these conditions would be reversed by an Island Free Port which would supply the five outstanding needs, viz, 1—Ocean transportation. 2—Free trading with the outside world. 3—Employment in manufacturing and shipping. 4— a world market, for fruits and vegetables, canned and fresh. 5—a demand from other countries for high grade breeding stock.

It is not conceivable that the other Provinces of Canada will expect Prince Edward Island to be satisfied, after the war, with conditions such as those imposed upon this Province for the past seventy years. Moreover, if a demand for Free Port rights were refused, there would seem to be but one alternative—Independence.

I am Sir, etc
H. E. S. HEMMING.

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

Sir,—With reference to criticism of Sunday night's blackout appearing as a news item in the Patriot of Dec. 6, allow me to say: The writer is evidently not conversant with existing conditions, and should therefore refrain from making any assertions which could be interpreted by the public that Civil Defense is not necessary and especially in time of war. Such adverse criticism or insinuating remarks are contrary to Defence Regulations and a hinderance and breakdown to the endless hours spent in building up a security for the populace which has been accomplished only by untiring effort of welfare citizens. Very slight destructive remarks in the press always have had an adverse influence on the minds of the people and require many times as much construction to reinstate conditions to normal.

May I ask, should the Provincial Civil Defence Committee take advice from this single individual or from the joint advisory committee of the three Armed Services which has advised our Federal Government who in turn informs us that due to our vulnerability and for our own protection against eventualities we should continue our organization in full force because if an organization functions only half heartedly it might as well cease operations all together.

Every one or nearly everyone on Prince Edward Island, knows the members of the Provincial Committee and also knows that these very busy gentlemen leave their work and spend half day each week on Civil Defence and I can assure you that there is not any time wasted at those meetings, furthermore, it is done without remuneration. These men have labored at this work for two years and have received little or no support from our local press—The public is always willing to co-operate in any undertaking when advised by proper authority, as necessary, but on the other hand, if through misleading assertions or false propaganda it gets information it is being put to unnecessary inconvenience, then complacency creeps in and makes the task of those responsible so much harder for the protection of the people and their property.

There are thirty-six centres organized in Prince Edward Island and the property and forests saved by this organization in some centres would amount in dollars and cents to well over the total cost of equipment supplied us by the Federal Government.

Yes, it is true we have many gas masks on hand which will be distributed when and if required. Who knew or who knows when these masks may be needed? What would happen if we were shelled or bombed with gas if we were without protection? As we have always known in the past the very individuals who criticize what we are doing now in preparation for any eventuality are the very ones who if the unexpected happened would be the first to censor the authorities for not having taken the precautionary steps to protect the citizens.

The lights of light-houses do not need to be turned out during practices, if they were, many lives might be endangered at sea, but if a real emergency occurred the public can be assured that proper measures have been instituted to deal with the situation.

I would like to take this opportunity to advise any community which does not wish to take advantage of the protection afforded by the Civil Defense is at liberty to hold an advertised meeting and on majority vote, if desired may be withdrawn from the organization and thereby be required to relinquish all equipment and further training in Fire Services, First Aid, and Warden's work such as has been taught and which teaching is anticipated to be intensified and disseminated in the future.

I am, Sir, etc
W. H. POOLE.
Vice Chairman, Civil Defense
Committee Prince Edward Island

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE

Sir,— Charles M. A. Stine, Ph.D., ScD., LL.D., says:— "Science without God is comparable to a storm of hailstones but Science interwoven with christian faith is comparable to the warm gentle shower of a summer afternoon with a rainbow in the sky. One may spread death and destruction, the other life and growth."

No one can ever doubt the Science of the 19th Psalm, which tells us of the Starry Universe and begins with :"The Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the Firmanent showeth His handiwork."

How many stars are there? We read in Isa 40:26, "He calleth them all by their names."

Astronomers are sure now that there are 270 billions of stars. Jer. 33:22, "The Hosts of Heaven cannot be numbered". The Bible repeatedly declares that it is not possible to number the stars. In 1920 the great 100 inch telescope was brought into action at Mount Wilson Observatory, here in California where are astronomers with great telescopes, who with their great lenses are spending night after night in deep study and discovery of the wonder of God's Universe, which must be very interesting indeed.

We read in Job. 26:13, 14. "By His Spirit the Heavens were made beautiful".

An astronomer once said—"I have swept the entire Heavens with my telescope and I have found no God! Therefore he argued there is no such being." We read in Psalm 14 "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God".

The Psalmist knew nothing of a telescope and had no means of measuring star distances. How did he get it right? God wrote the 19th Psalm.

Some years ago a southern Negro went around delivering religious lectures, and with his banjo, sang Negro spirituals, and always ended his lecture with this—"But friends listen to me, I would give all the world to have the same unquestioning faith of my old Negro mammy. She used to point to the stars and say— 'Dem's God's eyes a-lookin' down to see if little folk is a bein' good.'"

We all need more child like faith in God's power. God gave us the gorgeous sunset with all the hues of Heaven until we are captivated with its beauty. Only the Master Artist of the Universe could put on such a display of beauty. When we consider the beauty of the rainbow with its beautiful pastel shades, "God's covenant with Noah" in Genesis 9:13. We are compelled to exclaim, Oh Lord! how wonderful are Thy works. In wisdom Thou hast made them all, Psalm 104:24.

"Whatsoever the Lord pleased that did He in Heaven and on earth, in the seas, and all deep places. He causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth, He maketh lightnings for the rain, He bringeth the wind out of His treasuries" Psalm 135:6—7.

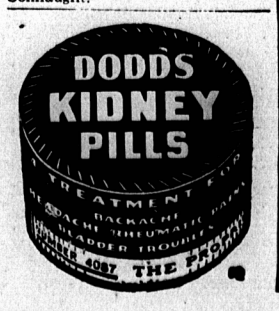
Isa 40:12. "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand. He layeth up the deep in storehouses."

"Truly He doeth great things past, finding out, yea and wonders without number." Job. 9:9, 10.

I am, Sir, etc.
MARY EATON,
304 So. Marego Ave., Pasadena Calif.

BRIGHTON, England, —(CP)— Rev. H. Wallace Bird, Vicar of St. Mary's with St. James has resigned to join the Oxford Group. He said he desired greater freedom than he felt the pulpit gave him to convey the "Christian urge to the people."

CAMBERLEY, England,—(CP)— The King has approved a proposal to extend the Royal Albert School here as a memorial to the Duke of Connaught.



How the Fairies Came To Prince Edward Island

From "The Emigration of the Fairies"
By John Hunter Duvar (1830-99)

(The fairies in their floating island have been wafted from the shores of England by a severe storm, which has driven them for many days across the Atlantic.)

A few days more they drifted, ever west,
Where seabirds now would fly around and swim,
And the air freshened more, from which they guessed
Land near—indeed they saw its outlines dim
Lie low like smoke, till one elf at the prow
Sung out, "A stretch of land on the lee bow!"

A long low line of beach, with crest of trees,
With openings of rich verdure, emerald hued,
And as the string o' the tide and landward breeze
Wafted them nearer, in a thankful mood
They blessed the land and beach of ruddy brown,
And off the shore lay bobbing up and down.

Now this fair land was Epaygooyat called
An isle of golden grain and healthful clime,
With vast fish-teeming waters, ocean-walled,
The smallest province of the Maritime.
Up on the beach the Fairies' Raft was cast,
And on Canadian land stuck hard and fast.

* * * *

Here many things were new and passing strange
To eyes familiarized to English scenes;
The skies were bluer, larger was the range
Of colour, ruddier reds and brighter greens,
The skyline farther, longer was the trail,
And everything upon a larger scale.

The trees grew thicker, rougher, taller stemmed,
Set in a thicker copse of underwood,
The roads were narrower and with bushes hemmed,
The horizon line more well-defined and shrewd,
The land less under tilth, enclosures fewer,
And the whole aspect inchoate and newer.

First halt. They heard within a sugar patch
The rhyming tic-a-tac of axes chopping,
So scouts were sent ahead to try to catch
A glimpse of whom or what 'twas caused the lopping,
And bring back a description of the natives—
If they were cannibals, or friends, or caitiffs.

The scouts returned, and said where they had stole
They'd seen a score or so of stalwart creatures
In flannel shirts, not smock-frocks; on the whole
They rather liked their friendly bearded features,
And that the first glance of these live Canadians
Impressed them favorably—(they were Acadians).

* * * *

They reach a scaffold frame beside a weir,
With criss-cross beams and rafters gaunt and slewed,
And in it agonizing screams could hear,
And saw a whirling fiend devouring wood—
It was a sawmill—and, too feared for speech,
They skirred away beyond the monster's reach.

* * * *

At length they reached a log hut in a clearing,
The habitation of a pioneer,
And broke off when they were the house a-nearing,
That through the settler's window they might peer
To see the inside of the habitation,
And learn some traits and habits of the nation.

They saw a strong-built mother boiling porridge,
All in a chamber somewhat bare but neat
(The goodman with his gun had gone for forage,
While the goodwife kept home alive and feat),
And, helping her, six barefoot little spartans,
All clad in homespun grey instead of tartans.

Then one of our most grizzled, shrewd, and wise
Of elfmen said: "Lads, look you here, and find out
The worth of health, strength, will, and enterprise,
For in such life as this you will see lined out
The elements of a strong, healthy State—
This is a nation destined to be great."

When through the farmer's window they were poking
They noticed something that amused them much;
It was that in no grate no coals were smoking,
Nor porcelain stove, as used among the Dutch,
But fire of wood, such as the hearthstone ruddies
With faces in the fire and back-log studies.

The water-well was not with moss o'ergrown,
Nor oaken bucket floated in its deep,
But 'stead of wheel there was a chunk of stone
Appended to a young fir as a sweep,
On principle of Archimedes' lever;
Yet the device was clumsier than clever.

Another thing they noticed between whiles
Failed not their curiosity to catch,
The which was houses roofed with wooden tiles
Instead of comfortable wheaten thatch,
And much they marvelled if the fireside ingles
Could be kept warm beneath these roofs of shingles.

They, above all things, missed the hawthorn hedges,
And cottages with ivy-trellised gables,
And rows of beehives resting on the ledges,
And neat gates leading to the fields and stables—
And grieved the unaesthetical pretenses
That farmers plead for building zig-zag fences.

Between two brooks, both running diamond-bright,
A mile apart, there rose a flat-topped mound,
So low the acclivity was very slight
And suitable to form a camping ground;
Fair grass fields, too, and interspersed with these
Were groves and scattered clumps of standing trees.

Behind the fields, with outline brave and bold,
Besprent with many a tint of greenerie,
There stood a great belt of the forest old,
Whose topmost sprays aye rippled like a sea
To every breath of wind that that way strayed,
And a soft sussurrus of whisper made.

* * * *

It was in truth, a quiet shady place,
A nook apart from traffic's toil and moil;
Nor fair nor market, but unbroken face
Of lush green pastures on a fertile soil,
Well clothed with wealth of woods, by nature's bounty,
And known as "Hernewood" all throughout the county.

For the blue herons there would build their nests
High up on the tall tops of withered pines,
And sit there with their bills upon their breasts,
Or on one leg erect would stand in lines,
Fishing along the inlet's marish sedges,
Like sculptured ibises on old Nile's edges.

The fairies much approved the meads so green,
But yet they missed the daisies and primroses,
Though thyme and violets and herbs unseen
Sent a most grateful perfume to their noses,
And all the ground was dotted with white stars
Of bird-berry blooms and yellow butter-jars.

In short, 'twas just the spot for fairy raids
With shifting points of view and ample space,
With cloistered avenues and sheltered shades,
Not yet infested by the human race,
But lying in the bosom of the woods
And full alike of fields and solitudes.

Which, when our pilgrims saw, with wild delight
They cried "Eureka! we have found it now!
Here are new meads, new woods, new brooks of light,
A Home as fair as our old haunts, we trow,
And (as in Indian tongue it is expressed),
"Here, ala-ba-ma, we set up our rest."

* * * *

It happened luckily the place was not
Reserved by Government, nor was it fit
To sell as building lots, but was a spot
Belonged to one who loved (and lived on) it,
A man who, with a harmless eccentricity,
In a rude country life sought his felicity.

So that, so far from sending for a bailiff
Or for a clergyman to exorcise them,
He (like Haroun al Raschid, the good caliph),
Sat down to ponder how he could devise them
In shape of a small permanent annuity,
The lands they'd squatted on, in perpetuity.

Therefore he framed some rules for his dependents,
A sort of autocratic moral law,
Binding upon himself and his descendants,
That, under pain of dog-whip, hoof nor claw
Nor boy should trespass on the fairies' spot,
And all men who disturbed them should be shot.

Under this guiding and paternal care
The Fairy Folk have grown and multiplied,
And in their New Home, wilder, not less fair
Than their old English haunt, they now abide,
And have resumed their frolicsome old habits—
As lithe as squirrels and as smug as rabbits.

PRESENTS FOR LEADERS

ACTON, England, Dec. —(CP)— School children here subscribed to buy a pipe for Marshall Stalin, a cigar for Prime Minister Churchill and 1,000 cigarets for repatriated prisoners of war.

Professional Cards

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J. A. BENTLEY, K. C.
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Representatives in Other Centres
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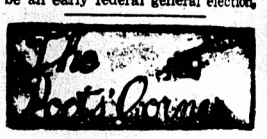
IVAN BROWN, New London.
A. FULTON CAMPBELL, Montague.
A. GALLANT, Rustico.
CYRIL GALLANT, Amherst, M. L.
THOMAS NISBET, Tyne Valley.

SEES EARLY ELECTION

OTTAWA, Dec. 6—(CP)—M. J. Coldwell, C.C.F., leader, said today in an interview with a local reporter that Prime Minister Mackenzie King's Saturday radio address was a "clear indication" that there will be an early federal general election.



MY MOTHER'S HOUSE

"It's strange," my mother said, "to think
Of the old house where we were born,
I can remember every chink
And every board our feet had worn,

"It's gone now. Many years ago
They tore it down. It was too old,
And none too grand as houses go,
Not like a new house, bought or sold.

"And so they tore it down. But we
Could talk about it still, and say
'Just so the kitchen used to be,
And the stairs turned in such a way.'

"But we're gone too now. Everyone
Who knew the house is dead and buried.
And I'll not last so long alone
With all my children grown and married.

"There's not a living soul can tell
Except myself, just how the grass
Grew round the pathway to the well,
Or where the china-closet was.

"Yet while I live you cannot say
That the ole house is quite, quite dead.
It still exists in some dim way
While I remember it," she said.

—Eunice Tietjens.

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