

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1942.

Lucy Maud Montgomery

The death yesterday of Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, better known as Lucy Maud Montgomery, will be felt as a personal loss by every Prince Edward Islander. Creator of "Anne of Green Gables" and of the delightful series of "Anne" stories which have popularized Prince Edward Island scenes and characters throughout the world, Mrs. Macdonald's contribution to her native Province may well be said to have been priceless. It was given out of the fullness of a talent inspired by rare human sympathies and understanding.

In achieving fame, she endowed the scenes of her childhood at Clifton and Cavendish with the glamour of immortal youth. The charm of her stories has attracted visitors to our shores from all parts of the world. They come to us every summer—more numerous than ever since the establishment of the National Park—to see "Green Gables" for themselves—to see the sand dunes and the Lake of Shining Water, the Old Orchard and the Haunted Wood. Mrs. Montgomery changed the locale of the Anne stories from time to time, but there is something perennially fresh about her earlier descriptive scenes, reminiscent of her own childhood days, which make a universal appeal.

Mrs. Macdonald was a fine poet as well as a fiction writer. Her personality was a brilliant and many-talented one, but the chief impression received by those who were privileged to meet her was one of womanly charm and homely culture. She was devoted to her home, and to all the associations which that word invokes. Perhaps that, after all, is why she was able to give us such delightful characters and domestic incidents in her novels.

She also remained devoted to her native Province, and took every opportunity of revisiting the Island and renewing old friendships and making new ones.

To all who knew her, whether personally or through her books, the memory of "Lucy Maud Montgomery" will remain an enduring possession.

Closing Rally Needed

Noting that there is "pathetic misunderstanding, especially in the minds of public men, about the size of radio audiences," the Ottawa Journal urges that for a zero hour appeal in the plebiscite campaign a public rally of the federal party leaders should be held. It suggests that on this Saturday night Prime Minister King and Mr. Hanson and Mr. Coldwell appear together on a platform either in Montreal or Quebec. It is with a last great rally that political leaders close their campaigns in a general election. They take no chance with radio broadcasts. Mr. King, in particular, always closes his election battles with a big meeting in Ottawa, knowing well that a last blow in a nation-wide appeal is tremendously effective.

Would not a similar zero hour appeal in this plebiscite be equally effective? asks the Ottawa Journal; and isn't it equally, perhaps doubly, called for? Surely the fate of Canada's future war effort is as important a thing as the fate of any political party in a general election?

Mr. King has just returned from a pilgrimage to Washington. It was right that he should have gone there. But it is even more right, more imperative, more vital to our war effort, and he should now go to Quebec; go there and take with him his Quebec colleagues and the leaders of the other parties and speak to the heart and patriotism and common sense of Quebec's people. Only by a personal appearance, by his standing on a platform in Montreal or Quebec city, can he do this as the hour tells it should be done.

It is not enough to answer that the plebiscite is safe; that a "Yes" vote is assured. Canada at this time needs more than a mere majority to vote "Yes." It wants a "Yes" vote so decisive and overwhelming that it will resound in Berlin and Rome and Tokyo—and in Ottawa.

The Whirligig of Time

It is announced that the King has been pleased to approve that the Duke of Montrose be appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. An elder for many years of the Church of Scotland, the Duke is also interested in Home Rule for Scotland. He is sixty-three, and succeeded his father in 1925. He is not only a staunch church man, but a keen Scots patriot. Going to sea in the days of sailing ships, he has had a unique career as traveller and has been in many parts of the globe including Canada. In the Great War he was the first volunteer officer in the United Kingdom to be mobilised. From 1919 to 1922 he was a naval A.D.C., to the King. In 1930 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the county of Dute. The Duke was the inventor of the first aircraft carrying ship, and he also designed and owned the first sea-going heavy oil motor vessel.

His Grace's nomination to represent His Majesty the King as his High Commissioner recalls memories of the fighting past of the religious Scotsmen. The High Commissioner's ancestor the Great Marquess of Montrose was executed in Edinburgh at the instance of this self-same Kirk when it was fighting this self-same monarchial institution. The Marquess was head of the Cavaliers who made war on the then Kirk leaders because they disagreed fundamentally with them on the subject of Church government and in other respects.

Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan) who wrote a brilliant biography of "Montrose" and his times said the purpose of his book was "to trace the career of one whose campaigning ground was Scotland, where antagonisms were fiercer and blinder than in the south; one who did not drop his soul with easy loyalties, but faced the problem of his times unflinchingly, and reached conclusions which had to wait for nearly two hundred years till they could be restated with some hope of acceptance; one who, nevertheless, had that single-hearted gift for deeds which usually belongs to the man whose vigour is not impaired by thought. Montrose has been called by Carlyle the noblest of the Cavaliers, yet clearly he was no ordinary Cavalier; for at the start he was a Covenantant and in rebellion against the King—rebellion of which he never saw reason to repent, and to his dying day he remains a convinced Presbyterian."

In the whirligig of time it is the heir of the Commander of the Royalist army against the Covenanters, betrayed and hanged 290 years ago, who has been chosen to represent Royalty at this year's Assembly of the heirs of the Covenanters.

EDITORIAL NOTES

It should be all over today save the formality of voting "yes" on Monday.

The pageant of youth will be the feature of tomorrow, not only here but throughout the British Empire.

Should the railway dictators have their way, it means that six breadwinners and families here will be deprived of their livelihood at the expense of Moncton. Why should this be tolerated?

The Most Reverend William Temple who has just been enthroned 98th Archbishop of Canterbury, is the first Englishman to hold the position for something like a hundred years, his two predecessors being Scotsmen, Dr. Davidson and Dr. Lang.

The educated man does all his reading for enlightenment and culture before he reaches the age of forty. After that he reads mostly merely as an agreeable pastime, or, at the worst, to keep up with the Joneses.

The electric stations of this Province generated in 1941 over 1,800,000 kilowatt hours or 26.8 per cent more than during the preceding year. Output is reported at 8,666,000 kw. h. compared with 6,835,000 in 1940. Daily average consumption came to 31,000 kilowatt hours in December last and to 23,000 in the same month a year earlier.

In connection with the proposed dismemberment of our Provincial railway service by the transference of the accountant's branch to Moncton, will Premier Campbell, for a similar alleged economic reason, agree to the transfer of our Supreme Court to Halifax? What is sauce for the goose is equally sauce for the gander. But perhaps the Premier may think sacrificing the railway will suffice to satisfy the hungry, chasing wolves until he himself reaches the safety zone.

H. R. H. Princess Royal (Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary) Countess of Harewood; G. C. V. O., G. B. E., D. C. L. Col-in-Chief Royal Scots and Royal Corps of Signals, Chief Controller Auxiliary Territorial Service, born this date 1897; married Feb. 28, 1922; Viscount Lascelles, now 6th Earl of Harewood, Personal A. D. C. to the King; has two children, Hon. George Hubert, Viscount Lascelles, born Feb. 7, 1923, and Hon. Gerald David Lascelles, born Aug. 21, 1924; residences, 32 Green St. London W. 1; Harewood House, Harewood, Leeds; and Egerton House, Newmarket; her father was George V, and her brother is the present King, George VI.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash," we are told on well-known authority, but he who deprives us of our Provincial rights as well makes us poor indeed. Why should our Government stand idly by and let our confederation agreement with the rest of Canada be treated as so much waste paper. Gradually but steadily we are being deprived of our Provincial autonomy, and our Provincial Government stands idly by, evidently being concerned about none of these things. Oh! for a spell of our old time public man who sacrificed everything personally that our rights and privileges as a free and independent province might be cherished and maintained.

An appointive Senate has been condemned many times since Confederation as a democratic negation but the system as devised by the framers of the British North America Act has persisted, says the Montreal Gazette. At the same time the purpose of the Fathers has been defeated by, on the part of successive governments, a calculated policy of lowering the status of the Upper House as a politically independent deliberative and revisory body. That policy still operates. It is shown in the disinclination to initiate important legislation in the Second Chamber, in the practice of sending important measures to be rubber-stamped by the Senate in the closing days of a session, in the treatment of the Upper House as a haven for party servants, and, as now, in leaving numbers of vacancies unfilled as a matter of future convenience. If the Canadian Senate is to be denied the responsibility which the builders of Confederation intended it to have, the responsibility of really checking and amending undesirable legislation and of protecting minority rights, it should be either reformed or abolished.

NOTES BY THE WAY

The forty-fifth anniversary of the wrecking of the troopship *Westralia*, and the army still honors the men who were involved because of the magnificent discipline they displayed. The *Westralia* was a member of the King's Royal Rifle Corps and the York and Lancaster Regiment, and a detachment of the Middlesex Regiment, 915 in all, including women and children. At 2.20 in the morning of January 14 the ship struck rocks off the Islands of Reunion in the Indian Ocean, and became a total wreck. The troops fell in on the main deck, and at 4 a.m. were ordered to climb down rope ladders to the rocks. Twenty minutes later disembarkation of the men was stopped, and the women, children, and sick were passed down the side from man to man. Their landing was expedited, and the whole ship's company, except two natives, were saved. — Sheffield Telegraph.

That Great Britain and the United States will hurl their armies and fleets against Germany and Japan, and those who can kill have alone the right to exist. This war, therefore, cannot be to us like other wars. It is the object of our struggle which determines its character, makes it mean or exalted, a mere fight or a Crusade. From the Eleventh to the Thirteenth Century masses of men died in battle in order to keep open for pilgrims the Holy Land which was the home of their religion. Today we must suffer and die to preserve religion itself. And those men of the past did not see their enterprise as ordinary warfare; it was a Holy War, and they felt themselves to be Crusaders, soldiers of God, weapons in His hand. How much more literally is our warfare today a Crusade, calling for the like high spirit of dedication in those by whom it is waged!

It is, moreover, a Crusade to which the dying echo of the last gunfire must bring no close, it must continue, in such an effort to ward a better world as has never existed. The "blood and sweat and tears" of these times have driven it home to all sane men that society cannot continue as it has been. We cannot go on with a civilization so honeycombed, by corruptions that now evils are bred from every new achievement of human intellect, and periodically the whole structure is rent by convulsions, destroying life, wrecking happiness, and wiping out the gains of generations—the material gains along with the cultural.

"Survey Show Fat Wives Are Best," says a Woman's Page headline. It's easier you see, to live with 200 pounds of curves than with 100 pounds of nerves. — Windsor Daily Star.

We Americans must not fool ourselves. The Fascists and Nazis are at work in this country, spreading propaganda just as diligently as they spread it in France before the Fall. They are trying to undermine the morale of the American people by creating distrust of government, by spreading suspicion about congress and the president, by breaking down faith in victory, by poisoning the hearts of people with vague unfounded fears. The pamphlet that came to the Gazette from Denver. It had no sign or mark of its authorship. It was a deadly bitter attack upon congress and the president, calling for the like high spirit of dedication in those by whom it is waged!

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Words do not mean much in these times. The fools who are gullied by the words of Goebbels and the propaganda chorus of some day kill themselves or their credulity. But there is one word that we should keener as important as any. That word is "be- wilderment." Gradually, but steadily, is being transferred from one side to the other. That movement has been markedly accelerated during the second year of the war. During the third year it will swing over still faster. Like a boomerang, bewilderment will fly back to the place it came from. — Johannesburg Times.

STRAIGHT STEADY JOB The earth's axis continually points in the same direction.

The Great Crusade — 1942

(National Education Council)

There may be some to whom this war is the same as any other war in all but its colossal cost and extent, a struggle in which we shall do our best to win, and after which we shall try to return as nearly as possible to what we were before.

But most must have realised by now that it is not so. It is unique in respect to the issues involved. It is the outward and visible sign of a horrible thing that has happened in millions of human souls. We are at war because the Beast in humanity has revolted against Moral Law, laughed at the Supreme Reality men have called God, and brazenly declared itself the arbiter of destiny. We are at war because the hand of the Beast is out-stretched to thrust society down into a blackness where the higher element in man must die. We are at war to defend the spiritual conception of life against perverts who frankly see man as an animal, and the world a jungle where moral standards are a farce, and those who can kill have alone the right to exist.

This war, therefore, cannot be to us like other wars. It is the object of our struggle which determines its character, makes it mean or exalted, a mere fight or a Crusade. From the Eleventh to the Thirteenth Century masses of men died in battle in order to keep open for pilgrims the Holy Land which was the home of their religion. Today we must suffer and die to preserve religion itself. And those men of the past did not see their enterprise as ordinary warfare; it was a Holy War, and they felt themselves to be Crusaders, soldiers of God, weapons in His hand. How much more literally is our warfare today a Crusade, calling for the like high spirit of dedication in those by whom it is waged!

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The Poet's Corner

THE TRUMPET-CALL

Trumpeter, sound the great recall
Swift, O swift for the squadrons
break,
The long lines waver, mazed in the gloom
Hither, hither the blind host
blunders!
Stand thou firm for a dead Man's sake,
Firm stand the ranks reel down to their doom,
Stand thou firm in the midst of the thunders,
Stand where the steeds and the riders fall,
Set the bronze to thy lips and sound
A rally to ring the whole world
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
Sound the great recall.

Trumpeter, sound for the last
Crusade!
Sound for the fire of the red-cross
Sound for the passion, the splendour, the pity,
That sweep the world for a dead Man's sake,
Sound, till the answering trumpet rings,
Clear from the heights of the holy wars,
Sound till the lions of England awake,
Sound for the tomb that our lives
O'er broken shrine and abandoned wall,
Trumpeter, sound the great recall,
Trumpeter, rally us, rally us, rally us!
Sound for the last Crusade.

Trumpeter, sound for the splendour
of God!
Sound the magic whose name is
law,
Whose service is perfect freedom
still,
The order august that rules the stars!
Bid the marshes of night withdraw,
Too long the destroyers have worked
their will,
Sound for the last, the last of the wars,
Sound for the heights that our fathers trod,
When truth was truth and love was love,
With a hell beneath, but a heaven above,
Trumpeter, rally us, up to the heights of it!
Sound for the City of God.
—Alfred Noyes.

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Circumstances call old and young alike to this Great Crusade. The mature and even the aged must arrive and endure; no life can remain unattached. But upon the young chiefly the burden and the honour of service must be laid. On land, at sea, and in the air, they must crush the Beast today and tomorrow it is they who must build upon the desolation of today's battlefields.

Hence this Youth Movement, now spread far beyond Canada and the Motherland, with its appeal to all young people of goodwill to hear the summons of our unprecedented time, and answer it by dedicating their powers and their lives to the highest. This is not an effort to create a new organization of youth but to awaken in youth a new spirit, fitted for the ordeal and labour of confronting mankind. Both young and old are banded together already in innumerable organizations, for innumerable particular ends. Let them all continue, if they may, any purpose of good. What we need and seek is a common spirit to animate them all, a spiritual "Order of Chivalry" in which they may be one, and by virtue of which their strength shall be concentrated always and only upon the redemption of our stricken and unhappy world.

Passion must be fanned, the passion to resist all that would put the world back, and to back the world forward. We must be a place, a place in which the human personality may rise in the scale of being. Such a passion is indispensable. Only the single and intense spirit of the Crusade can see us through, whether today or in the years to come. We must burn with a zeal for good justice which the demonic enthusiasm of those now menacing society will seem feeble. Any less flaming spirit will grow dim before the struggle is ended. Any less exalted spirit will droop with successive difficulties to acceptance of evil things as inevitable. The Beast is not to be beaten. The Kingdom of God can come.

This is our Great Crusade, and today our great day. A new world is coming to the birth. We must "cease from mental fight" till the millions of our young, as they read their own hearts, are able to claim that they are ready for it. "Now, God be thanked who has matched us with His hour, And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping!"

Antidote

(Winnipeg Free Press) As a strong antidote for Allied over-confidence and complacency consider this fact—the Nazis are still absolutely certain that they are acting accordingly.

The Nazi dream of world mastery has as its goal a great German core in the centre of Europe surrounded by millions of serfdomed serfs who exist only to labor for their Nazi masters. Hitler has not waited until completing his conquest of the world to start resettling. Seldom a week passes without stories coming out of wholesale population shifts in Europe. German farmers are being moved into Poland and the Ukraine by the thousands. The Polish nation is slowly being done to death.

The latest Nazi trick has been to seize hundreds of Dutch families from Holland and scatter them among the resettled German families in Poland. Germany has been trying desperately to Germanize the Hollanders. Hitler once ranted about the lack of living space for the 80,000,000 Germans. Now he discovers that there are too few Germans in Europe for his plans. Thus he is trying to Germanize the Dutch and the Danes as well. Despite all the terror that could be mustered, the Germanizing of Holland failed. The Nazis have now recognized their failure in Holland, so the Hollanders will be Germanized by jerking them loose from their friends and placing them in communities containing nothing but Germans.

Hitler promised the Danish people preferred treatment in return for surrender. At the end of two years they have come to appreciate the full horror of Nazi favoritism. Their country has been denuded of food and overrun with profiteers, and individual Danes have been robbed and exploited. The despoliation of Denmark goes remorselessly on. France is being stripped of her wealth and her industrial machines as well as of her manpower. The story is the same in Czechoslovakia and Norway and Rumania. In no country in all of Europe are the Nazis showing any signs of lack of confidence in victory. They are making no effort anywhere to placate the conquered people as we would expect them to if they feared defeat. Instead, they are going rapidly ahead with the Nazification of

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To the Electorate of Charlottetown

I most earnestly request that all citizens of Charlottetown vote "YES" in the forthcoming PLEBISCITE, thereby releasing the Dominion Government from any pledges which might hamper it in the all-out prosecution of our WAR EFFORT.

B. R. HOLMAN, Mayor.

AUTOMOBILE SMASH-UP

After the crash then comes the bill for costs—not only for damage to an automobile but possible heavy liability for injury or death involved in the accident. When you stop and consider the number and variety of accidents occurring every day, it would be well to carry full protection and safeguard your financial position. The time is NOW before an accident happens. Remember most careful drivers become involved unexpectedly. Policies issued for the year or for the season at reasonable rates. Full information submitted without obligation.

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Europe, oblivious, almost, of even the existence of the United Nations. There is no evidence to justify any middle-headed optimism about a collapse of the Nazi machine. We have a lot more bitter fighting to do before that can possibly happen.

Handicraft Opportunity

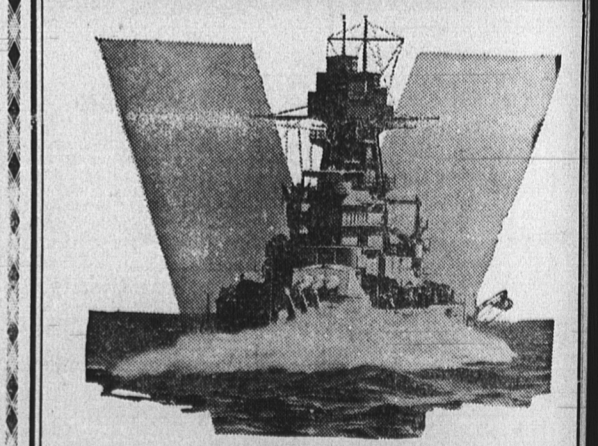
(Financial Post) There should be more than usual interest in the Canadian Handicrafts Guild Exhibition which opens in Toronto on April 28. This will be the first opportunity for many people to witness the progress Canadian and European refugee craftsmen are making in producing many hand-made articles which we previously imported. Now all these fascinating goods are being produced in Canada, and out of local raw materials. In many instances, too, there has been a considerable improvement in design.

TO TEACH INDIA

LONDON—(CP) — More than 100 members of the National Free Service and Civil Defence Force have been chosen to go to India to instruct fire brigades and A.R.P. personnel in vital Indian cities.

WORDS OF CHALLENGE

"If we do not give every ounce of our energy to the war effort, we might yet lose this war; but if we do, then with God's help, we shall conquer and once more freedom, peace and justice will be ours." Captain A. Kerckhoven, Royal Netherlands Navy.



Sea-Power Will Win

And in its modest field our tobacco has many wins to its credit. Every Island community has its quota of people who use

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