

# Text Of Statement By Prime Minister Calling A National Convention

OTTAWA, Jan. 21 — (CP) — Text of Prime Minister Mackenzie King's statement on calling a national convention to choose a new Liberal leader:

Let me now speak on another theme, one which, at this moment, arises naturally out of this existing world and domestic conditions, and which relates more exclusively to the affairs of our own party.

It seems to me that, in the light of changed and changing conditions, the time has come for the holding of a national convention.

The Liberals of all Canada should be afforded opportunity to review the party's present position and policies, and to consider the most effective means by which Liberal principles should be applied to a solution of problems that have followed in the wake of war, and which will continue to present themselves in increasing measure, as nations seek to bring into being a new world order.

There have been but two Dominion-wide Liberal conventions since Confederation: the one held in this city in June, 1883, and the one held, also in Ottawa, in August, 1918. It is of interest to observe that from the date of Confederation these conventions were held at intervals of 26 years, a little more than a quarter of a century. We of today have exceeded the 26 year record. It now is more than 28 years since the last national-wide convention of the party was held.

It is also worthy of note that the conventions were called in anticipation of the next ensuing general elections, and that, in each case, they were followed by sweeping victories for the party at the polls.

### Striking Parallel

There is another striking parallel. The convention of 1918 was called because of problems confronting the country as a result of years of war. These new problems, in the opinion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, demanded the widest possible consideration by Liberals throughout the country, as well as by their representatives in Parliament.

For some time past, I have held, very strongly, a like opinion in reference to the conditions which have arisen as a result of the last Great War. The war which ended in 1918 was a war of four years; the recent war lasted over six years.

Each of these world conflicts served to change considerably many aspects of our national economy; each brought new political parties to the fore, and each gave rise to questions and problems which, in not wholly new, were on a scale never heretofore experienced.

The one thing which I would dislike more than anything else, after the years I have had of party leadership and of office, is that I could ever be accused of having held on to the position of leadership to what might be termed "the last moment," and then, whatever the circumstances might be, to have it said that I had "let the party down," so to speak, because of not having let the party know, sufficiently in advance, of any fears I might have entertained of finding myself unequal to the tasks of leadership in a nationwide political campaign.

I need scarcely say that my decision to ask for the calling of a convention for the purposes I have mentioned is not a recent decision, suddenly reached in the light of any situation which has arisen either in Canada or in any part of the world. Much less is it a decision based on any change of attitude toward myself on the part of my colleagues in the Government, the Liberal members of the two Houses of Parliament, or the party throughout the country.

It is true, I believe, that while I have very great reason to congratulate myself upon having had the unbroken support and confidence of all these constituent elements of the party, ever since I was chosen leader in 1919, I have never enjoyed that confidence in fuller measure than I do today. This is a reward of years of public service which nothing else can equal.

## Sprains—Strains Rheumatic Pain RELIEF

From far-off Jamaica comes the convincing testimony of Mr. White who feels he owes his very happiness in life to Nerviline. "It has been worth its weight in gold to me. I found Nerviline an invaluable aid. Nerviline corrected the trouble quickly. If my throat was sore, or if I had earache, stiff neck or stiff joints, if I rubbed on Nerviline I always got quick relief. For sprains, muscle soreness and rheumatic pain, I have proved Nerviline to be a boon."

**RUB ON NERVILINE**

### "Towers of Endurance"

I must confess that, over the 2 1/2 years since the last general elections, I have continued to enjoy powers of endurance which, at many times in the past, I had not felt I had a right to expect. That I enjoy the measure of health I have at the moment is, I recognize, due in no small measure to the consideration shown my years by my colleagues in the cabinet, and by my fellow members in Parliament, and I think, I should add, by the Canadian public.

I should like to see the new leader of our party chosen, as I myself was chosen at a national convention by representative members of the party throughout the country, as well as by its representatives in Parliament.

The planning and arrangements of a national convention are not something easily brought about. In a country the size of ours, it requires a certain amount of time. Knowing this, and feeling that the date of the convention should be definitely fixed before we entered upon another session of Parliament, I wrote a letter to each of my colleagues, in July last, informing them that I was anxious to have matters of importance to the party considered at special meetings of the members of the cabinet to be held early in September.

When the September meetings were held, I again informed my colleagues of my intention not to lead the party in another general election, and said that I thought a national convention should be arranged forthwith. It was then decided to ask the advisory council of the Federation, at its next meeting, to assume this undertaking.

I hope I may not be placing too heavy a burden upon the shoulders of our new very willing president, Mr. Foggo, and the members of his able executive, if I now venture to ask them to assume responsibility for the calling of a convention, and for making the necessary arrangements for its proceedings. They will have, in this task, the assistance of members of the Government, and of the party in both Houses of Parliament, and also, I am sure, of provincial and local party organizations and leaders in the several provinces.

### Mixed Feelings

I need not tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that it is with mixed feelings, indeed, that I make the request of the National Federation which I am making tonight. It now is nearly 40 years since I first became a member of the Parliament of Canada, and 39 years since I first sat in the council of the chamber as a minister of the Crown. For an even longer time, my life has been given over mostly to public affairs. It has been all but exclusively devoted to the party and to Parliament ever since I became the party's leader.

I do not look lightly upon the possible severance of relationships which have made up so large a part of my life. I wish I could feel it were in the interests of the party not to contemplate that severance, but just to hold on, taking chances on what the future might bring to pass. That, however, would, I know, in the end, be a mistake.

Were I 20 years younger—were I 10 years younger—I should greatly prize the opportunity to continue in a position of leadership in times like the present, where issues as vital as any the world has faced are being discussed and decided.

I cannot forget, however, that man's allotted time is three score years and ten, and that I am now in my 74th year. It seems to me, therefore, imperative that the party should have at least the opportunity to consider what in its own interests may be for the best; and that, as its leader, I should not be responsible for longer withholding that opportunity.

### Greatest Happiness

I have found my greatest happiness in work. That happiness, if spared, I expect to continue to find along this well tried path. I know, however, that, in the even-lide of life, the shadows speedily lengthen, and that "if night cometh wherein no man can work."

Of one thing, you may be sure. If I cease to lead the party, I shall never cease to have the party's interests and its future near to my heart. Nor is it likely, be the sacrifice what it may, that I shall knowingly shirk any responsibility which the needs of our time may seem to demand, and which I feel I am able to meet.

At most, we can make but plans. Our futures will be determined by events, and by a power beyond our own. In asking that a convention be held this year to review the party's policies, and to decide upon the party leadership, I am planning what I believe to be the best for the party's future.

What may be best for all, when the convention meets, we may leave with confidence to the sound judgment of the convention itself. Our present duty is to see that the calling of a convention is not longer delayed.

DONCASTER, England — (CP)— Race fans, unable to pronounce the name of Sayajtrao, winner of the 1947 St. Leger, call him "Jkama."

## —BEAU—

By Mrs. Harry Fugh Smith

"I suppose Scotty will lose his shirt as usual," said Carolyn. Peyton nodded. "It's too bad. We never can win for losing, not with that bouncer. They city-slicker him."

However, when Scotty finally appeared he had Beau by one arm and both of them were grinning. The music for the first dance was just drawing to a close and Carolyn was smiling up into Peyton's eyes with every evidence of fascination. When Beau cut across the floor to tread her, she appeared to have difficulty in recognizing him.

"Sorry," he said, still grinning. "I didn't mean to be A. W. O. L." "It's immaterial," murmured Carolyn, though she was trembling with anger. "Peyton and I adore dancing together."

Beau laughed. "Then everybody's happy, eh, Scotty?" Scotty sniggered. "Beau's been looking after a little matter for me," he explained. "You know that gang I've been a sucker for since we were in knee breeches?"

Carolyn's lips curled. "I understand you were in a crap game," she said icily. "Naturally I didn't expect you to tear yourselves away while you had a car fare."

"Scotty chuckled. 'Car fare! You ought to see those birds! Beau took everything from them except their blank stares.'"

"Really?" murmured Carolyn disdainfully. "They thought they were going to pluck him like a goose. Wow! Did he stand them on their ears?" Carolyn observed Beau with something approaching awe. "That crowd's supposed to shake a mean dice," he observed.

Beau grinned. "The trouble is, all they have to lose is their dad's money. Come easy, go easy, you know. I earn mine by the old sweat of the brow. They didn't have a show."

"How do you do believe in you?" remarked Carolyn. The music was beginning again. "Our dance," murmured Beau, and held out his arms.

Carolyn had intended to tell him he had missed his chance. She meant to say she had promised the second to Peyton. Instead she danced off with Beau without a word. It did no good to delude herself, she thought miserably. All week she had been wild to feel his arms about her again. Just thinking of him gave her the sort of thrill she had read about and never quite believed in.

The orchestra was playing Take My Heart and Beau accompanied it in a soft baritone. "Take My Heart, Scotty, if I care what you do with it. Go on, have fun with it. Do with it what you please."

Carolyn was trembling. "Take my heart. Do with it what you please," sang Beau.

Carolyn did not want Beau Bell to take her heart. She did not want any man to do as he pleased with it. She had planned to give her heart with reservations to someone like Peyton Hurst who would never sweep her off her feet.

"Nice," said Beau when the music ended. His voice was casual. Carolyn suffered agonies of humiliation. Dancing with him had been a shattering experience so far as she was concerned. She was furious because it did not appear to have had any such effect on him. She was enough her mother's daughter to know that a Beau Bell should feel honored to be allowed to drop at the feet of a scion of Berkshire Scott, but Beau showed no such inclination.

"Caro, I'm practically dying to meet Mr. Bell," murmured Vingie Wright, deliberately assuming the pose of a siren out for no good.

Beau's black eyes kindled and Carolyn could have strangled him. "Mrs. Wright is Mr. Bell," she said and turned her back.

Bill Wright was scowling at Vingie from the smoking room door. "That's friend husband," she told Beau. "Not that I let it cramp my style."

## NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the P. E. I. Poultry Industry Committee will be held

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27th AT 1 P.M.

in the DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE MEETING ROOM

By Order of the President, L. McDONALD, Secretary.

Beau's grin was rufus. "I'd have agreed with you a week ago," he said and held out his arms. "Now anything seems possible."

Trembling in his embrace, her heart behaving like a weathervane in a high wind, Carolyn mutely admitted as much. She appeared to be someone else entirely in Beau Bell's arms, someone she did not know at all. A strange, highly emotional creature, without pulse or volition of her own.

"Come outside," said Beau when the music ended. "Carolyn followed him like a docile child. There was no moon, but the frosty November sky was ablaze with stars. Beau had caught up a deep-fringed shawl as they walked out. He put it about her very gently. It was the first time she had met with his tenderness. She had not known till then that nothing can be so devastating as the tenderness of a man who is naturally ruthless.

"What are we going to do about us?" he asked. "About us?" she whispered. "We've got each other going around in circles," he said in a roughened voice.

Carolyn could not deny the accusation because her blood was roaring in her ears. "Have we?" she faltered. "I — I didn't know about — about you."

"You darling!" cried Beau Bell

## Labour Minister Welcomes New Canadians



"This is fun. I'm going to like it in Canada." That's what Jan Hawrylak, three-year-old Polish boy, seems to be thinking as he's welcomed by Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labour, after his arrival in Canada from a German Displaced Persons' Camp recently. Jan, who was born in Germany during the Nazi regime, has never known a home of his own. That's his mother, Mrs. Jamina Hawrylak, on the right and a friend, Miss Clavens Mirza, from Latvia, on his left. The Hawrylaks (Daddy watched from the sidelines) were brought to Canada for employment in the garment trades, and Miss Mirza is slated for a job as a domestic in Winipeg. The picture was taken when Mr. Mitchell visited, on January 16, the well-appointed Reception Centre for newly arrived Displaced Persons operated at St. Paul l'Ermitte by the Dominion Department of Labour, about 22 miles east of Montreal.

(To Be Continued)

# NOW ON DISPLAY!

## The NEW MERCURY TRUCKS

### for '48



- Deluxe appearance through clean, rugged lines.
- Headlamps and radiator grille recessed for better protection.
- Rustless, stamped steel, interchangeable grille bars for easy replacement.
- Heavy, channel-iron bumper bolted direct to frame gives added strength.
- Bright-finish mouldings over entire sweep of front fenders.
- Passenger comfort in the entirely new, bigger, roomier cab.
- Doors are three inches wider; moved forward for easier entry.
- More hiproom, headroom, legroom; Sedan-type seat with rubberized hair cushion pad.
- Both seat and back adjustable for greater driving comfort.
- Safety-vision, one-piece windshield is wider and deeper for greater visibility.
- Three-way ventilation supplies fresh air without draughts.
- Five great series. Gross vehicle weights from 4700 to 15,500 lbs.
- Two famous V-type 8-cylinder Mercury Truck Engines.
- Straight through muffler design for improved engine performance.
- Demountable brake drums assure quicker, easier servicing.
- Wider, drop-center tire rims with 5" tapered bead seats.

See these and many other new, advanced features in the MERCURY TRUCK for '48 at your Mercury and Lincoln Dealer's

ON THE AIR!  
"THE FORD THEATRE"—Sunday afternoons, Dominion Network  
"FRED ALLEN"—Sunday evenings, Trans-Canada Network

# SMARTEST TRUCK LINE EVER BUILT

## STEWART MOTORS

224 Great George Street—Phone 831

MERCURY AND LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED