

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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

FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1941.

"Army Day" Tomorrow

With the twofold object of aiding recruiting
and giving the people of Canada a better understanding
of military training, Saturday, June 28, has been named Army Day.

Locally, Army Day will be observed at the
military training centre at Beach Grove, and at the
headquarters of the Veterans' Guard, Brighton Road.

This is a splendid opportunity for the civilian
public to show its interest in army training, and in
the boys who are participating therein. It is hoped
there will be a very large attendance at the local
centres, as undoubtedly there will be in other parts
of Canada.

The Farm Problem

Recent careful study of the farming problem
as it exists today all over Canada, says the Vancouver
Sun, brings into bold relief the relative conditions
existing between agriculture and other industries
of the nation.

Years ago the position of the farmer could be
compared favorably with the industrialist. Today,
the industrialist worker has several times the income
of the farmer, while the latter in some instances
obtains less for his produce than ever and pays more
for his purchased necessities to produce that result.

Approximately 3,000,000 people are sustained
through earnings from farming operations in Canada.
It is suggested that the Reconstruction Committee
at Ottawa take careful note of the situation which,
if handled properly, should contribute to a stabilized
post-war citizenry.

A Lesson From The Classics

"In time of war we come even closer to the
Greeks." This was the theme of a lecture on "Hellenism
And Our Present Cause" prepared by Professor Gilbert
Murray for delivery at a recent meeting of the Royal
Society of Arts in London, and reported in the April
issue of the Society's journal.

"The Athenian Assembly," says Prof. Murray,
"evidently hated the thought of plunging into war,
just as our Parliament did, and they allowed that
laudable aversion to blind them to important facts
and make them forget awkward responsibilities. Also,
whether by corruption or flattery or pure deceit or
otherwise, Philip had provided himself with a valuable
group of partisans in Athens—many of them probably
honest, and therefore the more influential. The majority
of the Assembly argued that there was no necessity
to plunge the country into war; Philip's proceedings
and principles might not be what most Athenians
approved, but he had not made war on Athens. He
had not attacked any direct Athenian interest. He
had got possession of one state after another, true;
but he had generally done it by threats and diplomacy,
not by war. In all such states there were parties
which favoured him. No doubt he had upset democracies
and put in their place dictatorships dependent on
Macedon. He had divided Thessaly 'according to race'
and so broken its power. But none of this amounted
to war. He had sent troops into some states; that
was not war? No, he always explained that he had
sent them in kindness to protect the country against
possible enemies. And, after all, how could Athens
interfere? In most of the countries the leaders of
the anti-Philip party had been imprisoned or 'beaten
up,' and sometimes killed. Such countries would not
welcome Athenian interference. It was much fairer
and wiser to try to understand Philip and appease
him; there was even the chance of persuading him
to involve himself in a war against his very large
neighbor to the East, the Persian Empire. 'Every
state,' cried Demosthenes, 'congratulates itself on
being safe while Philip destroys its neighbor.'

They never see that they must unite for the common
security, that their only chance of security is by union,
and that meantime he is growing stronger and stronger
till he will be irresistible. When accused of warmongering,
Philip has said: 'I am at peace with all who listen to me.'
Was Athens to accept that claim—that peace was only
to be had by obedience? 'Not all Hellas nor all the
rest of the world will satisfy that man's ambition,'
cries Demosthenes. 'He has proclaimed his contempt
for religion and for justice between nations. Whatever
the rest of Hellas may do,' he concludes, 'we at least
will fight for freedom.' And so at last, when it was
too late, Athens girded herself to war and was beaten.
There was no American arsenal then to redress the
balance in support of democracy."

The parallel, as Prof. Murray concedes, may not
be altogether complete, but at least it affords much
food for thought, and a timely warning against the
danger of complacency which was by no means confined
to pre-war England.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, everyone having a relative a soldier
is expected to visit him, if at all possible, in Camp
or barracks.

The question of the Car Ferry is not a departmental
affair, but a Provincial problem which must be solved
by us, and not the railway. It is for us to push our
claims, and to see that they are respected. So far
as Ottawa and the Railway are concerned, we are merely
an inconvenient appendix which may be cut off without
injury to the Federal body politic.

Dr. Arnold Branch, for several years connected
with the cancer research department of McGill University
and a gold medalist of the class of 1920, will take
over the post of director of the provincial Government
laboratories at Saint John, N. B. A member of the
National Research Council of Canada, he will replace
Dr. R. A. H. McKeen, recently gone into army service
in Saint John. A native of Antigua in the British
West Indies, Dr. Branch entered the faculty of medicine
at McGill in 1915 and obtained his M. D., C. M. degree
in 1920 after serving for a short period in the Canadian
Navy of the last war.

A well-known figure and popular citizen in the
person of Capt. T. G. Taylor has gone on his last
voyage. He lived to a ripe old age, esteemed and
respected by everybody. His particular interest and
care in life was little folk. When this newspaper
started its Alias Santa Pal plan away back in 1916,
one of the first contributions came from Captain and
Mrs. Taylor. Then for years he has been closely associated
with the Protestant Orphanage in which he took more
than a director's interest—a paternal interest—in
the well-fare of the little ones. It will be a long
time before we look upon his like again—a big-hearted
bluff, jovial sailor man with his generous heart in
the right place adjacent to his pocket.

Charles Stewart Parnell, Irish Leader, born
this date, 1846, son of John Henry Parnell of Avondale,
County Wicklow; educated at Cambridge, became M. P.
for County Meath (1875-80) and at once commenced
a policy of opposition to England, in first speech
in Parliament advocating Home Rule and Irish Nationalism.
Was chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and
President of the Irish National League. While pronouncedly
pro-Irish and Anti-English in politics, strenuously
opposed ruthlessness, and his condemnation of the
Phoenix Park murders and other outrages threatened
him with the loss of influence over the party; he was,
however, chairman when Gladstone declared for Home
Rule in 1886, the Bill for which was thrown out by
the biggest vote ever recorded in the House of Lords.
In 1891 he married Mrs. O'Shea, divorced wife of
Captain O'Shea, and was re-elected Chairman of the
Party. Gladstone objected, and a split took place.
45 Anti-Parnellites separating themselves and forming
a new organization, the minority, 26, who stood by
their Leader were henceforward known as Parnellites.
He was the greatest figure in Irish political history,
and had been allowed to pursue his policy unhindered
by scandal-mongers, would almost certainly have
solved the Irish question without resort to arms
and armed intimidation.

Startling things happened in quick succession
at the English village of Cox Green, in Kent, the
other day, when a pet cheetah that figured in the
film "The Thief of Bagdad" walked out of its cage
and took it into its head to see the world. The cheetah
belongs to Flying Officer Harben, who keeps it at his
Cox Green home. It is perfectly tame and he has taken
the animal with him quite frequently to fashionable
restaurants in London. After emerging from the cage
it made its way to a hedge screening the Harben
property. At this juncture Archie White, racehorse
trainer, came along with a riding party, which included
a boy, Alistair Allen, mounted on a pony. Suddenly,
over the hedge leaped the cheetah and alighted on the
pony, which promptly threw its young owner and bolted,
with the big spotted cat on its back. A few yards
ahead was a woman wheeling a perambulator with a
baby in it. The pony crashed into the carriage, smashing
it and leaving the handle in the astonished woman's
hands; charged into a horse ridden by a woman, who
was catapulted over her mount's head, and continued
its mad dash into a farmyard, where the cheetah jumped
off and the pony brought up in a stable. Meanwhile,
the baby that had been in the perambulator and whose
head and face were injured had been taken into the
Duchess of Manchester's house, near by. The duchess
gave first-aid until a doctor arrived. When Flying
Officer Harben reached the farm in response to a
telephone call and secured the cheetah it was eweiner
a colt in a barn and crouching to spring. Mr. Harben
conjectured that his pet had snied young Allen's
pony through the hedge and mistaken it for a buck
or a deer.

NOTES BY THE WAY

The old story, "wires down", which so often follows
storms, floods and other disasters, will soon be a
memory, as far as telephone communication across the
United States is concerned. Within a year an underground
cable is expected to be finished which will carry
messages. As a defence measure its value is incalculable.
It knits the two coasts of the United States even
closer together. We will be even more a united
people.—Boston Post.

A Quebec newspaper complains that of \$268,499,884
advanced by the federal government for industrial
construction or extension, French-Canadian industries
get only \$15,337,520, or 5.7 per cent. Instead of
conditioning the proportion according to population
("war or no war," it says, "French-Canadian
enthusiasm cannot grow out of such discrimination").
Quebec is still thinking in terms of pre-war patronage
of which was never accused of receiving less than
its share.—Victoria Times.

Doubt still exists as to what flower Shakespeare
was alluding when, in "Love's Labors Lost" he wrote
of "cuckoo-buds of yellow hue." Correspondents have
been speculating on this in a British newspaper. It
is symptomatic of the British that their minds can
find escape from the terrors that hang like a sword
of Damocles over their heads. One correspondent says
that Dr. Prior, in his "Popular Names of British
Plants," says, "Cuckoo-buds are probably the buds of
the crowfoot," which he describes as the buttercup.
Another correspondent says that the buds are cowslips.—
Victoria Colonist.

United States citizens no longer will be subjected
to the restrictions of the Australian Aliens Registration
Regulations, as a result of a Commonwealth government
decision. The Australian-Australian Cooperation
Movement, which has an influential membership in
Sydney, took the matter up with Attorney-General
Hughes, and through his intervention the Federal
Cabinet decided that people of the U. S. A., as
citizens of a friendly power now materially helping
the British cause, should not be required to register,
notify changes of address, or in any way comply with
the regulations applicable to aliens generally.

Of the various problems related to compulsory
military training, the preservation of the morals of
our young soldiers is undoubtedly the most important.
And it is quite natural that it should become an
uneasy over reports from the barracks and through
some press news. Yet military training, even if
fraught with some danger, may be of very great
advantage. A veteran of the 1914-18 war used to say
that while camp life was a total disaster for some,
many others came out of the experience in splendid
condition. The problem then is to help the young
recruit go through the test decently; and the family
should play an important part in this respect by
keeping in close touch with the recruit, making
him feel that he is always liked and loved. Regular
correspondence from father, mother, brothers and
sisters will keep him within the family circle and
save him from many dangers. In a small way, the
sending of cigarettes or some little gift will always
help.—L'Action Catholique (Quebec).

The details published show clearly that the Germans
did not exaggerate when they declared exultingly
in Berlin that this was "the biggest air raid of
all time." The German press has been boasting of
bombing only places of military value has gone.
Wanton destruction of sadistic joy of mutilating
and killing is obviously to be a haunting thing
from now on. Americans are not given to a lust
for blood, but a reprisal raid on Berlin and a
loss greater than that suffered by the residents
of London would delight practically everybody
in this country. The Germans can do for English
citizens is to contribute to the limit of their
ability. American and English planes will attend
to the military part of the job, sooner or later.—
Boston Herald.

A miss is as good as a mile, but to the Italian
air force a 25-mile miss is as good as a hit.
Facists of course, have peculiar ideas. One of
them, fostered by Mussolini, is that when the
Italian says a thing it is done, it is done.
It is a dangerous principle to carry into warfare,
as the Italians should have learned in their
fugitive contacts with Admiral Cunningham's
bright boys; but it is a hard principle to
carry down. On June 5 the Italian High Command
claimed that it had bombed Gibraltar and
scored hits on the Rock. The Rock's British
defenders could not find the bombs nor did
they ever hear the planes. But the other day
word came from Esteponia, a Spanish town
25 miles from Gibraltar, that on June 5 bombs
from unidentified aircraft had damaged private
buildings and caused casualties. Somebody
should get a medal for this, because it is the
nearest the Italians have come to hitting anything
so far in this war.—Windsor Star.

In their own interest, workers everywhere
in this country would be well advised to rid
themselves of such universal suspensions of work
as occurred in that California community.
But the Army's function is not to police industry.
The vast majority of workers unless improperly
influenced by enemies of the Republic, doubtless
regret the need for military supervision, however
briefly, quite as much as any other average
citizen of intelligence. The Government itself
is most reluctant of all to take such last-ditch
measures.—Providence Journal.

WORDS OF CHALLENGE

A THOUGHT A DAY FOR A PEOPLE AT WAR

"A paganism, ruthless, naked, unashamed, has gone
on a fearful rampage, and only our money will
provide the means whereby this mad adventure may
be stopped and rendered impossible again."—
Rev. J. B. Skene, Moderator of the General Assembly
of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.



JUNE

Broom out the floor now, lay the fender by,
And plant this bee-sucked bough of woodbine there,
And let the window down. The butterfly
Floats in upon the sunbeam, and the fair
Tanned face of June, the nomad gipsy, laughs
Above her widespread wares, the while she tells
The farmers' fortunes in the fields, and quaffs
The water from the spider-peopled wells.
The hedges are all drowned in green grass seas,
And bobbing poppies flare like El-mor's light,
While silver-like the pollen-stained bees
Drone in the clover depths. And up the height
The cuckoo's voice is hoarse and broke with joy.
And on the lowland crops the crows make raid,
Nor fear the clappers of the farmer's boy.
Who sleeps, like drunken Noah, in the shade
And loop this red rose in that hazel ring
That snares your little ear, for June is short
And snare must joy in it and dance and sing,
And from her bounty draw her rosy worth.
Ay! soon the swallows will be flying south,
The wind wheel north to gather in the snow,
Even the roses split on youth's red mouth
Will soon blow down the road all roses go.

—Francis Ledwidge.

PUBLIC FORUM

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

HORNED OWLS' DIET

Sir,—In Wednesday's issue of your paper appeared an item under the above heading. It states that rats and mice were both absent from the diet. The only way that fact could be known would be by the examination of their stomachs or their regurgitated pellets which no doubt would have revealed large numbers of skulls of both as they swallow bones, fur and all the indigestible parts being put in masses of fur, bones, etc., all matted together. This is how the food of owls is arrived at by authorities. Owls, like other beings, of course, have to live to eat. Their diet varies with the food at hand and that depends on their location. In this case they may have found easy picking among the food found most plentiful.

A noted sportsman who has studied the owl question in all its different phases told me only this week that if he had a pair of nesting horned owls on his farm, he would surround it with barbed wire and protect it in every way.

At present this province is being overrun with a plague of both mice and rats which due to the absence of owls and the scarcity of hawks are increasing at an enormous rate. A conservative estimate of the damage done on each farm at present would be from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Multiply this by the number of farms on the Island, and we have a truly astonishing figure; and yet we go out killing our best friends just because a few game birds are taken, forgetting the

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Steel Rods, Bamboo Rods, Line, Reels, Casts, English Flies, Mosquito Lotions, etc.

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