

THE GUARDIAN

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FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1934

Merry Christmas To All

"God rest you merry gentlemen," are welcome words to many at this time. Not a great deal of rest is required, however, to recover from the frantic preparation for Christmas when it is possible to spend Christmas eve at home making the more intimate preparations for the children's Christmas morning.

All over the world the Christmas lights are twinkling and soon the Christmas bells will ring out their happy message. The gifts which have been given out of generous love are reminders of that greatest of gift to mankind. It is scarcely possible to over estimate the value of keeping up the traditions of the Christmas season.

Families are reunited, who may be far apart for the rest of the year. Friends far apart think of one another and of how they are spending Christmas day. The church celebrates one of its greatest and certainly its most happy festival.

That the world is at peace is a very special reason for being glad this Christmas eve. It is a blessing all too often missing during the past two thousand years. The day will certainly come when war as we know it will cease. That will not mean, however, that man will any the less need the peace which this season offers.

The Guardian extends greetings to its readers, young and old and wishes them a Merry Christmas and all that should go with it.

The Late Dr. Dougan

The death yesterday of Dr. F. C. Dougan has come as a great shock to his thousands of friends and acquaintances, not only in his native province but throughout Eastern Canada. As the very efficient and popular presiding judge and starter at harness racing, and commentator par excellence, his services were in demand all over the Maritimes and particularly during Old Home Week in Charlottetown.

For many years a leading member of the dental profession, Dr. Dougan was equally prominent in public affairs, having served several terms as City Councillor, and contested two provincial general elections as a Liberal candidate for the Fifth District of Queens.

Though confined to hospital for the past few days, his serious condition was not generally known. His virile personality, and the many ways in which he was connected with the life of the community and Province, make it difficult for our citizens to realize that he has passed away.

To his widow and relatives, bereaved at this Christmas season, The Guardian tenders sincere sympathy.

Breeding Bigger Lobsters

Giant lobsters, taken well at sea and weighing up to 25 pounds, are the key to an experiment undertaken jointly by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and the State of Massachusetts. According to the National Geographic Society, a dozen or so of the big fellows were delivered last summer to the Massachusetts hatchery near New Bedford. The scientists in charge are trying to coax them to set up housekeeping with smaller coastal lobsters, in which event their progeny might inherit some of their stature.

In the old days, lobstermen working a 30-to-50-mile-wide strip of water along the Atlantic coast from Labrador to Delaware caught really big lobsters in their pots. Nowadays they rarely find one weighing more than 10 pounds. The average is from one to three-and-a-half pounds. The giants are taken today in otter trawls, developed for fin fishing, on the fishing banks of the North Atlantic and off the Virginia Capes. Some weigh more than 40 pounds. Their tremendous claws could sever a man's arm.

How any lobster ever reaches such size is hard to understand. When it first hatches, a lobster is a tiny thing, swimming near water's surface and easy prey for practically anything big enough to swallow it. Finally it settles down to live on the bottom, and there its parents will eat it if they can. So will many kinds of fish. Next to man and his traps, the codfish is

the lobster's worst enemy. A big cod can easily crush an eight-inch lobster in its powerful jaws.

Life is easier for a lobster grown to a foot in length, but throughout its life, it has an average of two dangerous periods a year. This is when the lobster sheds its shell, which it must do each time it gets too big for the old one. Until a new shell hardens, the lobster is defenseless. Many are caught in the softshell stage by an enemy and never reach their possible life expectancy of 50 years. Preferably lobsters go to market alive. Able to live but a short while out of water, they used to be eaten only in coastal areas. Now they travel long distances by air, packed in special containers that keep them damp, cool and kicking. This, of course, is no news to our local lobster men, who are doing a profitable business in this line. But if breeding for size can be developed successfully, it may mark a new phase in the lobster industry and the whole Atlantic coastal area will benefit.

Started An Avalanche

Authorities credit William Maw Egley with being the first man in the world who ever mailed a Christmas card. Mr. Egley was a young man who lived in a London garret and it was in 1842 that he hit upon the notion of capturing the spirit of Christmas, fixing it upon a piece of pasteboard and posting it off to his friends. He made a card showing a happy family banquet; he sketched one depicting skaters and another illustrating part of a Christmas pantomime. Other ideas came to him. He made a hundred cards altogether and across each one he printed an identical message: A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

In the hundred-odd years that have elapsed since Mr. Egley started the whole thing, assuming of course that the learned experts are correct and that he really did start it, other men and women have wracked their brains, with increasing difficulty as the years went by, to think up novel designs in which to clothe their Christmas wishes.

Today a million descendants of Egley's brainchildren are arranged in cheery phalanxes across the mantels and sideboards and windowsills of Canadian homes. Their variety seems happily infinite and some of them would no doubt make their prototypes seem a bit dull by comparison. But there is one respect in which there has been no improvement, because William Egley left no room for improvement. The eight words he printed so painstakingly across his cards said all, and still say all, that any Christmas card can say.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Christmas Eve.

A Christmas present for Premier Mendes-France will be 48 quarts of milk from branches of the American Dairy Association. Like some other gifts, however, it will be a bit late, arriving in Paris December 30th.

Vasco da Gama, Portuguese navigator, died this day 1524. In 1497 he was sent by Prince Henry of Portugal to round the Cape of Good Hope. He did so and continued his voyage across the Indian Ocean to Calicut. A Portuguese colony was established there but da Gama was twice more called upon to make the voyage to restore order and respect for Portuguese authority.

The Army has taken steps to ensure that there will be no "lonely" or forgotten soldiers at any Canadian Army camp or station at home or abroad this Christmas. In Korea, Japan, Germany, Indo-China, the United Kingdom, and at all camps in Canada including several isolated stations in the far north, special Christmas menus will include turkey and all the traditional Yuletide trimmings.

As he prepares to journey to Peiping to discuss the case of the imprisoned American flyers Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the United Nations, asks the American press to refrain from predicting failure of his mission before it gets well under way. That is one way in which all of us can help Mr. Hammarskjold in a task the outcome of which will prove whether or not the U.N.O., without threatening force, is powerful enough to persuade a violator of international law to listen to reason.

The integrity of Pharaoh Cheop's funeral director has been vindicated after all. Last May a young Egyptian archaeologist discovered what he believed to be the solar boat provided to escort the ancient ruler through Heaven in company of the god Ra. Later an American searcher gave out that the alleged boat was probably nothing more than a simulated craft quite incapable of sailing on such a long and arduous voyage. Now comes word that the American was mistaken. Everything is there from crossed timbers and sails to ropes connecting port and starboard. 'Twere better



Snow Or No

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion by correspondents of questions of the interest of the Guardian and does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

BRINGING JESUS BACK INTO CHRISTMAS

Sir.—Do we mean that Jesus has been expelled from his own day? Yes, in blunt words, that is what it means. The world as such has no place for Jesus. In many quarters Christmas has been turned into a mere holiday, a day for recreation and sports. A few drinking people may endure the pressure for a whole year, but when the holiday season comes, the urge becomes too heavy, and they feel they must celebrate.

But throughout America a reaction is coming. The better judgment and the better impulses of Christian people begin to dominate. They are beginning to look back and recall how beautifully Jesus lived, and how courageously He died, not because He had to die, but because He loved mankind. He wanted to reveal the Father's love. The movement to put Jesus back into His own place is taking on large proportions. Let us hope and pray earnestly, that with our help this will indeed come to pass.

I am, Sir, etc., W. I. GREEN

Stanley Bridge.

DRIVE SAFELY

Sir.—With mingled feelings of shame and hope we have read the recent appeals in our local papers for careful driving—shame that such appeals are necessary and hope that the power already assumed, kicking up to the evil that is rendering these appeals necessary. Every man (and woman) knows that he or she should not drink either in a car or out of it, and every official knows that some of them will drink as long as they can get the liquor.

Recently the radio forecast: "One hundred Canadians will die in the Christmas driving." No doubt many of these deaths will be due to drinking.

Everyone who drinks before driving is a potential breaker of the law: "Thou shalt not kill."

How inadequate it is to advise anyone to take a drink of coffee before driving home, in order to counteract the liquor already consumed, knowing that anyone who decides to take a drink of liquor, in so doing accepts responsibility for anything he may do under the influence of that drink!

"Drive carefully" we are urged, "the life you save may be your own". Alas, so often it is the drinking driver who escapes, in order to counteract the liquor already consumed, knowing that anyone who decides to take a drink of liquor, in so doing accepts responsibility for anything he may do under the influence of that drink!

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Some rules and axioms for Christmas (and any other time): I. Never take a drink of liquor, before driving or after driving or at any other time.

II. Thou shalt not kill.

III. God has made man his brother's keeper.

IV. He who takes a drink of liquor accepts responsibility for whatever he does under the influence of that drink.

V. "...Nor drunkards... shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

VI. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

VII. If you never take the first drink you will never be a drunkard.

VIII. If you never take the first drink you will never miss it.

We are, Sir, etc. WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION Edith B. Clark, President

FOLLOWING THE STAR

Sir.—We would do poorly without the part the shepherds play in the Christmas story. The good news was told them in plain language because they were unlearned and poor. So wealth and learning are not absolutely necessary in finding Christ. But in the part taken by the three wise men, we see the case of wealth and learning being no hindrance, but rather a help. This is quite unusual and interesting. They studied astrology and with it the writings of Old Testament prophets, who foresaw the coming Messiah.

They were anxious in giving time to study as well as time for

The Poet's Corner

FROM THE HYMN TO THE NATIVITY

But peaceful was the night Wherein the Prince of light His reign of peace upon the earth began:

The winds with wonder whist, Smoothly the waters kist, Whispering new joys to the milde ocean.

Who now hath quite forgot to rave, While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

Such music (as 'tis said) Before was never made, But when of old the sons of morn'ng sung,

While the Creator Great His constellations set, And the well-balance'd world on hinges hung,

And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep,

Ring out ye crystal spheres, Once bless our human ears, (If ye have power to touch our senses so)

And let your silver chime Move in melodious time; And let the bass of Heav'n's deep organ blow,

And with your ninefold harmony Make up full consort to the Angelic symphony

Yea, Truth, and Justice then Will down return to men, Th' enamel'd arras of the rain-bow wearing,

And Mercy set between, Thron'd in Celestial sheen, With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,

And Heav'n as at some festival, Will open wide the gates of her high Palace Hall.

—John Milton, (1608—1674).

their long journey. The eastern people were always better students than we in the west. They seem to have been expecting guidance and when their star appeared above

The Age Old Story

Therefore, my brethren dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. . . . Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

the horizon, they were ready to follow the gleam.

There is a star for each of us to follow. A very small portion of our time spent in locating it, will bring large results. We have 16 hours every day and if 16 minutes of each day were spent in concentrating on the subject, we would also find ourselves following the gleam. Or in modern language, we would "be on the beam". One minute in every sixty; but still many say—there is no time.

Father Keller of New York in his book "Three Minutes A Day" would make our daily search still easier, as he prepares 365 lessons containing a Scripture text, a short prayer and a sermonette and says, Follow this and you will be permanently helped.

How much easier it would become

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

CHRISTMAS, IN BURGUNDY

Last night I spent an hour or so reading an old book of Christmas traditions and customs and picked out one of the more interesting stories for this column. It tells how the people of Burgundy used to spend Christmas in the middle 19th century; probably the customs haven't changed very much.

"Every year at the approach of the Advent season people refresh their memories, clear their throats and begin precluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections be- grimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs. They gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and the white wine, but singing with one common voice the praises of the Little Jesus.

"There are very few villages which do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his touch of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearth-stone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity — non qualitas, sed quantitas.

"Then (to finish at once with the minstrel) when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his way around the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"More or less until Christmas Eve all goes on in this way among our devout singers. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key: the closing evening must be a memorable one.

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Noel Bright and gay as the festive wrappings of the season, is the gift of good wishes we send to each of our many customers . . . MERRY CHRISTMAS! A. Pickard & Co. Ltd. 38 Lr. Water St. Charlottetown

Merry Christmas to all... MASTER CLEANERS 122 Fitzroy Street CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

HAPPY HOLIDAY Johnson & Johnson 185 Kent Street

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