

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink". CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1952

Gargantuan Budgeting

As indicated in commenting on last year's Public Accounts, our budgetary figures have assumed such huge proportions that it is difficult, in the old phrase, to see the wood for the trees. The budget presented by Hon. Mr. Darby in the Legislature last night exceeds all its gargantuan predecessors. It anticipates another debt increase of over a million and a quarter dollars, bringing our net debt up to nearly nineteen millions by March 1953. Over against this is the anticipated surplus on ordinary account of \$367,399 and substantial expansion of the services in all the major departments of government. The figures are gone into fully by Mr. Darby and can be studied in the report of his speech in today's issue. They will probably leave some of our readers gasping.

The expenditures, of course, must be weighed against our increasing revenues, which Mr. Darby hopes to see maintained over the next five years at the current level of \$7,300,000. The comparative position of debt and revenue, he argues, is still not disproportionate—the one about 2.6 that of the other. Our bonds have sold well in the United States and the interest rate on our total bonded indebtedness is actually a fraction lower than it was in 1946. All this is very well, but it is predicated, as Mr. Darby concedes, "on keeping further capital projects at a minimum and, of course, the exercise of strict economy in all branches of governmental activity." How the first of these objectives is to be attained, even if the latter is possible of achievement, he does not say. Our capital commitments have gone up by leaps and bounds in recent years, and there is no apparent end in sight.

The question resolves itself once more into the old one of fiscal need, and of the Federal Government's obligations under the terms of Confederation which have never adequately been implemented. In the meantime let us hope that the new tax agreement will measure up to Mr. Darby's calculations, and that in view of the heavy debt burdens we have incurred, every reasonable opportunity will be taken by the Government to practise the economy it preaches.

Tax Exemptions

It is a platitude but nevertheless true that the most unpopular tax is frequently the fairest. The most familiar example is the contrast between direct and indirect taxes. Because the individual knows exactly how much he is paying in the form of Income Tax there is much more opposition to it than to various forms of sales and excise taxes which are concealed in the price of goods. The Income Tax, however, is graduated so that the heavier load is carried by those with high incomes while on the contrary indirect taxes bear most heavily on those in more moderate circumstances, particularly those with a large family.

In the same way in the Income Tax field the most popular form of relief is to raise the amount of personal exemption, but this process is much less favorable to the low income group than to the wealthy. Thus an additional basic exemption of \$1000 means a saving of \$15 to the lowest taxable income but the same exemption provides relief to the extent of \$350 to those with incomes exceeding \$10,000.

Dairy Problems

The serious situation confronting the dairy industry is the subject of comment in the Ottawa Journal. As a result of the ban on cattle exports, plus good feed supply and a considerable amount of young stock coming along, there is a general feeling that more milk will be available this year. If there are surpluses in any dairy product few export markets are available as costs here are somewhat higher than in other dairy export countries. So far there is no cheese contract with the United Kingdom, the market which traditionally took the huge surplus of early Summer milk. Add to this the fact that several million pounds of cheese are and will be imported, mainly from New Zealand, a country of lower-cost dairy products.

Although little was said about it at the recent National Dairy Council meeting, notes the Journal, the threat from substitutes looms over most of the industry, this not only from the effect of margarine on

butter sales but also from a gradual demand that imported oils be allowed in other dairy products. Things are further complicated for many in the distributing end by a trend towards less butter-fat in milk, store sales at lower prices, and modified delivery schemes. The Journal concludes: "Consumers today are inclined to be highly critical. They see a chance for lower prices. But as Mr. Gilbert McMillan, president of the Dairy Farmers of Canada remarked, the three-quarter-billion-dollar Canadian dairy industry affects the lives of so many thousands of people in Canada that any permanent depression would be very serious and far-reaching."

EDITORIAL NOTES

A new month opens with a day of comic reputation.

The Legislature will be occupied with the Budget today.

Many here will regret the death of Sir Andrew Duncan who proved to be a good friend of the Maritimes when he headed successfully two Royal Commissions on Mines and Maritime Rights respectively.

The Islanders are unfortunately out of the play-offs for hockey championship, but to their credit they have a long record of well-fought both won and lost matches. It was the worst of luck to have a goal from their own side to be the deciding score Saturday night.

It is a distinction well earned and deserved for Mr. R. W. Lockhart of Kensington, to be appointed manager of the all-important airport of Prestwick from which air traffic between Scotland and the U. S. and Canada flows. Apart from that of London, it is the most important international station in the Old Country.

Prince von Bismark, German statesman, was born this date 1815. A monarchist by taste and conviction, he bitterly opposed various proposed constitutions which he regarded as revolutionary movements, and kept Germany at peace till William II dropped him as "pilot".

Trades and Labor Congress of Canada has appointed Mr. Hal C. Banks, international vice-president of Seafarers International Union of North America (AFL) and Canadian director of the Union, as its representative on the Canadian Maritime Commission. Mr. Banks will be a member of the labor advisory committee.

Now that President Truman has given his decision not to seek re-election, the Democrats are at a loss for a popular candidate. What counts in the choice is not only the man himself, but the support he can claim from the powers-that-be in the Party. The most likely seems to be Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, who, so far, has declined the honour.

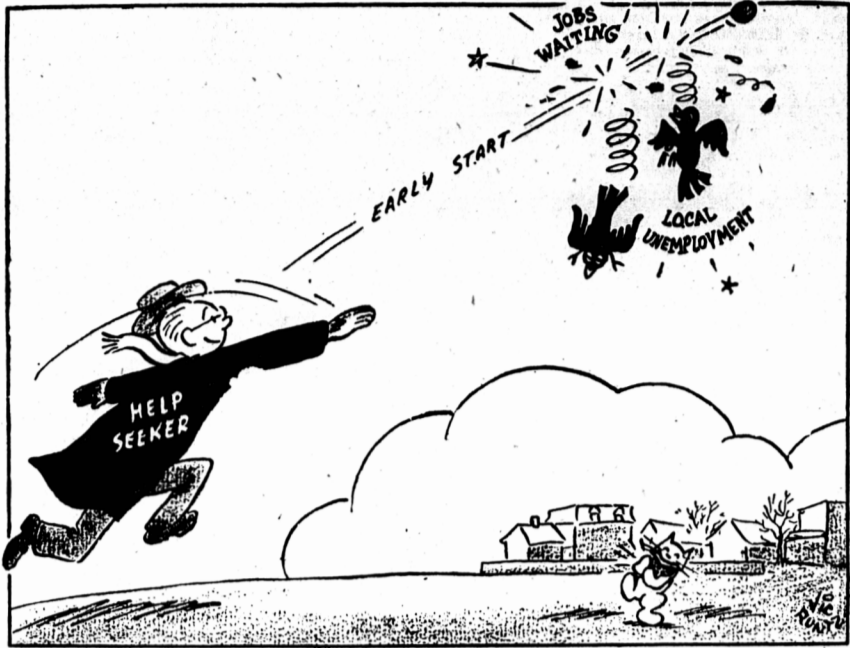
New Brunswick Legislature is considering a recommendation of allowing the shooting of foxes and raccoons anytime in the year, and has approved of a request that the ban on colouring of butter substitutes be continued and the use of dairy products in the manufacture of such substitutes be prohibited.

It is noteworthy that while the Government is negotiating for 100 German immigrants to work on farms, no fewer than 300 of our young men have applied for jobs in Labrador. The attraction for our emigrants is the higher pay offered. All the more reason why advantage should be taken of the C. N. R.'s offer to expand their employment at good rates of pay for bus and garage services and keep our young men at home.

The death yesterday of Mr. J. P. Crockett removes from our business world one who was well and favourably known in the three counties, as he had spent his business career in Summerside, Montague and Charlottetown. Of a genial, kindly disposition, he made hosts of friends who will miss him greatly. As senior partner in the firm of Crockett & Storey Ltd., he shared in the building up of a splendid connection which is a household word in the furniture business.

Montreal Provincial Police believe they are near a solution to the robbery in November last year of the St. Jerome branch of the Provincial Bank of Canada, in which 60 of its 90 safe deposit boxes were smashed open and an estimated \$200,000 stolen. Police claim to have established a link between the robbery and a former employee of the branch now in a foreign country. Rumors are that when the arrests are made the identity of those involved will be a shock. They are said well-known in the community.

Fixing Two Birds With One Stone



PUBLIC FORUM

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

FEDERAL PUBLIC WORKS

Sir,—Now that the Liberal-Conservative delegation has returned from Ottawa, we understand empty-handed, otherwise it would have appeared in glaring headlines in the newspapers, would it not be a good idea for members of the Charlottetown City Council, Hon. Premier Jones, and His Worship Mayor Stewart and a few others less worthy of mention, to look up Senator Grant's letter entitled "Charlottetown's Public Building" and read it again. Senator Grant's splendid record of seventeen years dealing with public works and other Federal matters in Ottawa, speaks for itself and when he gave timely warning that such a delegation would only be a waste of the taxpayers' money he apparently knew what he was talking about. But he was inconsistently called a dictator because he advised that the next Federal Election would be the proper time for the electors of Queen's County to put their house in order. Calling names is merely an admission of a lost argument.

We have four Federal members and three Senators at Ottawa, all experienced in public affairs, and all constantly pressing the needs of our Province, as requested by the people, and all willing to cooperate in every way to obtain public works and other benefits for the Province, but they cannot "blast their way" to their objectives when told by the Minister of Public Works or any other Minister that their requests cannot be granted, or have to be postponed.

No other Province in Canada is as fully represented in Ottawa as is Prince Edward Island and no other Province fares better at the hands of the Federal Government; and it is high time that Premier Jones should know that, apart from Federal-Provincial relations, he has no right to interfere in such Federal matters as are the sole prerogative of the Federal representatives. He should not have allowed himself to be drawn into such an error at this time. He may claim that the Federal members are no good, but they are the choice of the people, which is the essence of democracy.

To sum up the whole matter, it looks like utter folly for outsiders who do not represent the Province in the House of Commons or Senate to attempt to override this Federal representatives by going to the Ministers after the estimates have been tabled demanding from them large expenditures.

It would be interesting if, at the next Session of the Provincial Legislature, some member would see fit to ask the Government to table a statement of the number of delegations sent to Ottawa during the past year, the personnel and purpose of each delegation, together with the cost to the Province, and the results obtained in each case.

I am, Sir, etc. TAX PAYER

THE COMMON SCHOOL

Sir,—There is no such thing as a common school. It is the most unique and amazing entity ever assembled; but the teacher must have the power to comprehend the capabilities of his pupils. Above all, he needs faith, and faith is insight, for before him in each child is a mine of possibilities to be explored and developed. All the teacher is, and all he has, must be devoted to his task.

On autumn evening as the sun was setting I went into my school room and sat at my desk. The room was empty and very still. As I sat there and pondered, I saw my pupils growing up and scattering each to his life's work, meeting the trials with courage, the problems with intelligence, and the future with faith; and I made a new resolve that by the grace of God I would teach those boys and girls the deeper meaning of life. I would try to put their feet in the way of God's commandments, I would put into their hearts the light of truth that would guide their steps to the end of their days.

It was my privilege to remain teaching in that school four years. I never worked harder before nor since, and I received as salary in all \$22.00 per month; but I had

The Age-Old Story

Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children. . . And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. . . Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

No complaint. The fun I had, the good will of the pupils and the gratitude of the parents were ample compensation. Of course I could have used some more money, for when I set out for Dalhousie all I had was my three month's pay cheque of \$56.25. Every day brought new opportunities. My school improved. Every pupil did, and most of all, I did. In two year's time the inspector put our school on the honour list. I can never be thankful enough for the teaching I got in that school. I learned how to get the most and the best out of my children. I found out that pupils respond to trust and to kindness. Daily I said, "I must not fail these boys and girls." I did not realize it clearly at the time, but as I look back I am conscious that I did not fail them. My regret is, that with greater faith in God and warmer love for these children I could have sent them out better prepared for life.

My memory of those pupils is honey sweet. It seems to me I would give the world just to go back for one day and meet those boys and girls in school as they were then. Many of them have seen their country and are gone from this world. The rest are married and have families. May God keep them! I feel keenly that there is something surprisingly wonderful about a primary school, and the privilege of teaching there is one of the highest given to man.

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

AN EXACTING PROFESSION

Sir,—We need great hearts to make great schools. Who speak the truth with voice and pen, Not doubting synics, shouting fools, But noble women and clean men. We must have teachers who will teach. But law and justice, right, not rules. However high our roofs may reach, We need great souls to make great schools.

How true! We need great souls to make great schools. We would regard it as unthinkable to permit a man to practise medicine unless he was qualified to do so, and the minimum qualification we require of a doctor is that he possess a degree from a reputable medical school. But no such inhibition prevents us from letting untrained people into the teaching profession. We are an efficient citizen in many respects. Our industrialists spare no expense to guarantee that the mechanical equipment of their factories is supervised and managed with the maximum of expert skill. Yet, we have no hesitation in turning over the education of our children to unqualified persons, many of whom enter the teaching profession as a stop-gap while waiting for something better to come up.

It is true that a good teacher never receives the salary he is really worth and a poor teacher is expensive at a very low salary. It is equally true that a good teacher can so inspire a child, that the whole course of a child's life is changed. While on the other hand, a poor teacher can infect his pupils with a hatred of learning, and can stifle their imaginations, and give them such poor work habits, that they will never have the opportunity of gaining even material success. Good teaching is one of the most difficult, exacting and arduous tasks a human being can perform. To teach well, requires an unending expense of a man or woman's spirit. What a crime to permit young and immature students, one year beyond Grade X, with no professional training, to enter the school rooms of this fair Province of P.E.I. to "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

To say we should return to the "good old days" when no professional training was given to prospective teachers, would, in my mind, be on the same level as returning to the days of hand-carding the wool, threshing with the flail, and cutting with the sickle. Who on P.E.I. would like to revert to those days? Remember

this, that if teacher-training is reduced at P.W.C. it will be the children who will suffer. During the war years statistics show that P.E.I.'s education level among those who entered, or tried to enter the services was the lowest in Canada. I am, Sir, etc. "FAIR-PLAY" Bristol, P.E.I.

The Poet's Corner

THE LONG WINTER

We heard the dove at daybreak mourn In distant voice from woods beyond, And all that morning watched the sun Glint on thin glass that pained the pond. But March still held. The windy world Still starved upon the season's lack. The crocus buds were inward curled. And only a few birds were back. And these were silent. So the day, A hybrid, shivered while it shone. Then dwindled down, and wore away. And dropped its dark on us alone. We sought the house and the hot hearth— Too soon for any bird to sing— And heard, from under iced-in earth, The hylas chime like throats of Spring.

—Carleton Drewry in the New York Herald.

What To Wear In Bed

(The Times London) The human cocoon snugly curled up in bed on a winter's night, is heir to ages of progressive insensibility. The comfort and luxury that wrap him round would seem a dream out of "Socheherazade" to his ancestors. They shivered in straw or stilled in preposterous galleons with four poets heavy curtains and a substratum of feathers. He lies between a mattress sprung with cunning and light, warm and costly collection of sheets, blankets and elderdown. So pampered is he that, falling to count his blessings, he hankers after electrically heated bedclothes and, in advanced cases of hedonism for silk pyjamas. What few people would have expected of him is that he still some times prefers nightshirts to pyjamas. The older garment has always held its own against the newcomer from the east with women, but even they are fierce in their loyalty and prefer, in large numbers, to go to bed in two-piece suits. Now there is news of men once more robbing themselves for sleep as did that culprit in Tom Brown's Schooldays who was caught by an usher disporting himself in his nightshirt. After this it will scarcely be surprising to wake up one morning and find pictures in the papers of a sales ruff for nightcaps.

Fashions for this end of the day have always been fluid. King and queens in illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages wear crowns in bed but nothing else. For centuries the general rule seems to have been either to take everything off for the night or to keep everything on. Then somewhere about Tudor times, special kit was popularized. There is the story of a page who saw Queen Elizabeth looking out of a window "in her night stuff" and, in the way of court discipline, got "a great phyllyp on the forehead." Until Europe took up pyjamas they were without a top part and they are either as baggy as an elephant's trousers or elegantly tight. The west, in adopting them, went through teething troubles over their spelling as may still be seen from the American preference for "pajamas." Thackeray's gallant Mayor Gahagan included among his remarkable adventures the stripping from a corpse of its "pejammahs." Another traveller rejoiced in red silk "pejammahs" trimmed with gold lace and a third apparently rocky on pronunciation as well as spelling plumped for "pigammahs."

If nightshirts are staging a successful come-back they will contribute to gaiety as well as to comfort. A recent report of officers of the Household Cavalry in their pyjamas putting out a barracks fire would have read better and been more photogenic had they paraded in their nightshirts.

I am, Sir, etc. "FAIR-PLAY" Bristol, P.E.I.

The Passing Scene

By Observer

"HOW TO MAKE THE FARM PAY"

This is the title of an old book which I included in my winter's reading. It was written by a man named Dickerman and published in Philadelphia in 1870. It is most interesting to go through such a work (800 pages in all) if only to compare customs and practices of that day with our own. Like most other books of the period it is generously supplied with engravings which add considerably to its interest. The preface takes up four pages and the detailed table of contents is spread over nine more. There is a farmer's Calendar which relates at great length specific farm operations for every month in the year.

A long chapter entitled "The Family Physician" tells how to treat every ill from teething inflammation to apoplexy. Forty-five pages are devoted to "Family Recipes" and these are of every conceivable type and quality. Good soft soap, spruce beer, tripe stew, tooth powder, are some of the choice ones. There is quite an elaborate paragraph captioned "Washing made easy for poor, tired women." Among other things it tells how to wash red flannels with thoroughness and dispatch.

Many farmers then, as now, were apt to be wary of "experts" who wrote books about farming. A large part of the preface is occupied in trying to break down this prejudice. In a sentence full of meaning the author laments that "only a small proportion of the great body of farmers have adopted the advanced position in modern agriculture." His emphasis on "modern agriculture" is of course amusing to a present day reader, just as ours will be to those who come after us. Chemical fertilizers were unknown. The only additions to barn yard manures, muck, and wood-ashes, were Peruvian Guano and bone dust. The first the author regards as generally prohibitive in price and therefore of little use to the average farmer. As for bone dust, as it was then being turned out by the factories, his advice was, "Never buy the wretched stuff." In his considered opinion the home made article was superior in every way. This was the way to do it: "Get a molasses hogshead, cover the bottom with muck and this with five inches of wood ashes. In to this throw all bones from the kitchen and any that small boys can collect for you at ten cents per bushel. Over the bones put more ashes, then muck, then plaster. Wet the mass now and then with soap suds. When you have a large quantity, get them crushed. An ordinary grain mill with a ton of horses will grind 1000 pounds per hour."

A note is appended to the effect that a hundred pounds of bones contain enough phosphate of lime for 12 thousand pounds of hay.

Much of the advice concerning proper soil culture, including plowing in of cover crops, the use of lime and compost, might have been written this morning. Apparently opinion in such matters does not change much from one generation to another.

An unusually intriguing suggestion concerned the use of soap. "In a barrel of good soap," he writes, "there is enough fertilizer to produce a half ton of good hay or several bushels of choice grain. After this soap has been through the wash tub it is more valuable than before." (This "may" have been the first sumbling of modern storms known by most of us as Soap Operas and by the C. B. C. in its charity, as Daily Serials.) The soap he had in mind was, of course of the home made variety. A foot-note tells how to make it properly. From the list of ingredients I gather it was nothing at all like the kind that Hollywood Stars rave about:

The "modern" machinery described by Mr. Dickerman is a far cry from that of our day, but to him and his colleagues it no doubt represented tremendous improvement over the "old days." And in the year 2080 farmers will wonder how their brothers of 1872 got along as well as they did, considering the crude tools they had to work with.

So far as power was concerned in Mr. Dickerman's time, the argument was three-sided, involving the ox, the horse, and the mule. Horses, apparently, were in the ascendancy although some "old timers" swore by the ox. The author himself, however, was all for the mule and he gives facts and figures to explain his preference:

(a) A two year old mule is stronger than a four year old horse. (b) Saves at least one fourth a feed. (c) Seldom runs away. (d) Rarely breaks harness. (e) Not as subject to sickness and less dainty about food. (f) Was introduced to America by George Washington, so he "must" be good.

Diseases to which the horse is subject are apparently almost without number, for fifty pages are devoted to them, covering everything from corn to ear-ache. Bleeding is the standard prescription for almost every ailment but there are other choice remedies for one thing and another. To illustrate:

"For insect poison — half a pint of whiskey and a teaspoonful of harshorn internally and a wash of the same externally." (I hope no one will be tempted to sample harshorn as a beverage. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it.) Two sad pieces of information are:

(1) Apoplexy is the most common cause of death in horses, and the average farmer hardly ever recognizes it. (2) For wheezing, epilepsy, insanity, there is no known cure in the present state of science.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

MEMBERS' INDEMNITIES

The following excerpt from the reports of the Legislative Council of April 15, 1845, which appeared in this column three years ago, is republished at the request of a subscriber who suggests that it is more opportune at this time:

"The House being in committee on the Appropriations Bill, Hon. Mr. McNutt said he thought the pay provided in the bill of £30, besides mileage, to each of the members of the Assembly, much too high. It was formerly considerably less, and as this Session had been shorter than usual, they ought to have been contented with £20. He (Mr. McNutt) considered that sum quite sufficient; and he would move that the President take the Chair, and that the Chairman report progress, and recommend that a conference be asked with the Assembly on the Bill.

"Hon. Mr. McDonald would second the motion of his hon. friend. He considered the appropriation in this Bill of £30 to each member of the Assembly a most extravagant grasping of the public funds, by a body whose immediate duty was to protect them; the money of the country was lavished by them, as if it abounded as the sand of the sea-shore. Those gentlemen who pretended to be so much the friends of the country had not hesitated to put their hands into the public purse, and to distribute its contents among themselves, whilst they left the hard-used juror, the poor farmer from the County Courts for weeks together, at their own charges, where they were obliged to live in a way most inconvenient to their comfort, and prejudicial to their interests. But these gentlemen, the members of the Assembly, were not even contented with a sum sufficient to keep them in a moderate style of living; for they had voted to themselves a sum nearly equal to £1 a day each, a much larger sum than was required to provide them with every necessity; yes (said the hon. gentleman) and with pipes and tobacco to boot!

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