

THE WESTERN GUARDIAN

PRINCE COUNTY OFFICE
 3 Summer Street, Summerside. Phone 8031
 News, Subscriptions, Advertising Representative
GEORGE CLOW and GEORGE WOOTTON
 House Phones: 8032 and 8033

The Guardian may be bought at any of the following stores in Summerside:
 Bell Bookstore, Summer Street; Gourles Drugstore, 21 Central Street; Kelly's Newsstand, Water Street; Mark Gaudet, 67 Granville Street; Aylre Doucette's Grocery, Second Street; Island Motor Transport, Water Street; Vince's Grocery, 120 Russell Street; Enman's Self-Service Drug Store; Fred's Grocery, Convent Street.

Sterling Hunter, Ben Champion and K. L. Waite, Kensington.

WEST PRINCE OFFICE
 Alberton: Frank Weeks, Representative.
 Phone: 68-2 Office and 68-3 House.

—BUY STEEL WOOL, sand paper, emery cloth, floor scrapers and polishers at Brace's.

—SPRED SATIN and Spread Flat, the new wonder paints, sold at Brace's.

—Buying Fowl, paying highest prices cash at the door. Rex Dawson, Albany.

—I WILL in the near future be opening an office for medical practice in Kensington, P. E. Island. Dr. L. K. Zielinski, M.D.

—PURE BOILED linseed oil dries quicker; use it for interior painting. Sold at Brace's Hardware.

—LADIES' CLUB MEETS—The regular meeting of the Ladies' Club of the Summerside Presbyterian Church was held in the church parlor last evening, and opened with the repeating of the Lord's Prayer in unison. The president, Mrs. R. W. Wood, conducted the business when details were finalized for the turkey dinner which will be held on Thursday, March 18th.

—REPORT CORRECTED—Mr. Hubert Gaudet, Liberal First Prince who spoke in the Legislature on Monday afternoon, stated yesterday that in reference to his discussion on Old Age Assistance he had compared his own district with First District Kings and not First Queens as reported. He stated, "In our district there was \$8,742 paid out for a population of 10,980, and in First Kings there was \$10,221 paid for 5,000 people."

—INDIAN RIVER DRAMATIC CLUB present "Tempest and Sunshine" in King George Hall, Kensington, March 17th, 8:15 p.m. Matinee at 3 p.m.

—TO ACT AS JUDGE—Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Sears will motor to Charlottetown today where Mr. Sears will act as a judge in the first P. E. I. exhibition of photography—E.

—FUNERAL THURSDAY—The funeral of the late F. Earl Campbell will be held from the Compton Funeral Home on Thursday to St. Paul's Church for Requiem Mass at 9:00 a.m. unless otherwise announced.

—FUNERAL NOTICE—The remains of the late Octave Arsenault were transferred on Tuesday afternoon from the Compton Funeral Home to his late residence in Beauceville, a ten-day course held at the Royal Canadian Army Medical School, Camp Borden, Ontario. The course, which is a phase of the civil defense program, consisted of lectures and visual instruction on caring for victims of atomic, chemical and bacteriological warfare. Men of the medical profession from every province in Canada were present at this course and the lectures were given by specialists in the three fields of warfare from the psychological, physiological and histological viewpoint.

—14,000 TROUT FINGERLINGS—In the report in yesterday's issue on the release of trout fingerlings at various ponds and streams throughout the county, it was stated that at Clary Pond, 14,000 fingerlings had been stocked. This should have read 14,000 instead.

—PRINCE COUNTY COURT OPENS—The March term of the County Court of Prince County opened yesterday with Judge L. G. Lewis presiding. There were a total of 21 cases docketed; of these 19 were contested and set down for hearing at later dates. Three judgments were given by the court by default and the remaining cases, some in the process of settlement, were stood over until the June term. Lawyers in attendance were D. O. Stewart, Q. C., M. M. Bell, Q. C., R. S. Hinton, Q. C., J. A. Gallant. In the case of George D. Warren versus John H. Macdonald for damages caused by car collision the court made reference to giving judgment on a date agreeable to counsel. Court adjourned until Monday, March 22, when the case of Judson MacKinnon versus Lester Beck will be heard.

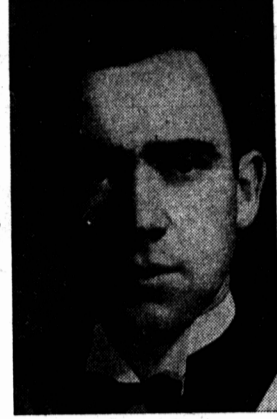
—TRINITY Y. P. U.—The regular weekly meeting of Trinity Y. P. U. was held in Epworth Hall last evening with a good attendance of members. The Commission on Faith and Evangelism was in charge, and the convener, Lella Townsend conducted the devotional period. The business period was conducted by the president, Evelyn Underhay. Ron Leard, chairman of the advertising and publicity committee for the group's plays at the advance sale of tickets. There was considerable other business finalized regarding the entertainment. Edwin Tombs gave a reading on the origin of St. Patrick's Day and conducted the recreation period. Lunch was served in the kitchen by the committee.

—PERSONALS
 —Mrs. Fred Moase returned yesterday to her home in Summerside after being a patient in Prince County Hospital.—S.

—Mrs. C. V. Snow left for her home in Digby, N.S., Monday morning after attending the funeral of her father, the late Colin G. Milligan, in Summerside.—S.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Fridham and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fridham returned to their home in Montserrat recently from attending the Ashby-Fridham wedding which took place in Fredericton, N.B.

Sudden Death Of New Glasgow Man At Toronto



The late Mr. Dickleson

The death of Creelman MacArthur Bruce Dickleson, New Glasgow, P.E.I., occurred suddenly at Toronto yesterday afternoon. He was in his 27th year.

Mr. Dickleson, who was a graduate of Prince of Wales College and had concluded three years of medicine, had recently accepted a position with Swift's in Toronto at laboratory work. He worked until noon yesterday at the plant but told his brother Arnold, with whom he roomed, that he was not feeling well and would remain in his room until evening. When Arnold arrived home he discovered that his brother had passed away during the afternoon without alarming the two elderly ladies with whom they boarded.

Up to a late hour last night the doctors had not determined the cause of death, according to a telephone message to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dickleson.

Besides his parents, three brothers are left to mourn, Arnold in Toronto, Reverend Charles, in Kingston, Ont., and Arthur at home.

Mr. Dickleson graduated from Dalhousie University in the fall of 1952 with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Dr. Raddall

Continued from page 1

book people have distributed about two hundred thousand of their edition all over the United States and Canada. However you may comfort yourself with this reflection, that a lot of unsuspecting people are going to find themselves reading a good book under false pretences."

Sex And Bloodshed

However that may be the fact remains that we are witnessing the sale of enormous quantities of fiction in cloth and paper covers, with or without pictures, each do describe the human being as a creature devoted to sex and bloodshed. What is the explanation? Some of it undoubtedly reflects the convulsions of our time, which tore the cover off what we had believed to be a civilized world and left us gazing with a wonderful fascination at what we saw beneath.

But it seems to me that in the long view this printed obsession reflects something else, an extreme swing of reading taste of the nineteenth century and the early part of the present one. Most of the Victorian and Edwardian novelists portrayed men and women as creatures with more blood than fish, as creatures without sex, or at any rate distinguished one from the other chiefly by their mannerisms and their clothes. The picture was false, of course, and the best of them knew it. Thackeray for one complained of the restraints put upon his pen by the false modesty of the age in which he lived. And he who wrote so much about a previous age must have known that the Victorian attitude was a reaction from the literary license of the eighteenth century. Just as, before that again, the excessive sobriety of the Puritans was a reaction from the bawdy days of the cavaliers.

In Cycles

Apparently these things go in cycles, and it seems likely that the present outbreak of reaction against the Victorian attitude will eventually take me all the way back to the rambo-pambo before the pendulum swings again. One extreme is as bad as the other, and I say a plague on both. We shall do well to consider the truth of the late Lord Tweedsmuir when he said, "Frankness in literature is an admirable thing if it is not carried to such an extent that it keeps step with social habit; but when it strives to advance beyond, it becomes a disagreeable pose."

The social habit nowadays is very frank indeed, and I think that what we have to consider is not a deliberate assault upon the morals of the public so much as a disregard of the fact that there are so many writers in the time. As such it will pass, and we need not alarm ourselves unduly about it. Good taste is not to be created by laws and censorship. It can come only from a clean plate in the public itself, and that is a matter best cultivated in the home and the school, where current writing can be "checked" against the best writing of the past, and where it may be shown that good fiction, without recourse to the macabre or the obscene, can be exciting and full of the color and "sting" of life.

Fraudulent Extremes

With a clean public palate the blood-and-sex poseur will cease to exist, for he will cease to be read, which is the same thing; and the writer of sincere writing and common sense will continue to keep his pen well between those fraudulent extremes, trying to give its full value, an existence not without its crimes and follies but also with its noble themes of love and courage and self-sacrifice. Well there is and it must be set forth, but so must be the finer aspects of mankind; and in its true proportion to the whole, no more, no less.

In a famous mot Stendhal remarked, "A novel is a mirror walking along the road." That is not quite enough. Mirrors cannot feel, and the writer must. Otherwise Stendhal is right, and the mirror walking along the road must keep a steady eye, and not linger in any canal. It must be more than it can take to a full stop before the wayside shrine. It can only reflect what is there and pass along.

How is this actually done? There is no magic formula as we well know. But this much is clear, and it is the foundation, the best creative writing, the stories that have survived the mills of time, were the work of writers who regarded their profession not merely as a trade (and most worthwhile authors have written for their living) but as the satisfaction of an instinct, a craving if you like, to capture with ink and paper the spirit, mood or drive, this personal daemon, manifested the task it gave them a fact a two-fold law: to write with absolute honesty and to make it readable. For all good writing is just that. Joseph Conrad, one of the most honest writers in English literature, put it in this way: "My task which I am trying to achieve is by the power of the written word, to make you feel before all to make you see. That and no more—and it is everything."

Seeing And Feeling

To do this it seems to me the writer must set himself apart—physically, for he must mingle closely with humanity in order to feel its warmth and learn its heart and mind—but apart in thought, apart from his own prejudice as well as the prejudice of others, seeing mankind with the eyes of a curious stranger. Perhaps this sounds a little odd, if mankind were just a fly beneath the lens, but I do not

mean it in that way. The observer may be moved to tears or laughter. He may convey loathing or compassion or exaltation at what he sees and feels. But there he must stop. It is not for him to lecture or to preach. That is best done by the teacher and clergy, whose business it is, and who are better qualified. Some very good writers have indulged in pet social or political theories or in hammering home with obvious blows whatever moral might be in their tale; but their books lived in spite of these intrusions, not because of them. It is proof of their general excellence that the book survived at all.

Of course books may be aimed at particular groups, and that is a legitimate object; but it is not the legitimate object of literature, whose appeal must be universal. As a rule, the moment a writer begins to intrude upon the reader with his own views of politics, morals, religion or any thing else, that work is not being absolutely to the story he set out to tell, in that moment he begins to lose "readability," and when a writer ceases to be readable his whole object has been lost. In the words of Somerset Maugham, "The novel, I cannot repeat too often, is not to be looked upon as a medium of instruction or edification, but as a source of intelligent entertainment." Or as he expresses it in another place, "I think it is an abuse to use the novel as a pulpit or a platform. Fiction is an art, and the purpose of art is not to instruct but to please."

Obligation To Truth

Now, to please does not mean to pander whatever public taste may be current. It does mean to set forth what is in the writer's or the painter's or the sculptor's mind so that it has the form, the color and substance of the thing he saw, in the way he saw it, and because it satisfied him in that way. His obligation is always to the truth. In whatever degree he falls short of that he falls in his art or his craft. It is whatever you call it. What you call it Art is a word that nowadays has fallen into disrepute. On every hand it is invoked to explain or to apologize for all sorts of monstrosities. "Artistic talent," Aldous Huxley observes "is a very rare phenomenon. When it follows that in every epoch and in all countries, most art has been bad. But the proportion of trash in the total artistic output is greater now than at any other period."

A few years ago the Royal Academy held its annual banquet in London to celebrate the opening of the summer show, and amongst the guests were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Winston Churchill. When the retiring president of the Academy, Sir Alfred Munnings, got up to speak he made some of our modern art dilettantes red in the face. He declared, "If you want to paint a tree for Heaven's sake make it look like a tree." And he went on to say, "Not long ago Mr. Churchill and I were walking together. Mr. Churchill said to me, 'Alfred, if we saw Picasso coming down this street would you join me in kicking hard a certain part of him?' I said, 'Winston, I would.' All this and much more was broadcast over the BBC, and the next day there were protests not only about his sentiments but the language he used. To the press he said stoutly, 'I apologise to the Archbishop last night. But I repeat, modern art is a lot of damned nonsense.'"

Too Common Features

"All" is a big word of course; it takes in a lot of territory. But I confess myself in sympathy with Sir Alfred when I regard paintings that show the human form as a tangle of cubes and triangles, or a street scene apparently in an alchemist's nightmare; or when a sculpture resembling a poor African's carving with a dull knife in very hard wood, or nothing at all but a madman's exercise with mud in the asphalt yard; and when I read novels that begin and end nowhere, speak entirely of the creature in human form, heard on land or sea, or who on the other hand speaks entirely in the idiom of the brothel or the slaughterhouse or the latrine. When I regard any of these common features of modern art and letters I cannot help thinking that it's all a lot of nonsense, and that all the world of the future may look back on this as a strange return to primitive tribal wars, or to primitive forms of art.

I do not suggest that all practitioners of so-called modern art are fools or avatars. On the contrary the movement has been led by men of undoubted genius, like somewhat erratic genius, like Picasso in the field of painting, Epstein in sculpture, Joyce and Faulkner in letters, all of them no doubt sincere in their revolt against convention and their belief that the mirror they held up to life was true. The trouble is with too many of their followers. When it was discovered by inferior minds that to paint you need not be able to draw, that to represent the human form in clay or stone you could dispense with all proportion, and that to write novels you need not trouble yourself about plot, or form, or balance, or decency of expression, or even the rules of grammar and composition, then came the deluge of bad art which is now upon us.

Third-Rate Mirrors

These people walk the highway holding up their third-rate mirrors and calling on the world to see its image, and too many of them are acclaimed by critics busy hiding their own confusion behind the jargon of their trade. Mirrors can be too small to reflect any thing but a narrow view. Mirrors can be warped, so that the reflection is distorted; or they may

be foggy, so that the reflection is too dim for beauty or for truth. Even a looking-glass that has none of these flaws may be held too long before the shambles of the cesspool, and hurried past the flowers on the hill.

But I must not beat Stendhal's metaphor to death. In my profession we hear much talk of Art—with a capital A. True art is what we all hope to achieve of course, in our small and vague and separate ways. Most of us know false art when we see it but who knows exactly what true art is? There are as many definitions as there were tongues in Babel. If we look to those who are acknowledged true artists by good authority we find they cannot help us. Walter Sickert, the great English painter, answered one earnest soul in this way: "My pictures are like the clippings of my nails. They grow out of me and I cut them off and that is all I know about it." When someone asked Mozart for an explanation of his music he answered bluntly, "How do I know?" Bernard Shaw declared, "Sometimes I do not see what a play was driving at until quite a long time after I have finished it; and even then I may be wrong about it just as any critical third party may be." And he went on to say, "The truth is that we are apt to delude myself by attributing to logical design what is the result of blind instinct. What Wagner meant by True Art is the operation of the artist's instinct, which is just as blind as any other instinct."

Kipling Cited

To my mind one of the best things Kipling wrote, and certainly the most shrewd, was the little ditty he called The Comundrum of the Workshops. Forgive me if I repeat the opening lines, which probably you know.

"When the flush of a newborn sun fell first on Eden's green and gold
 Our father Adam sat under the tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;
 And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
 Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, 'It's pretty, but is it Art?'"

Adam, foolish man, was dissatisfied with his work at once; and although Kipling didn't say so I suspect it was then that Adam, glancing about for fresh inspiration, discovered a charming female person toying with an apple and forgot what he was about. Anyhow the moral is plain. Don't be too much concerned with Art in the abstract, for the Devil himself doesn't know what it means. He can only raise the point of the regular practice of his trade.

The plain fact is that a self-conscious endeavor towards Art defeats its own purpose always. The writer's path to perfection is paved with such endeavors. And the irony of it all is that the deceiver word about Art belongs to the future in any case, in literature as in everything else. Posterity alone will decide which books of our time shall continue to be read and which shall not, and whenever that final judgment is reached the authors will be dead. So Art with a capital A is not a matter of prime concern to those writing here and now, at any rate it should not be.

Proper Concern

Our proper concern is the work at hand, the material we gather by study, from our own observation and experience of life, and the fashioning of that material with all the skill and truth we have; so that something of what we write may be found good by discerning readers of our own time, leaving the question of art to that mysterious judgment of the future. Coventry Patmore set forth an honest writer's creed when he wrote in the year 1888: "I have written little but it is all my best. I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labor to make my words true. I should therefore be posterity that cares for letters I dare to hope that it will respect me."

But whether the work be found good or bad, now or hereafter, the first judgment and the only real satisfaction are to be found in one's own heart. I do not mean a crass and blind self-satisfaction. That is a delusion. I mean the satisfying of that instinct for craftsmanship which surely must be all, since it made us choose this difficult medium in the first place. And it is this instinct, this personal daemon, that keeps us at the task in spite of all the devils in the shrubbery. For there is more than one devil abroad, mark you. The chap who whispers, "It's pretty but is it Art?" is only the first of many.

Shaw's Savage Quip

If you are a Canadian writer beginning the long struggle for recognition there are always a devil who repeats that savage quip of old George Bernard Shaw to a delegation from the Canadian Authors' Association years ago— "Who ever heard of a Canadian author?" And he goes on to crush you with, "My poor fool, who are you to offer your miserable wares in the marketplace where people come to buy Maugham and Hemingway?" And there is his fellow devil who comes along nowadays, smites you over the head with the full weight of the Massey Report, and cries, "Canadians don't buy Canadian books. It's a

Alberton Regals Win West Prince Opener 5-3

—The Alberton Regals defeated the O'Leary Maroons 5-3 in the opening game of the West Prince Hockey League finals. The contest was fast and cleanly played before a large audience.

The visitors were outscored 2-1 in the first period, Baglole getting O'Leary's both corners, Barbour tallying for the Regals. In the middle session the evenly matched teams split a pair. MacDonald scored for O'Leary and Richard for Alberton to make the score 3-2 for the home team. The final period saw the Regals chalk up three goals without a reply from their opponents, Kinch, LeClair and Richard getting singles to end the game 5-3 in favor of the Regals.

The second game of the series is scheduled for the Alberton rink on Thursday.

Referees were Robert Profit and Ed Turner.

Other Devils

There is the devil (sometimes a he-devil, sometimes a she-devil) who says, "Now with regard to your characters, the men are all right. Some of them are magnificent. But it's plain to be seen that you don't know a thing about women." And there is the devil who comes right along behind and says, "Nonsense! I like your women. Anyone can see that you've made an intimate study of women all your life. But your men!"

There is the devil who says, "Now look here, you've written something very good about sailors (or prairie farmers or unhappy suburban wives or Julius Caesar's bodyguard) and obviously that is your natural line. You should stick to it. For you there should be no other people in the world. Get right down in the groove, my friend, and stay there."

There is the devil who looks down his nose and says, "I hear you last book didn't sell very well. But then I always said you hadn't got the touch for that sort of thing." Or he comes to you and says, "So your new book is a success. I'm sorry I can't congratulate you. It's so obvious that you've thrown away your principles."

And so on. Devils and devils. And some of them such charming devils, too. They take such an interest in your work.

Back To Stevenson

Do you remember Monsieur de Vauversin, the strong player whom Stevenson found on his Island Voyage? I have always liked poor Vauversin, and what he said to R. L. S. has meant something to me in the quest that begins when one first takes up the pen and can end only with one's life. For it fits my notion of workmanship and it has a value in that blind journey towards the mysterious realm of art which all of us experience. You will remember that Vauversin had known better days in the theatre but that he and his lady were reduced to playing in wayside barns, before audiences of indifferent yokels. At the close of one such performance he gave the voyagers his profession of faith.

"I must go about the country gathering coppers and singing nonsense. Do you think I regret my life? Do you think I would rather be a fat bourgeois, like you? No! I have had moments when I have been applauded on the boards. I think nothing of that. But I have known in my own mind sometimes, when I had not a clap from the whole house, that I had found a true intonation or an exact and speaking gesture; and then, messieurs, I have known what pleasure was, what it was to do a thing well, what it was to be an artist."

That has always seemed to me a pretty good philosophy for a writer, too, especially a Canadian; for the Canadian writer as a matter of necessity has to look abroad for most of his income and his fame. He may not have to go about the world singing nonsense for coppers. There may be times indeed when like Vauversin you will be applauded as an artist, and on the boards of Paris itself. But like Vauversin he should think nothing of that. What matters first and last is within himself, a passionate care for his craft. If he lacks that he has nothing. If he has that, nothing else matters, whether he sells his work at home or abroad, for coppers or a fortune, and no matter what diabolical whispers he may hear behind the leaves. I hope that some of you here will turn your ambitions to the pen and take up the task of retuning the late Mr. Shaw.

2,000 SEE CHESS

LONDON, (AP)—The opening of a world chess championship match between two Soviet grand masters, Michael Botvinnik and Vasili Smyslov, drew 2,000 spectators Tuesday, Moscow radio reported.

SUMMARY

First Period

1—O'Leary, Baglole (Rodgerson)	10:10
2—O'Leary, Baglole (Bernard)	10:28
3—Alberton, Barbour (E. Atkinson)	11:25
Penalties: Ellis, Matthews, Rodgerson.	

Second Period

4—O'Leary, MacDonald (Turner)	9:32
5—Alberton, Richard (McCrae)	10:36
Penalties: Gavin, Rodgerson, Fraser.	

Third Period

6—Alberton, Kinch (McCrae, Fraser)	4:18
7—Alberton, LeClair (McCrae)	8:01
8—Alberton, Richard (Fraser)	13:06
Penalties: Bernard, Fraser, Baglole, Turner.	

St. Laurent

Continued from page 1

where he and his party will remain in private until his scheduled departure this morning.

Found Much Confidence

He said he found a great deal of confidence both in Europe and Asia that "the cold war is not going to be a hot one."

He was asked about trade with Red China, and recognition of that country, and replied: "The only person who asked me about that were newspaper men who hoped that I would say something sensational."

"I did use the word 'recognition' which seemed to create considerable consternation. The word seems to have a different connotation to almost everyone."

Three Breaks At S'side Reported

—Three breaks occurred in Summerside within three blocks of each other early yesterday morning when thieves forced their way into Hansen's Market, St. Paul's Credit Union office, and the Auto Electric Service business operated by Allan Jenkins.

At Hansen's Market entry was made by forcing a back door leading to the meat market, and cured meats to a value of approximately \$50 together with \$15-\$20 in cash was stolen.

At St. Paul's Credit Union office entry to the building was made through a door leading into the stage of St. Paul's hall. At the back of this hall the hinges were removed from a door which led into the Credit Union office. Evidence indicated that the Credit Union safe had been tampered with in an unsuccessful effort to open it.

At Jenkins Auto Electric Service entry to the building was made by smashing the glass in rear door and turning the lock on the inside. It is believed that little, if anything was taken in this break.

The breaks at Hansen's Market and Jenkins Auto Electric Service were discovered by Police Officer Harry MacKay while making regular patrol rounds early yesterday morning.

Presentation To Speaker

The speaker, who had been introduced by Hon. William Hughes Provincial Secretary at the request of A. B. LePage, President of the Inn Keepers Association, was thanked by Mr. E. D. Reid, President of the Charlottetown Board of Trade. Mrs. Elsie Inman, Vice President of the Inn Keepers Association, supporting the expression of thanks, dwelt on the kindly attitude Mr. Dolan had for many years held towards this Province. She then made a presentation of a beautiful Island scene to Mr. Dolan on behalf of the Association, which he accepted with great pleasure.

Hon. Eugene Cullen, Minister of Industry and Natural Resources speaking on behalf of Premier Hatfield who had been called from the meeting by another engagement thanked the Inn Keepers and Board of Trade, and especially Mr. Dolan, for a pleasant and profitable evening. He urged those present to push for a greater share of the tourist business which was reaching such an important place in the economy of the country.

Local Moving Picture Shown

Mr. George V. Fraser, Director of the Travel Bureau spoke briefly expressing his appreciation for the constant and kindly interest Mr. Dolan had for the Island and his invaluable help in extending the knowledge of the tourist attractions here. He concluded by extending an invitation to those present to view two moving pictures which were shown, one dealing with Canada as a whole and a special production taken on the Island last year and now shown publicly for the first time. The picture will be shown in a great many places in the United States and Canada within the next few weeks and deals with all the attractions and points of interest which local people are familiar

No Carbon Copy

"Another thing I want to stress," said the speaker is that the people of this Island should retain their individuality and that they should not become a carbon copy of the United States. Let me assure you that the better class of tourists do not want the American flag used for commercial purposes much less a series of hot dog stands. Believe me they will enjoy your harness racing, golf, tennis, fishing swimming and particularly your scenery and people, if continued on a natural plane." Mr. Dolan continued.

"96 per cent of our visitors come on rubber last year and the development of highways on both a Dominion and Provincial basis within a reasonable budget provides a circle of self-liquidation programme." Such improvements develop not only by tourists but by Agriculture and fishing interests, speeding up turnover, and thereby adding to the economy and utility of the country."

Mr. Dolan had a special word for the Inn keepers whom he credited with a vast improvement which he hoped would continue.

"The popular mode of family travel is by motor and the family place to stay is the Motel. Good food, clean beds and the essentials of hygiene are absolutely necessary to attract and retain this business. Entertainment must be provided and the guests should be given personal attention by the management. The soft lush of indifferent catering to the tourists are gone and we in Canada must realize that the business is a buyers market, and pass on to our patrons the delightful and lovely things of Canada, particularly as you have them in your own beautiful Province."

"It is gratifying to learn that you are trying to preserve some of your history," Mr. Dolan continued. "There is a great history to the Atlantic Provinces which visitors are always anxious to learn." This delightful and charming cradle of Canadian History should rank high in this respect."

"I would like to induce many of you to do some all Canadian travelling and absorb the atmosphere which is essential to our. The more we see of this country the better satisfied we are with our lot. No

S'side Curling Club Schedule

—Summerside curling schedule, Wednesday, March 17th.

7:30 p.m.—
 Ice 1—A. H. Hubley vs. G. F. Cameron
 Ice 2—C. E. Corney vs. R. Bishop
 Ice 3—F. Folland vs. H. G. Offer.

In school hockey series games at Crapaud rink last night of the Crapaud-Victoria Board of Trade trophy, Kelly's Crapaud defeated North Tryon 4-1; Crapaud and Hampton battled to a 2-2 draw; and Victoria edged Augustine Cove 3-2.

The referees were B. Dawson, D. Johnston, G. Nicholson and S. Ferguson.

School Hockey At Crapaud

—Summerside curling schedule, Wednesday, March 17th.

7:30 p.m.—
 Ice 1—A. H. Hubley vs. G. F. Cameron
 Ice 2—C. E. Corney vs. R. Bishop
 Ice 3—F. Folland vs. H. G. Offer.

NOTICE

I will in the near future be opening an office for medical practice in Kensington, P. E. Island.

DR. L. K. ZIELINSKI, M.D.

PLAY-OFF HOCKEY

BORDEN RINK

TONIGHT

Cape Traverse Rovers vs. Parkdale Bombers

First game of finals for L. E. Inman Trophy

Game starts 8:30

Admission 35 and 25

Skate after

KENSINGTON RINK

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17

Second game Junior North Shore League finals

Spring Valley vs. Kensington

Game 8:30 sharp

Skating after game weather permitting

THURSDAY, MARCH 18

Second game finals

Farmers League

Graham's Rd. vs. Springfield

Game 8:30 sharp

CRAPAUD RINK

TONIGHT

New Haven Royals vs. Crapaud Heart Breakers

Game time 8:30

Skate after

It fairly melts in the mouth!

Barbour's

STABILIZED

PEANUT BUTTER