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"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."  
 FRIDAY, SEPT. 23, 1933

Royal Nomenclatures

A correspondent in today's Forum columns writes feelingly of his pleasure in revisiting his native Province after an absence of thirty-four years. He is warm in his expressions of appreciation, but suggests that we should do away with the names of Royal personages attached to our squares, high school and other institutions and choose others "more deserving of honour" from the standpoint of our Island history.

The suggestion is well meant, and doubtless we have been negligent in not sufficiently honouring those responsible for our early settlement and progress. But it is worth remembering that the Fathers of Confederation in this Province, who were among the leaders in the fight for Responsible Government, saw nothing objectionable in the names of Charlottetown, Queen Square, and other reminders of Royalty, and were indeed very strong in their expressions of attachment to the Crown. At the Confederation Conference in Charlottetown to which our correspondent refers, it was stated, as an argument for the union of the British North American Provinces, that it would not only elevate the position of these colonies, consolidate their influence and advance their interests, but at the same time would enable them to "continue their fealty to their Mother Country and their Queen, which fealty is the glory of us all." These sentiments were received with applause, and we have never heard them seriously questioned since.

Early colonial grievances were by no means confined to Prince Edward Island, and were due to causes far more complicated than our correspondent assumes. Certainly we view them with no inferiority complex today, any more than we do the Union Jack we still fly at our mastheads, or the National Anthem we have sung for so many years. We are proud of the grand old names of our public squares, streets and institutions, which serve to remind us of our heritage under British rule. Fully aware of their historical associations, we are proud particularly of the names bestowed upon our fair Province and City, upon Victoria Park and the Queen Charlotte High School. If this be attributed to our stubborn Island traditionalism in some quarters, well and good. We can think of other faults much more deserving of criticism.

Pig Nursery

The most interesting animal exhibit we have heard of for many a day is that described in a recent report from Chicago. A business man in that city, evidently bringing an unusual imagination to bear on what is ordinarily a routine matter of commerce, has built a special de luxe nursery for piglets. (Not for all the piglets in the Midwest, of course, but for a few selected for their assumed ability to imbibe culture and appreciate luxury). The fortunate animals are taken to the nursery when they are a week old, before their habits have been irrevocably established. There they are ensconced in spotless, sanitary, and air-conditioned rooms with automatic washing facilities (no private baths as yet, however), a daily menu especially worked out by highly-paid dietitians, sterilized drinking water, constant medical attention with up to date hospital facilities, and individual beds, pillows and all. The floor is heated radiantly, and the temperature is kept at the scientifically approved level; not a single draft is allowed to gain entrance. The little animals are encouraged to romp and play to their hearts' content, and even to fight and scrap—within reasonable limits, of course—if and when they feel like it.

Officials at the nursery say the animals appear to be "perfectly happy". What else would they expect them to be? Any piglet that would grunt at a set-up like that would be an ungrateful little scoundrel. There is usually a hitch, though, in the very best way of life; and the trouble with this one is that it lasts only a month. At the end of that period the pampered animals are returned to the farms whence they came, presumably to set a good example of decorum and contentment to their less fortunate brothers and sisters. It is questionable, however, whether it will work out quite as happily as that. The little pigs that stayed home are almost certain to resist any new-fangled ideas intended to make them more culturally inclined; and, as the late Mr. Freud so wisely pointed out, nothing worse than that could happen to the social fabric of any community. As for the others, will they not find life on the farm intolerably tedious and dull, after having wallowed—if that is the right word—in the luxury and ease of a Chicago utopia? Of course they will.

A Fine Gesture

So many derogatory things are said about professional baseball and other athletics these days that it refreshes one to read something fine and noble about an individual player of distinction; such, for example, as Phil Rizzuto's reaction to a move by his friends and neighbours to do him honour. Anyone who follows the big games even in a casual manner, to say nothing of those who can think and talk of nothing else, knows that Mr. Rizzuto is a very important man in New York Yankee circles, and, indeed, wherever folks gather to discuss the wonders and the mysteries of baseball. There are rumours that the 37 year old shortstop is headed for retirement, although neither he nor any one else who might be expected to know what's going on has confirmed them. Anyway, his neighbours took it into their heads the other day to present the distinguished player with an expensive automobile, an assortment of other trinkets, and a cheque for a substantial sum.

As soon as Rizzuto heard of it, he told the committee in charge of the affair that, as much as he appreciated the generosity and kindness, he could not accept anything for himself; he would, however, be glad to accept a cash amount to be put into a fund to provide scholarships for needy and deserving college students. And that is how the matter stands at present. There is to be a Phil Rizzuto Scholarship Fund, started by a cheque from his neighbours—no doubt a substantial one—and, doubtless, to be added to by thousands of contributions from people near and far who will admire the unselfish deed of a good ball player.

EDITORIAL NOTES

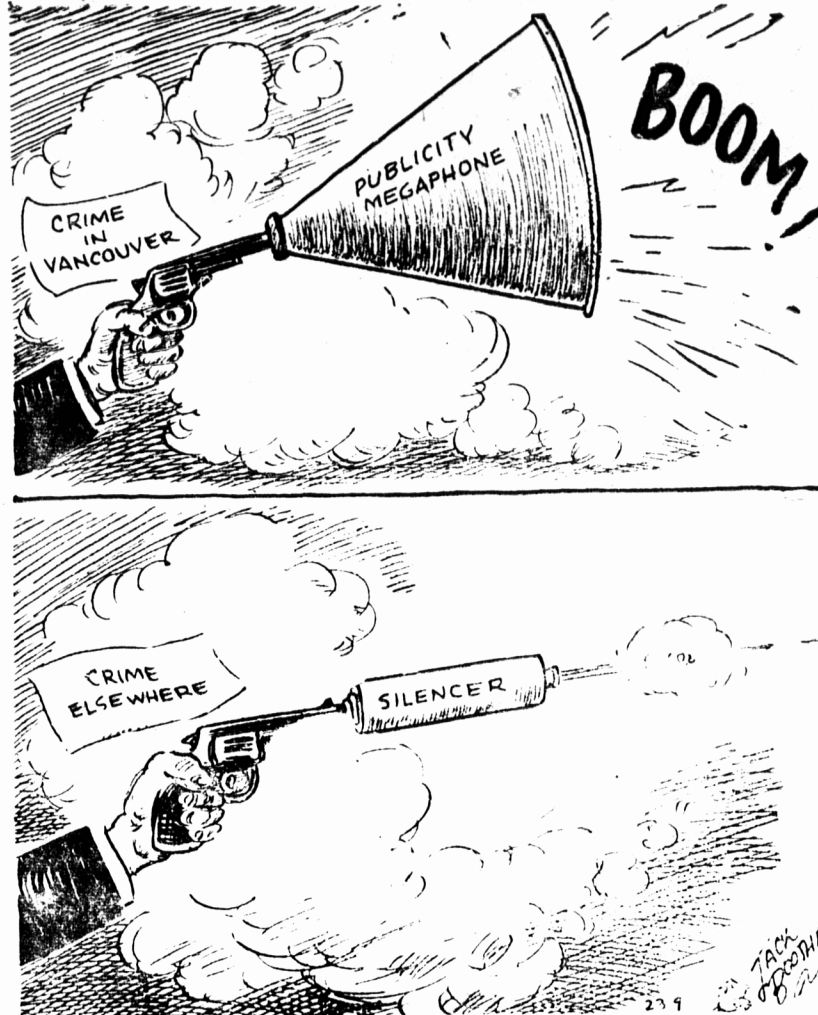
Archaeologists believe they have unearthed the famous temple of Diana, goddess of the chase, near Newport, England. Existence of the temple was established in the 17th century and a tablet recording its building in 260 A.D. has already been found.

Wilkie Collins, English novelist, died this date 1889. He is best remembered for his classic thrillers, "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White". He collaborated with Charles Dickens in writing "No Throughfare", which appeared as a Christmas story in 1867.

Chivalry is not yet dead in Argentina, else revolutionary leaders would not have permitted Juan Peron to leave the country and take refuge in Paraguay. Many will say that the act of mercy was much more than the dictator deserved. At all events, he can consider himself most fortunate.

Chief Justice Patrick Kerwin will be one of the speakers next Saturday in Cambridge, Mass., at a conference entitled "Government under Law", marking the 200th birthday of the late John Marshall, the 4th Chief Justice of the United States. Other speakers will be Chief Justice Earl Warren, Sir Raymond Even-shed, Master of the Rolls of England, Sir Owen Dixon of Australia, and Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, President of Harvard University.

IT SOMETIMES LOOKS LIKE THIS



PUBLIC FORUM

ON REVISITING THE ISLAND

Sir,—This summer I returned to P. E. I., my birthplace, for the first time in thirty-four years. Although I had, on unnumbered previous occasions, made detailed plans to return to the Island on a vacation, the press of business continually prevented it, and forced me to put it off until "next year"—a "next year" which did not come until this summer.

This year I was all set to alter my usual plans, in the hope that the future would provide a time less inconvenient, until I learned that, during this summer, Charlottetown was celebrating its hundredth birthday. My decision became irrevocable. No consideration of business or other, could interfere. My return visit to the Island had "top priority." So it was that, after an absence of thirty-four years, I returned to spend three of the most delightful weeks of my life on the inviting red soil of my own "Spud Island."

On my return to Toronto (I shrink from calling it "home", for that is a term connoting which I reserve for P. E. I. alone) I often sat alone in the evening thinking of how much the Island had changed since last I saw it and I marvelled, at the same time, at the way it has, despite superficial change, remained substantially unaltered by the passage of the years.

In these nostalgic evening reveries I could not help but be continually impressed by the unchanging character of the Island and its carefree inhabitants. Faces, landscapes and names had indeed changed, but that certain precious something that makes an Islander an Islander—that unknown and intangible quality that makes Islanders the friendliest, most amiable and most practical-minded people of any community, which I feel that you will find anywhere—this had not changed one jot. Little wonder that "the Islander" is a legend for his quiet, thoughtful, penetrating wit, his love of life in the true, full and simple sense of the term, his awareness of, but immunity to, the mad whirlpool of seething activity in which peoples from across "the Strait" have drowned all that goes to make up the sterling character of the Spud Islander; qualities which cannot but charm the rest of the world into a sincere respect for, and delight in him.

Indeed, the Strait of Northumberland, like a mighty moat, has rendered the red shores of P. E. I. unassailable to the pernicious forces which, particularly in the reduced so much of the "outside world" to the debris of inhuman automatism and loss of human dignity and respect for the individual as a person. P. E. I. has profited by the good and has preserved its sacred immunity to the evil that has been generated in the past thirty-four years. Canada's "Garden of Eden" is indeed "in the world but not of it."

As you may have gathered, I am probably one of the Island's most assiduous advertising agents; it is, then, in that capacity, that I make bold to offer a suggestion that I feel will emphatically bring before the eyes of the world and thus further enhance the name, traditions and character of my Island home. Particularly in the centennial year of your capital's incorporation,—and indeed in succeeding years, for each year is the centennial, bicentennial or tercentennial anniversary of some notable event in Island history—in these years I feel you should turn your minds and your Island ingenuity to the task of brushing the dust from the rich Island traditions and accomplishments that have so long been condemned to the dark anonymity of history's cloth-bound prison. It is time that Island history—all that is truly "of the Island" in the past—was exposed to the rest of the world to command its admiration. We have too long kept our light beneath the

bushel. The world stands in need of the inspiration which the past of P. E. I. can provide. To this end I suggest that you should neglect no opportunity to parade before the world—and all Islanders—the splendours, the tragedies, and the accomplishments of the Island's past. I was, for example, a bit disappointed to find no majestic monument in bronze and stone—other than, of course, the Confederation Chamber itself—immortalizing Charlottetown as the first meeting place of the Fathers of Confederation and as the Cradle of Confederation. I had hoped that perhaps the name of Queen Square an unimagined name devoid of all Island originality) would, as part of Charlottetown's centennial celebrations, and as is the custom during similar celebrations in other cities, have been changed,—perhaps to Founders' Place or Birth-place Square. I had thought that perhaps your beautiful city park—Victoria Park—might have been renamed, as one of nature's beautiful monuments, in honour of some of the early founders or discoverers of the Island, or indeed Confederation Park, or Incorporation Park, in honour of the Centennial itself. I was disappointed to learn that your impressive new High School had been named after the wife of the factious sovereign who, in a single day, disposed of the whole Island by casting lots among his court favorites, and who subjected the Island to the merciless tortures of a tyrannical absentee landlordism, from the effects of which the Island had not completely recovered a full century later. Charlottetown was not named by Islanders but for Islanders by royal favorites in hope of courting the royal favour, and the resulting dividends in land and expense to tenants of some. Let our capital's name, then, be our only reminder to the world of the abject tyranny to which we were subjected in our past. Let us not make a farce of our history by, two centuries later, honoring this royal nonentity, as far as the Island's history goes, by naming a school and a naval training station after her.

Search your Island history. There are those who are far more deserving of such an honour—Islanders tried and true. What of the numberless Islanders who have helped shape the destiny of Canada or who have led the Island along the heart-breaking path from abject colonialism to the blessings of its present state? Are their memories to be overshadowed by the ghost of the wife of a monarch whose contributions to the progress and development of the Island are somewhat less than nil? Are we to forget all that has gone to make P. E. I. the most dazzling pearl in the Canadian jewel chest?

Nowhere on the Island did I see a fitting monument to Cabot or Verazzano, who both, as well as Cartier,—had a hand in the discovery of the Island. And what of the name Port la Joie and the ruins of the old Fort? Who knows of the contribution of the Sieur Doublet through whose far-seeing plans the population of the Island in the century following 1663 rose to some 10,000? And what of a plaque to remind us of the Treaty of Fontenelleau, by which instrument the Sieur Doublet's work was undone by the stroke of a pen in 1763 and the Island's population reduced to a little more than 300? Are these persons and events not worthy of having their names brought before the eyes of all who visit the Island?

I could go on indefinitely — a Museum, an Island Historical Society, etc.—for, the volumes of Island history are bright and shining examples of courage, statesmanship, and just plain "Spud Islandness" that have not received national recognition. Surely Islanders have a duty to canonize the memories of all who helped to make P. E. I. the "Sweet little Is-

land in the world" and who have made no mean contribution to making Canada "the most promising nation in the world today." I trust, Sir, that I have not been presumptuous. I have invoked my right as an Islander to express through critical suggestions the hope that the glories that are set like precious stones in the pages of Island history will not be permitted to go unnoticed. Let their names be attached to streets, bridges, buildings, public places, institutions and all else that will serve to do them honor and bring them before the eyes of the world. I leave within the week for the West—farther still from the home of my birth—and will probably not see the Island again for some years, if at all. In saying farewell it is my earnest hope that the suggestions I have offered will be accepted in the amiable and constructive spirit in which they were offered—from a restless Islander in exile for the benefit of his care-free fellows at home.

Tips To Spacemen

Reuters Agency, London  
 Astronomers are busy finding out what the world's first space explorers can expect to encounter once they are able to venture to the planets.

They would do well, for instance, to take a few "no smoking" signs to meet on Venus. For the indications are that the seas which can be seen on the planet are vast oceans of oil.  
 If the first men on the moon do not tread warily around the lunar seas, or "Maria," they may find themselves sinking to an unpleasant death by choking. For these surfaces are really deep accumulations of dust.

These tips to spacemen emerge from "Frontiers of Astronomy," (William Heinemann Ltd.), a book by Fred Hoyle, one of Britain's most noted astronomers.  
 He believes Venus is the planet most closely comparable with the earth, the two being built out of almost identical material. But there is one big difference. Venus has no water, because it is nearer to the sun, and an excess of oil remains.

In previous writings, Hoyle expressed the opinion that the thick white clouds which perpetually cover Venus were made up of fine particles of dust. Now he has changed that theory. He thinks that the clouds may consist of oil. In other words, Venus is draped in a kind of perpetual smog.  
 Turning to the moon, Hoyle dismisses the old theory that the craters were formed by lunar volcanoes. They were the giant dents made, he says, by various bodies in space crashing into the moon and exploding.

The first explorers of the moon will find it a depressing place. Through their space helmets, they

will see around them only a monotonous grey because, without an atmosphere to filter them, the ultra-violet rays of the sun destroy all color.

I am, Sir, etc.,  
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Medically Speaking

By Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.

KEEP CALM AT MEALS

Don't quarrel at the dinner table! The roast may be burned, the potatoes may be lumpy and your mother-in-law may announce she plans to extend her stay—but don't quarrel at the dinner table. Frequent arguments while eating disturb your digestion as well as your emotions.

Experiments have proved conclusively that the emotional state of a person profoundly affects the blood supply, the secretory functions, the motility and the stomach's emptying time.

If you are nervous, anxious, worried or otherwise excited, the nervous mechanism controlling your digestion usually is affected. In a state like this, you are apt to wind up with nervous dyspepsia, or nervous indigestion.

Stress and Overwork

This ailment is caused not only by excitement at mealtimes. Stress, overwork and strong emotional disturbances at any time produce nervous dyspepsia.

In addition to stomach distress, you may have headaches and become weak. You might be unable to concentrate and unable to sleep. Nausea and lack of appetite are frequent symptoms of nervous indigestion.

Many persons aggravate the condition by smoking or drinking more alcohol than usual.

Your stomach will return to normal only when your nervousness subsides. Phenobarbitone or any other sedative will not help you to take the edge off your anxieties.

Alkalies frequently relieve any symptoms caused by gastric acidity. Start with dry meals, with only a little liquid, sometimes help. Don't drink coffee or tea excessively. Usually, a long restful holiday will do more good than drugs or dieting.

It is important, of course, that you seek treatment from your doctor. He can do more for you than just give you drugs or maybe put you on a restricted diet.

He can help alleviate many of your worries by proving to you that your ailment is not caused by some serious organic disease. And you know as well as I do that most of us secretly fear there is something seriously wrong the moment we get stomach trouble.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

M. M. S.: Is there anything that will help a person get rid of liver spots?

Question: So-called liver spots or brown spots on the skin are really due to any trouble with the liver.

Your physician should be consulted as to the most advisable method of removing such disfiguring blemishes.

*The Poet's Corner*  
 IN THE NIGHT  
 In the night, in the night,  
 When thou liest alone,  
 Ah, the sounds that are blown  
 In the freaks of the breeze,  
 By the spirit that sends  
 The voice of far friends,  
 With the sigh of the seas  
 In the night!  
 In the night, in the night,  
 When thou liest alone,  
 Ah, the ghosts that make moan  
 From the days that are sped;  
 The old dreams, the old deeds,  
 And the wound that still bleeds,  
 And the face of the dead  
 In the night.  
 —William Watson.

About 130 German physicians are employed in various branches of the Indonesian government.

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A former's wife, old enough to have experienced the old-fashioned threshing, remarks on the comparatively simple process of today's threshing. "Getting our fall threshing done used to be a big production," she recalls. "Twenty-two men, maybe, and a fleet of teams and wagons. Now, with tractor and truck and a combine, my husband and our boy jog through the harvest and hardly disturb the household routine!" —Dauphin Herald.

A series of tests on fatigued drivers was recently completed by Alfred L. Moseley, a psychologist at the Harvard School of Public Health. These tests proved that every driver who is overtired is risking his own and other people's lives when he takes the wheel. Tiredness causes him to be slower on the brakes, to clutch at the wheel and react slowly in an emergency. A cup of coffee and a cigarette proved useful, but not lasting pickups. —Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Better management could greatly increase the production of woodlands in the Atlantic provinces, a forestry officer said in a seminar of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council at the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton. No doubt about it. Another forestry man told the group that the Atlantic coast forest products industry had a very favorable potential for increase. All right, let us have that better forestry management which is a corollary to increased forest products promotion. —Sydney Post-Record.

Institutions such as the Guelph Reformatory lack facilities to care for the large number of prisoners of all types which they now accommodate. They were never designed for the purpose they serve today. Segregation of prisoners is an important consideration. To do this properly, the province must have more and smaller institutions where offenders in various categories can be properly handled. The problem is one that must be given serious consideration by the government. If high walls are needed to hold Ontario's reformatory population they will have to be built accordingly. As the situation stands at present the only walls are provided in the courts of the province. —Guelph Mercury.

The truth is more interesting than a mistake, and it is essential in public information. Therefore, attention is called to the fact that the annual Cape Breton Folk Song will be held this year at Port Hood, will be of eleven days duration, October 17th to 28th. Not two days as astonishingly and incomprehensibly stated in these columns recently. There's no point in explaining how this mistake occurred. The point now is the fact—on the authority of Mr. Joseph Chiasson representative of the Nova Scotia Division of Adult Education in Cape Breton Island; October 17th to 28th in Port Hood. Eleven days

What, if anything, accounts for the pandemic of eccentricity that seems to be sweeping the observable parts of the world? Or is there anything newer about it than the newsworthiness that is currently considered to attach to the exploits of its victims. The range of silliness is as broad as the range of human activities. Marathon flag-pole sitting, marathon piano playing, marathon tight-rope walking, gargantuan eating and drinking demonstrations, chair-rocking endurance contests. Wherever we look, someone is wearing himself into collapse to prove nothing in particular except that some people will try anything, even like the Spaniard old enough to know better to eat more hay than a donkey. Were there always as many zanies, or is it one of the more harmless effects of fallout from "The Bomb"? —Montreal Star.

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