THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded in 1887)

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

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1945

Canadians Liberating Holland

The Canadian troops in Field Marshal Montgomery's army are within sight of the southeastern shores of the Zuider Zee. The Allied forces are spreading into the heart of Germany like the tentacles of a mighty octopus, and it is hard even for military experts to decide which of any day's spectacular advances is the most significant. But the drive into Holland and toward the North Sea gives a special lift to the heart. At last the liberating forces are throwing a rope around the Nazi garrison that has held the Dutch ports and the Dutch people in an iron vise for five racking years. More than 50,000 Germans are caught in the trap in which they have held their victims for so long. Seyss-Inquart is said to have escaped, and his flight projects a picture of all the Nazi overlords scurrying before the pursuing armies in all directions. But the holes are getting fewer and narrower, and soon there will be no hiding place where they or the loot they take with them can be safe.

The advance into Holland, says an exchange, means relief for England that cannot be imagined by those who have not experienced the strain and horror of the rocket bombs. The belief that most of the V-2's were launched from the Netherlands seems confirmed by reports that for nearly a week the British Isles have not been bombarded by these infernal weapons. These reports carry the first admission that until now the bombs have been falling pretty steadily on a people whose stoicism neither the long tests of war nor the approach of victory can crack.

But if for the British the capture of the launching grounds means deliverance from one of their hardest trials, for the Netherlanders it means life again, the awakening from a nightmare. The liberation of Holland has been slow and difficult, and no country has suffered more in the long wait for liberation. For years life in Holland has been as gray as the flat, water-soaked landscape of a Dutch winter. But in recent months the population has lived on the very brink of death—a large part of the land flooded, the food ration reduced to the starvation point, towns and farmlands despoiled, the Germans making the helpless people pay for the defeats of the "master race." The Dutch have endured so much more than their share that the mistaken bombing of The Hague was peculiarly tragic. Their lot has been so desperate that the Allies have a special obligation to ship in food and essential supplies at the earliest moment. The Dutch Government in exile has accumulated reserves to meet the immediate emergency, and everything humanly possible—for the sake of Holland and for the sake of Europe—should be done to facilitate its delivery, to the end that this sturdy, self-respecting nation shall be strengthened and encouraged to resume its place as a stabilizing force in a sick and shaken Continent.

C. C. F. In Saskatchewan

Reviewing the recent session of the Saskatchewan Legislature, the first regular session since the C. C. F. Government took office, the Regina *Leader-Post* has some interesting observations.

The session as a whole, says the Regina newspaper, was "a striking illustration of the dangers to democracy inherent in the implementation of a party program based on autocratic executive control in place of legislative responsibility." The C. C. F. majority pressed on with great zeal its "undemocratic practice" of arming ministers and boards with sweeping powers to make decisions without reference to the Legislature, decisions from which there is no appeal, and Opposition members who urged caution and moderation were scorned as emissaries of "Big Business." In some small matters there was a slight retreat "from the autocratic conception of government," but in the main the *Leader-Post* finds the broad policy of the C. C. F. administration to consist of "compulsion rather than agreement, regulation instead of guidance, confiscation in place of negotiation."

U. S. Food Production

That there is never enough food in the world to go around, even in the best days of peace without the dislocation of war, is a truism. The United States department of agriculture estimates there are 4,000,000,000 arable acres in the world, whose population is about 2,000,000,000, and that the production of about 2 1-2 acres is required for a minimum adequate diet for one person. That means hunger for millions of persons, and the war has made it worse. France needs to import 200,000 tons of food per month, and received only 175,000 tons in 1944. Belgium needs 100,000 tons per month, and received 65,000 tons in 1944; Netherlands received no food imports in 1944, and needs 120,000 tons per month; Greece needs 43,000 tons per month, and received 54,000 tons last year.

Nutrition figures show the situation more clearly. The U.S. national research council estimated a minimum diet should contain 2,730 calories a day. Here is what the people of a number of countries are receiving: United States, 3,183; France 1,400; Belgium 1,500; Netherlands, 1,500; Italy 664; Athens 2,150; Greece outside Athens 1,300.

In 1944, the U. S. food supply was allocated: 75 per cent to U.S. civilians, 13 per cent to U.S. armed services and 12 per cent to Allied countries. If food production had remained at pre-war levels, the U. S. consumer would be suffering; but due to the extraordinary efforts of American farmers, food production has increased 50 per cent. Figures on this, obscured by impressive figures on munitions production, disclose fabulous food prospects, and the trend of food production is still upward. With pre-war figures in brackets, some statistics of U.S. meat and dairy livestock follow: milk cows on farms, 26.1 million (23.5); chickens raised, 745.8 million (664.4); broilers, 213 million (69.7); turkeys, 35.6 million (27); beef cattle on farms, 39.2 million (32); milk production, 118.2 millions pounds (103.6).

—EDITORIAL NOTES—

The enthronement of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, will take place in Canterbury Cathedral April 19.

* * * *

When the *Saint John Telegraph Journal* desired the views of Charlottetown Mayor on the Chignecto Canal project he was away from home, so the Province was represented by the Mayor of Summerside, which "keeps on coming up" all the time.

* * * *

His Excellency the Governor General the Earl of Athlone and the Princess intend leaving on return to England in June and without having visited Prince Edward Island, the smallest, yet by no means the least important province in the Dominion.

* * * *

H. M. S. Indefatigable, one of the four British fleet aircraft carriers which took part in attacks on enemy oil refineries in Sumatra at the beginning of the year, is the first four-screw carrier in the Royal Navy. Her four engines, together developing a total of more than 15,000 horse-power, are capable of raising a speed of considerably more than 30 knots. Each engine drives an independent shaft and propellor.

* * * *

We have not a few "joiners" in this community, people who join organizations for a personal and profitable purpose, but no professional one. Down in Florida, however, there has just passed away James William White, 84-year-old world's champion "joiner" of fraternal organizations. A publisher of *The Fraternal Record*, White's title was given to him by the *American Blue Book* for his membership in 74 different societies.

* * * *

Seems like wells and pumps in England are through. A bill introduced into the House of Commons proposes to take all power over water and water supply out of the hands of local authorities and vest it in the Ministry of Health. The bill says that every Englishman is entitled to a constant supply of pure drinking water, and provides that the Ministry shall see that water mains are brought to a point from which neighbouring houses may be connected at a reasonable cost. Local authorities have been in the habit of refusing water supplies if there happens to be a well nearby.

* * * *

Charles Reade, English novelist, born this date 1814; started his literary career as a dramatist, then drifted into fiction writing, but fiction based on fact, nearly all his stories treating of social problems and written with the object of bringing about reform; his outstanding work is *The Cloister And The Hearth* dealing with the life of Rogerius Gerardus, father of Erasmus; *It's Never Too Late To Mend*, a study of prison life, was largely responsible for the prison reform introduced in the middle of last century: "Sow an act and you reap a habit. Sow a habit and you reap a character. Sow a character and you reap a destiny. . . . It is droll and sad, but true that Christendom is full of men in a hurry to hate and be habitually vindictive. . . . Their law thrusteth its nose into every platter, and its finger into every pie."

* * * *

Bootleggers and moonshiners, even in the German prison camps. Big business was being done at Monteith, Ont. Two stills running off 35 gallons of pure alcoholic beverage per day were discovered. Monteith residents who have sampled the German made product at $4 a bottle claim it's "really good stuff." "The prisoners really know how to make moonshine." They are believed to manufacture the potent liquid from potato peelings and other vegetable refuse, putting it through crudely fashioned stills which can be made from a length of pipe and a metal drum. Where they get their yeast cakes and sugar, however, remains a dark mystery. A Veterans' Guard probe continues with officers maintaining "somebody's making a mountain of a mole hill. We know its being made. The prisoners have nothing else to do for 24 hours a day except annoy the staff and that's one of the ways they do it."

* * * *

When cease fire is sounded in Europe thousands of British Government employees are to have two days' holidays with pay. School children, too, probably will not need to make up their own excuses for being away from school on the great day, for the government suggests that it would be "appropriate" if two days' holiday were granted. Other workers may have to wait for two days fixed according to local needs to be set aside for a victory rest. Workers in essential services, particularly in utilities, and those on essential maintenance work, will have to be prepared to carry on. For them, it is stated, special compensation will be deviseed. British air raid sirens, which throughout the war wailed out their eerie warnings of approaching German raiders, may be used to sound the "last all clear", when the war in Europe ends. Reporting that the war cabinet was considering such a proposal, the *News Chronicle* said the sirens would be synchronized so that their victory signal would be heard throughout Britain at the same time.

Notes By The Way

Man leads a woman to the altar and then his leadership ends. —Niagara Falls Review.

There is a shortage of some things in Canada today but that which may cause us the most difficulty is the scarcity of national unity.—London Free Press.

Our dark thinkers are currently predicting famine for '46. And of course the true phophet would rather be right than eat.—Winnipeg Tribune.

We, too, like so many district sportsmen, have been able at times to whip up great enthusiasm for fishing through the ice. But the urge always strikes us about the middle of July.—Windsor Star.

It's democracy and we like it, but it does seem crazy to be planting young trees and at the same time cutting down good young forests and woodlots much faster than we replace them.—Farmer's Advocate.

It is quite possible the German elite guard will be compelled to rebuild the cities in foreign lands which they destroyed. And while they are doing it they should be compelled to exist on the rations they forced on the people of German occupied countries during the war.—Chatham News.

Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield are to experiment with a new type of bus in the hope of reducing street accidents. It will have a central entrance with a door that will close when the vehicle moves. A double staircase to the top deck will lessen congestion.—London Times.

A statement by the American Treasury Department indicates that since December 7, 1941 the war has cost the United States $243,000,000,000 — seven times what it spent on the First World War. Wars grow more expensive with the passing years, but somehow the quality never seems to improve.—Calgary Albertan.

Arriving at Rio de Janeiro, former King Carol of Romania told reporters that he has no plans for the future. Carol is certainly one of those fellows whose "future is in the past" and as a "man with a past" he has no superiors. It was a kingly past, in the worst sense of the term.—Chicago Daily News.

Ducks, deer, coyotes, rabbits, squirrels and their wild game neighbors are in for it. Wartime tests have demonstrated that a hunter wearing a camouflage suit like a commando's can get virtually within patting range of game, so far as optical deception is concerned. Style forecast for the well-dressed, post-war hunter: a camouflage suit to blend with every season's coloring. And a tip to wild game: smell, don't look. —From the N.Y. World-Telegram.

There is no petty rivalry among the men who are risking their lives daily in Allied bomber and fighter squadrons on the war fronts. If a new plane is better than anything the enemy has, that is all to the good, and the airmen do not give a hoot whether it was designed and built in United States or British plants. As The Aeroplane says: "Both the British and United States aircraft indus' es have done a marvellous job of work; let us give them full credit for it. And let us stop this childish crying out of 'Mine's better than yours'." —Toronto Telegram.

To most women there are two kinds of men. There are those who are neat and tidy and there are their own husbands. We have listened in grim silence to the virtues of many spouses as they are paraded before us for unhappy comparison with our weaknesses. There are those who wash the dishes every night and some who even do the family wash. There are those who do the house cleaning, baby watching, window washing, basement swishing and helping with the cooking. We always bow our heads when such husband-helpmeets are mentioned. But we usually end with our chin at its proper elevation, for we have still to hear about the hubby who was all these credits and still fails to leave his dirty socks under the bed, his tie on the door handle, his suit coat on the back of a chair and his hat on the table.—From Windsor Star

Royal Air Force men, long steeled to the necessity of dropping death and destruction from the skies, must be taking keen pleasure in the type of "bombing" some of them are engaged in over inaccessible Greek towns in the Macedonian mountains. In contrast to the usual scurrying for underground shelter, the crowds below await with eager faces and outstretched hands the opening of the bomb-bay doors. For the "bomb" loads contain children's socks, sweaters, layettes, and other clothing for destitute Greek families made by Red Cross chapters in the America and dropped by British pilots from skies that never were meant to be anything but peaceful and friendly.—Christian Science Monitor.

The Poets' Corner

FROM "IN PRAISE OF EARTH"

Before the world's dim altars,
All men of righteous birth
Bow down in deep thanksgiving,
I pray to Mother Earth. . . . .

Give me the sun and starshine;
And fields of shadowy grain;
The sweep of grassy pastures;
The splendid reach of rain—

These sure high passions waken,
These old gay loves abide—
The shiver of deep waters
In the strong grip of tide.

The strength of beauty's bearing
In every rank and place;
The ancient pain of caring;
The grasp of inner grace;

The sense to guess all wonder
In stillness unrevealed;
The dark unconscious passion
In darker dust concealed. . . .

—Charles Bruce.

PUBLIC FORUM

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

"THANK YOU, ELLEN!"

Sir,—I would like through your columns to express my appreciation of "Ellen's Diary". In a world of so much hurry, turmoil, strife and artificiality it is refreshing to read the daily entry written with such simplicity, understanding and kindly humor.

I notice Ellen's jokes are usually at her own expense and she is always ready to speak of the good in others. Perhaps that is one of the secrets of her serenity as she meets life with its "ups and downs" from day to day.

I enjoy especially each Saturday's entry with its reference to the Sabbath. Perhaps the greatest reason for her apparent poise is that she possesses that peace "which the world cannot give, neither can it take away."

I hope that for many years to come Ellen will help us to see with her the amusing happenings of every-day life and the wondrous beauty of nature in all her moods. So many of us have "eyes to see but we see not."

I am, Sir, etc.,
A FARMER'S WIFE.

ISLANDERS IN BOSTON

Sir,—Following is a writeup of some of the activities of the Canadian Legion, in and around Greater Boston, Mass., Am forwarding same, in hopes that you may find it convenient to insert it in the columns of your valued paper.

Boston Post No. 1 was the first Canadian Legion Post in the United States, organized in 1926, and incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts in 1931.

Today it is the leading Post in the Eastern States Command, which takes in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Vermont.

Boston Post meets the first and third Monday of the month, and our big event of the season is Vimy Ball, which is held each year, as near April 9 as possible.

We have in connection with the Post, a excellent Glee Club, and a superb Kiltie Pipe band.

In April 1943, under the direction of Comrade Horace Stewart, formerly of Charlottetown, P.E.I. a group of entertainers was formed, and known as the Canadian Legion Concert Party, the purpose of which, was to entertain sick and wounded veterans of the present war, who are confined to hospitals within a reasonable distance of Boston.

Our first concert was given at the Brighton Marine Hospital in Greater Boston, May 20, 1943, entertainment being provided by the Glee Club, assisted by a few of the Kiltie Band.

From this small start, due to the good work of Leader Stewart, the project has grown into a Concert Group of some forty members, consisting of a larger Glee Club, the entire Kiltie Pipe Band, together with a large group of outside entertainers of merit who give their services free of charge, to assist in this grand project.

To date thirty six performances have been given to an estimated audience of 35,000 sick, wounded soldiers, sailors and marines.

Visits have been made to Camp Edwards on Cape Cod, Camp Myles Standish in Taunton, Old Soldiers Home in Chelsea, Lovell General, and Station Hospitals at Camp Devens, Chelsea Naval Hospital, in Chelsea, and the Naval Hospital in Portsmouth New Hampshire. Some of these have been visited several times.

The following program, was given at the Brighton Marine Hospital, on Christmas Eve. December 24, 1944, our seventh at this hospital. Opening number, Silent Night by the entire assembly, followed by selections by the Kiltie Pipe Band, Scottish and Novelty Dancing, Accordian selections, Singers and a Military Review by a group of young entertainers and Christmas carols by the Glee Club.

Through the efforts of Boston Post and Auxiliary, and some outside parties who were interested, near $200.00 was raised, and was used to purchase Christmas gifts for the boys in this and other hospitals. Presentation of gifts was made from the stage by Chairman Horace Stewart and received by Miss Connely of the Hospital staff, on behalf of the patients.

Miss Connoely was also presented with a gift by the chairman, in recognition of the fine co-operation, she has always given our Concert Party. This good work will continue through-out this year, and longer if conditions warrant it.

Officers of the Servicemen's Welfare Fund Committee and Concert Group are: Horace G. Stewart, chairman; Dorothy Olson, secretary; Robert W. Jodrey, treasurer; Hazel Gatchell, musical director; C. O. Browne and Robert W. Jodrey, publicity officers; Carl G. Nicoll, post commander.

Other comrades from P. E. Island, who have held office in the Post are John G. MacLean, (past commander), Charlottetown, Harold and Kilburn Sherrin, from Crapaud, Roy Weatherbie, Charlottetown, and William Doyle of Kensington.

I am. Sir, etc.,
C. O. BROWNE
ROBERT W. JODREY
Publicity Officers

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PROHIBITION LAWS

Sir—Some people are advocating that we abolish our present Prohibition Act and substitute a Government control of liquor law in Prince Edward Island.

If it would be wise to do so, why not make the same change in our other laws also? Instead of our present prohibition of stealing we might have a government control of theft with a law something like this:—

(a) A person must not steal more than $500 a month of which $100 is passed over to the government as revenue.

(b) Such stealing must be done in daylight and houses entered must be entered by the front door. A key (permit) will be issued by the government to persons wishing to steal.

(c) The money stolen must not be counted or displayed on the street or in public places. The counting may be done in the building where the money is stolen or in the home of the thief.

Just think of the revenue the government would derive and all the good that could be done with it. Stealing would be elevated from the disgraceful monster that works stealthily in the dark entering by windows or dark alleys (like the bootlegger) to a respectable habit carried on by persons working in the open in accordance with the law. Our children would grow up with the idea that stealing "in moderation" is quite all right.

In like manner all our laws could be remodelled to suit those who wish to indulge "in moderation". With all our laws changed and government controlled in such a manner we might reach such a blissful state that we could get along without jails, or policemen. What a save in cost, manpower, equipment, etc.

Unfortunately, man is by nature a greedy, ambitious creature. Would all be satisfied to abide by even such an elastic law as the one above, or would some be striving to get as much as possible by any means? Would some think they might as well have the extra hundred dollars as pay it to the government or that they might as well steal more than the five hundred dollars? A little gives the desire for more and more. Would we finally have more thieves using the back door method (bootleggers) than ever before in addition to the front door thieves we had encouraged. But someone says "Such a law would be absurd." Of course it would be absurd and no honest person who has the welfare of the Island at heart would want such a law, but I wonder, in the final analysis, which would harm the people of our Island, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, the more, such a change in the law against stealing or the proposed change in the liquor law.

It is encouraging to note that not all returned soldiers want liquor or think government control promotes temperance more than Prohibition. I consider a letter in your Forum of April 4th, signed W.J.S. well worth reading. It was written by a man who fought in the last war and, if I am not mistaken, had a son who made the supreme sacrifice in this war, a fine young man, gentle, thoughtful and kind (the marks of true strength of character).

Such men fought for true liberty, not the kind that deceives and enslaves.

I am, Sir, etc.,
A READER.

New Tribal Has Old Pedigree

By Aubrey Fullerton

When the Micmac, first of the Canadian Navy's tribal class destroyers built in Canada, is completed shortly, those of the Micmac Indians in the three Maritimes who know their history will recall that their tribe once had a destroyer of its own. It was a one-ship navy that scored a notable victory the first and only time it was in action.

The fact that the new made-in-Canada fighting ship is of their own lineage, having been named in their honor, is gratifying to the Micmacs, who are better informed about and more directly concerned in the global war than might be supposed. They have to their credit around 250 enlistments in the armed forces; they are reported to have been showing in many ways a patriotic spirit; and some of their women folk have been helping in Red Cross work.

Naturally enough, they were pleased when the ship that is to carry their name on the seas was launched in Halifax in the autumn of 1943, and they have been waiting through the delayed finishing-up process for the time when their ship is ready for service. If she serves as well as did that first destroyer of theirs a long time ago they will be fully satisfied.

The story is involved somewhat in Indian mythology but seems to have a basis of fact. It is to the effect that in the last days of the war between the Micmacs and their enemies, the Kennebecs of Maine, an invasion of the latter in force reached as far as Pictou, where the Kennebecs entrenched themselves strongly. The Micmacs were threatened with destruction.

* * *

Then it was that Kaktoogo, the Thunderer, came to the rescue of his people. A mighty man of valor was he and a worker of magic to boot. At Merigomish, on the Northumberland Strait, he seized a French trading vessel and took command of it himself as bravely as any admiral of any navy today. From Merigomish to Pictou by water is not much more than twenty miles, but for Kaktoogo it was quite far enough to serve him in a bold and masterly manoeuvre.

With all sails set, he bore down upon Pictou, neatly escaping the dangers that a march by land would have entailed. The Kennebecs didn't know what was on the way. They were expecting that if the Micmacs dared meet them at all they would come overland, and a seaborne landing took them entirely by surprise.

Kaktoogo, clever strategist that he was, drove his ship hard aground in Pictou harbor, as close as he could get to the enemy's fort, and leaped into the water. His crew followed him, wading ashore, and presently the whole fighting force had established a firstclass bridgehead.

* * *

Now Kaktoogo, the Thunderer was invincible in battle, with powers reputed to be superhuman, and under his magical leadership the Micmacs made such a killing of the enemy, in a rush attack on the fort, that never again did the Kennebecs send a war party into Acadia. The victory was so decisive and complete that it was counted by the Micmacs worth the tactical sacrifice of their stranded navy.

That is the story according to the folklore of the Maritime Indians. It is not to be wondered at if the tribesmen of today have great hopes for the gallant ship that Canada has built to carry on the ancient tradition. They can quote precedent.

It is quite as it ought to be that the first Canada-built destroyer should bear the name of such a tribe with such a tradition, for the Micmacs were the first Canadian Indians to come into permanent relations with white men. They were on hand to receive and welcome DeMonts and Champlain away back in 1606, when a little party of French adventurers made the memorable settlement at Port Royal. Old Chief Membertou, who afterward was a frequent guest at the table of Champlain's L'Ordre de bon Temps, became an accredited personage in pioneer Canadian history. There and then friendship was made between the Micmacs and the French.

* * *

Later Micmacs relations with the English were not so friendly, though to cultivate their favor the English showered them with gifts. In one period, 1794-1796, provisions and assorted supplies were given them to the tune of $14,726 in modern money.

The Micmacs, it must be admitted, have to their historical discredit a long list of offences against the English. On occasion they raided, killed, and scalped, a particular case in point being a massacre at Dartmouth in 1751 that almost matched some of the Nazi atrocities of today. What the Indians did then in ignorance has been forgiven long since. The present point is that the Micmacs, in their fighting days and according to their lights, have been good fighters.

There are now 4,360 of these first Canadians in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The total as shown in government reports includes a few bands of Malisеets, closely related to the Micmacs, in the St. John River area. Both tribes are of Algonquin stock. They do not seem to be a dying race, for in 1943 there were 2,166 of them in Nova Scotia alone, against 1,407 in 1801.

The Indians of the Maritimes are not and never have been much given to farming. In the three provinces they have only about 700 acres of land under actual cultivation, comparing unfavorably in this respect with the Ontario and Western tribes. Agriculture means for them, as a rule, only raising enough vegetables for family use. Many of the Prince Edward Island Indians, however, own some livestock.

* * *

While the Micmacs are not greatly interested in farming on their own account, they are proving useful as hired help on white men's farms, particularly in the fruit-growing and potato districts.

In such other ways as fishing, hunting, and working in lumber camps the Micmac men keep fairly busy for at least a part of the year. They are in demand also as guides and canoemen for tourist and sport parties, a capacity in which they excel. Basket-making is a long-established native industry, in some cases on a commercial scale, and in this handicraft the women do much of the finer work.

Ten years ago some Indians near Truro got into court trouble, on charge of stealing basket-wood on private property, and were convicted. They claimed in defence that Joseph Howe and Sir Charles Tupper had assured them that the Indians' pre-confederation rights to cut wood on any unenclosed lots would be preserved to them in perpetuity. The Indian Affairs branch at Ottawa, however, had ruled to the contrary.

In the three Maritimes there are six Indian agencies, working under the dominion-wide administration. They look after the economic, social, and educational interests of their Micmac wards, with co-operation of the churches, in the same general way as in the other provinces.

Nowhere else in Canada, however, is there quite so much history and human interest behind any unit of the Canadian Navy as in the background of the new Micmac tribal destroyer.

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