

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1939

When Politics Were Forgotten

Writing in the Saturday, July 15, issue of the Toronto Globe and Mail, the well-known historian, Mr. Fred Williams, says: "I wonder whether any of the speakers at Charlottetown on Monday will remember that the man who first proposed that conference, and who dominated it, was Dr. Charles Tupper?"

"Meanwhile the Macdonald-Brown coalition, under Sir E. P. Tache, had been formed in the Province of Canada. When news of the proposed meeting at Charlottetown reached Quebec, the Ministry asked the Governor-General to inquire of the three Provincial Lieutenant-Governors whether the Charlottetown conference would receive a delegation from the Canadian Government which wished to express its views upon the wider union. All three sent affirmative replies."

"Unless Mr. Hitler has a brainstorm there seems every likelihood that the Dominion will be in the throes of a general election on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Quebec Conference. Perhaps we shall hear appeals for a new Canadian unity, for a cessation of the strife between Dominion and Provinces now so apparent, and for a return to that spirit of compromise which in 1864 brought about Confederation. When the elections are over and the will of the people recorded, what a great thing it would be if the historians of 1939 what is inscribed on the tablet in the Confederation Chamber at Charlottetown:

"In the hearts and minds of the delegates who assembled in this room on September the first, 1864, was born the Dominion of Canada. Providence being their guide, they builded better than they knew."

The German Intellect

The following shrewd analysis of the Nazi intellect is given by Hilaire Belloc in "Return to the Baltic":

"The Germans owe their defects always to the same radical defect: they are immature. It is this which gives them the charm and also the exasperating quality of children. Thus they are not cruel but they have blind fits of rage and they get specially angry with people who are too much for them. They have no chance intellectually against the Jew, and their 'reaction' as the Americans call it is therefore to lash out at the Jew; and, like children, they must always be holding somebody's hand and be guided and led about. I have heard a man who knows them well and intimately through long residence with them, and with a good acquaintance of them and their idioms, compare them to putty. Anyone who gets hold of them can mould them as he wills. That was the chance of the Prussian military caste; when they broke down it was the chance of the Jew; now it is the chance of a little clique, not very sane and wholly ignorant, who rely upon the natural tribal patriotism of the millions for the moment in their hands."

An Abortive Movement

For months, the Leadership League has passed away at Toronto and the Winnipeg Free Press carries the following obituary: "The League was not a new political party, and Mr. McCullagh urges its remnant members not to sponsor candidates in the election which now seems probable. It was a well-intentioned effort to stimulate interest in politics and to effect a greater degree of efficiency and economy in government. These aims are wholly good, but the same cannot be said of the methods and tactics employed by the League and the newspaper that created it. The crudity of its attack, the effect it created, whether deliberately or not, of creating distrust and suspicion of our political institutions, the continued vagueness of the assaults, all together brought about the League's own downfall."

"The public, instead of distrusting the politicians, began to distrust the League instead, and identified it generally with movements and with persons whose aims are generally considered to be sinister, whether they are or not. The protests of the League and of the Globe and Mail that this was not so went unheard, for so long as the League remained completely empty of specific programmes designed to reconstruct our national policies, it left itself open to just criticism of this very kind."

"The League appeared to believe that if the public as a whole wanted efficiency and economy and what not, all our national problems would become easily soluble, and that the debate, discussion and controversy that marks the democratic process would become unnecessary in the clear flame of a sense of national duty, keenly shared by every citizen. The very reverse is, of course, the case. The more the interest and attention paid to politics, the sharper and more prolonged our controversies are apt to become. Democracy involves conflict of opinion. It is the process by which we have chosen to guide ourselves, and it is the best political process ever devised by the ingenuity of mankind. It has its weaknesses and its lapses; its instruments are often weak enough vessels, but in the long run a democracy achieves sanity and safety to a degree unknown under other forms of government."

Editorial Notes

Defeat of the Spanish Armada this date, 1588.

The Confederation programme for today combines the practical with the aesthetic.

The farming community is too busy to take a whole week off for Confederation, but there should be a crowd in for the picnic and races.

Canada's share of buckwheat imported into the Netherlands increased from 2,751 metric tons in 1937 to 4,139 metric tons in 1938, despite a decrease in total imports of that commodity.

Total imports of oats into the Netherlands in 1938 were 50 per cent in excess of last year's arrivals and more than four times as heavy as in 1936. Argentina and Canada were the only suppliers, the Dominion shipping 6,606 metric tons in 1938.

Allocations by countries for processed milk entering the United Kingdom under the Processed Milk (Import Regulation) Order, 1939, allows Canada to supply 108,000 cwt. of condensed whole milk and 25,000 cwt. of milk powder of which 6,250 cwt. to be full cream.

Production in June of factory cheese amounted to 22,050,271 pounds compared with 10,969,266 in May and 22,157,229 in June, 1939. Total made during the first six months this year was 40,747,071 pounds compared with 37,371,109 in the six months of 1938, an increase of 7.4 per cent.

At the Confederation Conference here in 1864, the joint-secretaries were the Hon. Charles Tupper, M.P.P., Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia, and the Hon. S. L. Tilley, M.P.P., Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick. By a striking coincidence the direct immediate descendants of both these Fathers of Confederation are present at this celebration seventy-five years later, viz. His Honour Lieutenant Governor W. J. Tupper of Manitoba and the Hon. Mr. Justice L. P. D. Tilley, of New Brunswick.

The British Columbia Law Society has turned down—for this year at least—a proposal which would in effect, demand abolition of appeals to the Privy Council. The proposal was in the form of a resolution submitted to the annual convention recently by H. R. Bray and seconded by E. V. Findland, Conservative member of the Provincial Legislature for Esquimaux. It recommended the Supreme Court of Canada be constituted an appellate court with general appellate jurisdiction in both civil and criminal matters. The resolution was laid over until next meeting.

There are to be mass marriages in Montreal on Sunday, 23rd. With the annual congress of the Young Catholic Workers' Association arrangements to handle at least 6,000 delegates are being completed by Montreal headquarters. The delegates will represent branches of the association in many centres of the provinces as well as in United States cities. Highlight of the day's activities, we are told, will be the marriages of 100 couples. The group will assist at mass and receive Holy Communion in St. James Basilica prior to breakfast in the Windsor Hotel. Later, in Notre Dame Church, Place d'Armes, the couples and other delegates will hear Archbishop Coadjutor Georges Gauthier.

The much-discussed Anglo-American barter deal in rubber and cotton, (says the Spectator), has now been concluded, though at present neither of the Governments concerned has legislative power to carry through the transaction. Formal acquisition of these powers, however, will not be long delayed; the British Government will get them under the Ministry of Supply Bill, now before the House, and the complications introduced by the rubber quota—the cotton stocks are already in the hands of the United States Government—are expected to be overcome without much difficulty. The deal constitutes less of a departure than appears at first sight from the principle, accepted by both Governments of adherence to normal trading methods. Unlike the barter deals on which Germany so largely relies, it does not replace or supplant any ordinary commercial transaction; it is a purely supplementary exchange of stocks for the specific purpose of forming a war-time reserve, and the agreement stipulates that the stocks shall not be otherwise used until at least seven years have elapsed. It is a sad comment on the state of the world, both politically and economically, that such a transaction should be wanted from any point of view; but, apart from the natural uneasiness of the dealers in both commodities, it is likely to be generally welcomed as benefiting both the producers concerned and the cause of national security.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Winston Churchill is again bidding for power. That is not news. Winston Churchill has been bidding for power ever since he went out of office and in the last few years his 'bids' have been a most continuous. During the abdication crisis he tried to form a 'Kings' party. During the Eden crisis he tried to form an 'Anthony Eden party'. At the time of the Sandy's affair he tried to form a Winston Churchill party in order to oust Mr. Baldwin. He has had his bid, politically speaking, into Hore-Belisha since the latter took an office which Winston thought he himself should have and he has from the beginning made much of the discontented soldiers who minister's army reforms aroused among military men of the old school. He has never missed an opportunity to make capital of discontent. A complete list of the bids were included in the government Hitter would know that Britain meant business. That is as irrational as the rest. Hitler knows, and he is not a complete fool, that Britain will fight if the safety of Poland is endangered to such an extent that Poland fights. He was told that long ago by Chamberlain and has been told it again by Halifax. If his diplomats or the experts of his intelligence service are worth their salt they must have let him know the truth. The inclusion of Churchill in the cabinet might, however, convince him that Britain meant to force a fight. It might, too, have a disturbing effect on feeling in the Dominions and the United States. It would be a disaster to the cabinet, for he could scarcely work harmoniously with Hore-Belisha, even if he obeyed his Chief. Hore-Belisha appears to be the most efficient and energetic minister the War Office has seen since 1919. Would the inclusion of Churchill be safe or sane? — Toronto Telegram.

As pathetic a voyage as was ever made came to an end when the liner St. Louis docked at Antwerp. The ship brought Jews in flight from Nazi terror and victims of the whole world's fear, have been given a temporary haven in Belgium, Holland, France and the United States. There are other ships like the St. Louis, bearing refugees from a place where they are not wanted to other places where they are not wanted. The great humanitarian hope of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries utterly perished in the twentieth, and symbols of mankind's suffering in everything that is done but this hapless voyage was symbolic—not least of all the identity and situation of the voyagers. — Christian Century.

There is great need in the West Indies today for a scientific approach to problems, shorn of all sentimental trappings. Trinidad has the urgent need of launching new industries to supplement those of the land on which we have grown accustomed to lean. Our economy from the beginning has been agricultural in nature and, while it will be a long time before this condition is changed—if it is ever changed—the time has come for a broader approach to the problem. But we must not think of ourselves alone, the plight of some of the smaller Colonies with less natural resources than our own is a matter that should concern us. Measures of a far-reaching character are essential if they are to emerge from the economic mire in which they now find themselves. Trinidad, the Cayman Islands and Barbados are in a position that it can balance its increasing budget and so launch several ameliorative measures. But it is to be feared that most of the Government's attention is being directed to an unbecomingly unbecoming nature. — Trinidad Guardian, Port of Spain.

Frank Merriwell, streamlined, is going to ride again. Gilbert Patten, who as Burt L. Standish conducted this remarkable young man through a maze of adventures for a vast dime-novel audience, wants to bring his back into the limelight as a mere adventure-thriller, but as a crusader against intolerance and racial feeling. Patten, like so many other usually retiring people, has the habit of not being content with the effort to arouse prejudices and passions on religious and racial grounds. And he is planning to bring back his paladin in a new series of stories specially designed to teach those lessons. We hope he does. Frank's better than many a claimant of the day, and none more contemptible than the one against which Mr. Patten now proposes to launch him. To both Patten and the rejuvenated Merriwell, then, success! — Toronto Star.

The mere announcement that the British Government is conducting the 'Baltic' campaign of lashing a Ministry of Propaganda has been already sufficient to arouse a storm of wrath in the German Press. This comes strangely from a country where publicity is under the control of Dr. Goebbels, whose activity as a propagandist is notorious. German and Italian agencies have long been carrying on a campaign of misrepresentation against the British Government, of which the false reports of atrociously serve measures being taken against the Arabs in Palestine are examples. There is nothing to fear from the 'Baltic' information being placed before the world as to the position of affairs there or elsewhere under the British flag. There are no 'concentration camps' or 'penal colonies' in Britain similar to those in Germany, where the light of full investigation is not allowed to penetrate the dark and oppressive realm of the truth and oppression. In view however, of the false allegations so freely made against Britain in quarters where there is little opportunity for the truth to be known, it is highly desirable that orthodox lies and slanders should be met by a presentation of the truth. — Belfast Telegraph.

There is no substitute for the theatre, in its true sense. It gives a scope to the average individual, with latent or developed artistic sense, that no other medium can supply. It is popularly only a dress rehearsal. And in a day when synthetic forms of entertainment hold such a large part of the spotlight, there is an increasing need for more reality in the field of amateur theatricals. — Hamilton Spectator.

Miss George M'ek M.P., seventy-two years old, has now definitely assumed the role of the 'old maid'.

When Scots Forget To Bicker

(Letter in The Sydney Post-Record) A number of letters have appeared dealing with the date on which various parts of Cape Breton were settled by the Highlanders and prompted by the proposed memorial at St. Ann's. "Jealous bickering" is the term applied to these letters by "Judicifer" and correctly so. This is a trait peculiarly Scottish; in other words classism. The idea is entertained by many clansmen that their own clan is superior to all others. Allow me space, Mr. Editor, to point out to those who are not Scots that in every great crisis, and that this petty nonsense disappears, and that classism asserts itself in a much nobler and greater manner. Pettiness was not in evidence among the Highlanders when they scaled the trees as the boats rose and fell in the surges on that rocky point at Louisbourg, nor do we ever read that it existed as they scaled the heights of Quebec, and what Wolfe wrote about them. "They are led by the manliest corps of officers I have ever seen." There was no bickering at Fleurbaey, at the heights of Quebec, and what Wolfe wrote about them. "They are led by the manliest corps of officers I have ever seen." There was no bickering at Fleurbaey, at the heights of Quebec, and what Wolfe wrote about them. "They are led by the manliest corps of officers I have ever seen."

Sir John Moore was a witness of this affair, and ten years later we find him staking the fate of his entire army on a single throw of the die at Coruna. At the height of the battle he ordered the Highlanders against the French centre. As they charged on the double with levelled bayonets, he galloped along the flanks of the attack and shouted his last command or was it an appeal, just before he was torn from his saddle. "Highlanders, remember Egypt!" In the midst of the melee at Coruna we note a very young Scotsman, named by the name of Colin Campbell, who appears to have learned much from that appealing command. History tells us that the Highlanders remembered the name of Colin Campbell, who appears to have learned much from that appealing command. History tells us that the Highlanders remembered the name of Colin Campbell, who appears to have learned much from that appealing command. History tells us that the Highlanders remembered the name of Colin Campbell, who appears to have learned much from that appealing command.

There was no bickering at the battle of Victoria when Wellington launched the Highlanders against the key of the French position; the heights of Puebla; they swept the heights, broke the ranks on each side of the gap, and the entire French line gave way in hideous confusion.

There was no bickering at Quatre Bras, where the British Cameron of the Gordons was mortally wounded, carried to a house in the rear by a small group of soldiers from his father's estate in Scotland. As the morning broke, the good around the dying soldier, "the grandson of Lochell valiant Fossilier," observed a piper by the name of McVurich in their midst. "Come near me, McVurich," he cried, "and let me hear the sound of the pipes once more ere I die. Play me the death song of the Skymen. My forefathers home heard it without flinching. McVurich played a few bars of that ancient melody as the soul of one of Britain's bravest soldiers passed on.

As Wellington disposed his forces at Waterloo a few days later he was accompanied by the Prussian Ambassador. One of the key positions was the villa of Huogomont, he entrusted the command, not to a Prussian, but to a Scotsman, (note that name Judicifer) McDonnell was a giant in stature, and carried a claymore too heavy for any ordinary man to use. McDonnell is described as being regarded by the Prussian with extreme disfavor, and said so. Wellington turned on him with that icy grimace that passed for a smile and observed, "You are a Scot and you do not know him." The fiercest fighting of that memorable day took place around that villa, attack after attack was repulsed, and during one of these the enemy burst in a heavy column, and the Scotsmen, by a reception committee of one—McDonnell himself. With his claymore he cut down in rapid succession the four French soldiers who attempted to break through the ranks. The others fled in terror. In the evening, with the Iron Duke rode over the field with the Prussian still with him. Every Highlander for was met by a reception committee of one—McDonnell himself. With his claymore he cut down in rapid succession the four French soldiers who attempted to break through the ranks. The others fled in terror. In the evening, with the Iron Duke rode over the field with the Prussian still with him. Every Highlander for was met by a reception committee of one—McDonnell himself.

There was no bickering in the ranks of the Black Guard as Napoleon's Imperial Guard thundered down the slopes from La Bataille d'Alma, "with horses spurred to madness, the redoubt of the cavalry and the tempo of hoofbeats" as Piper Donald McKay stalked out in front of the waiting squares and played in decision that old Scots tune "Gordon's Cavalry" as they led them into the squares as the enemy drew near. That line of bayonets did not give way one foot. Napoleon might as well have launched his horsemen against the iron shores of Mull or Kintyre. There was no bickering in the ranks of the Gordons as they opened ranks and made way for the Scots Greys in a counter charge. They grasped the stirrup leathers of the cavalry and charged home with them, an exploit emulated by the Gordons of our own day at Mons. There was no bickering in the ranks as Sir Colin Campbell, the British of Coruna, led them up the heights of Alma nor when he faced the Russian cavalry at Balaklava in line, and blasted the attack with a single volley, nor when he led them through the narrow streets of Lucknow. "As they advanced upon the narrow causeway the iron storm came drifting down the street piling it with dead." Space compels me to end this enumeration of

intend to again run for parliamentary honors. Succeeding her husband, who had represented the York in number of years, she was victorious in 1935 by a majority of 141, and her career in the House has abundantly justified the claim that members of the fair sex can make efficient representatives. — Bradford Express.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The editor necessarily endorses the opinions of correspondents.

CHINA—THE GREAT MOTHER-NATION

Sir—"Simon—you stalwart son of Jonas the Judean—do you love me?" "Yes, my Master, you know very well that I do." Simon, you great big smelly fisherman from Galilee, do you love me more than these fishes?" "... (with indignation) "Of course, my Lord." "Then feed my sheep: Feed my lambs." "Saint Peter—thou great Holy Rock of courage and salvation! On thy declaration of thy faith, and my divinity just made, on that first principle of power and love which thy 'New Name' signifies, I, the 'Strong son of God—Immortal love' will build my church: it shall be my new kingdom—not of this world, but of heaven; it shall cast out fear, abolish hate, and forever put an end to that monstrous war. Again, the gates of Hell shall not prevail."

So runs his Gospel-word. But how do we men interpret that 'holy word' into our lives and actions?—How do we live?—On Wednesday I was canvassing a mother in Victoria, B.C. I asked her not to make a free gift to help save the perishing millions of China's women and children—its little lambs—but only to buy a ticket, and so indulge her taste for the beautiful in Art by seeing Soo Yong, the great Oriental Dramatist, paint face as he lives. He ordered the Holy, unadulterated love of Mother, China for her children. She answered, "I'm so sorry: I have to go to the country this afternoon; but to such a beautiful play, I have my own children to feed; but I cannot see their children by tens of thousands perish in misery—and refuse my little help. That would hurt my heart. Here's five bits; and I trust 'the friends of China' in Victoria, not to let it lie idle in the Bank of Montreal for six months; they need it for the relief of the poor. Madame Chiang Kai-Shek has just said: 'This is the first day of the third year of this murderous invasion of our homes; all China prays and trusts that after such a will sacrifice of life, and with some little sacrificing help from China's friends, this year will see its end. My spirits rose, for I was a bit down-hearted when I came to her. I had just left a 'lovely lady' who said, as she got down from her 'de luxe' limousine after an afternoon at the theatre: 'No, I'm not doing it. I'm not doing it. Why worry me about China's children?' (with their dead faces turned as if in protest to an unpersuading heaven) 'filthy bludge' 'Let China feed her own filthy brats! Why don't you do something for your own children, our 'Native sons'—only the 'white' ones of 'Charity begins at home'—yes—and ends there?'"

But I wondered if she had skimmed herself, even for those while 'Native sons of B.C.' This doing it that by our friendly help to China now in her hour of need, some day soon our trade with that great Commonwealth, our business lines, will come to be our economic salvation and prosperity. Then will Canada's willing workers have full dinner-pails, if they are all ready to work as hard as our own unfranchised citizens (sic) whose great-grand parents came from China, and who saved British Columbia to the Canadian Dominion by putting the C. P. R. through the mountain passes, on which 'white' labour had fallen down. (Vide-RECORDS of C. P. R. construction, Mr. O'nderdonk's report.)

I am, Sir etc. F. W. L. MOORE Lt. Col. (R. L.) Victoria, B. C. July 12, 1939

Highland prowess. None of those incidents are the fragments of a novelist's imagination, but facts, and only a few of them. Our greatest poets have sung them in verse that shall never die, our greatest artists have made them the subjects of their masterpieces. Let all brother Scots be here at St. Ann's on the 26th of July for it is the spirit that shines from those deeds to which we are raising a memorial, a spirit abundantly evident in the early pioneers. Leave your dirks and claymores at home and for one day let us contemplate the record I have placed before you, and what a record!

P. S.—Fellow Scots, candor compels me to own that you must pay a small fee for admission to the grounds and I hope that not many shall absent themselves because of a "friendly" nature. However, at the same time, the surrounding atmosphere and circumstances have been so arranged that the stuttermers have to face, in the physician and the other stuttermers of the group, the real things of life that he has been trying to avoid. He learns to use the telephone to an outside party, to address the other members of the group, and to take part in dramas.

In short, stuttering is cured because the stuttermers learn to speak in the presence of others without nervous tension. Use Minard's for Dites.

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That Body of Yours. I. M. Fully Saps. How Stuttering is Cured. As youngsters there was always a laugh when a stuttering boy got up to do some reading. I believe we thought stuttering was a mental defect. When I got older, I was one of a number seeking a certain scholarship; the student who won it over all of us stuttered very badly. I corrected my idea that stuttering was a mental defect. However, it is only in the last 10 to 20 years that research workers studying stuttering (and many of these workers were not physicians) discovered that stuttering was due simply to nervousness. They discovered that under certain circumstances such as the quietness of the home where no one is talking, or a friendly atmosphere, this showed that there was nothing wrong with the mouth or vocal cords or stuttering would be present always.

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