

THE GUARDIAN

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

CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1949

Onlooker Sees Most

Just as an onlooker sees most of the game,
so does the visitor see most of the Island, its
beauty and its characteristics; its appreciation
and lack of appreciation of its opportunities and
advantages. It is in this light an article entitled
"Green Gables and Red Roads", in the current
issue of MacLean's Magazine is to be judged.

The writer is a Finnish lady, Miss Eva-lis Wuorio,
who, when she was a girl in Finland read and
raved over "Anne of Green Gables." Here is
what she says in this connection:
"I am quite sure I read the thing at least
20 times. Even yet I can remember how it started.
'Rouva Rakel Lynden asunto oli juuri sina, missa
Avoilean valtatie kaantyi alas pieneen notkoon,
jota lepat ja sanajalat reunustivat...' It didn't
spoil the suspense of the beginning for me at all
when I finally learned English and read it all
over again, now under the name of 'Anne of
Green Gables.' It was odd to find the names
changed—I'd always known Green Gables as
Vihervaara—but after a while I got used to that
too."

"Then after many years revelling in memories
and imaginings of the scenery she read
about, Miss Wuorio came to the Island to see
for herself. The outcome of this adventure is
the background of her article, a very appreciative
description of her impressions and experiences
while here, what she saw, what she
didn't see, the people she met, especially the
tourists who lacked the spirit of romance. At,
to her and so many more, the hallowed spot,
the scene of Anne's existence, Miss Wuorio was
"unable to keep wistfulness out of my shaken
voice, 'I wonder whether that house, there on
the hill, could be the one where Diana lived?'"

"Everybody turned and stared for a silent
moment. Then some spoilsport said sharply, 'You
know that was just a book. She didn't live.'"

We have all met such practical, uninspired
individuals who want to convince us that Anne
was not real, that the Lake of Shining Waters
did not exist, and that in fact, Green Gables was
elsewhere than at Cavendish. The visitor was
nevertheless thrilled with what she saw and
learned of the Island as it is. She evidently was
a guest at Shaw's, and Mr. Shaw told her a lot
about our history and people of which she makes
a very readable article as the following excerpt
very well shows:

"The same hospitality applies right across
the Island. If you are trying to find anything in
a store and they haven't got it, the sales staff
gathers around to list rival establishments which
might carry what you need. Yet it is not pushing,
nor demanding. Like all happy, contented
people, the Islander is quite sufficient unto himself.
If you want to follow up on a gesture of
warm courtesy you must make the next move.
"But perhaps it is the look of the Island
that is the most fascinating thing about this
small, prosperous province. At first, because of
the lack of the dramatic, you keep drawing
comparisons to other parts in Canada. And then, one
day, you find yourself enslaved."

Ex-Moderator Named "Spy"

The news evidently was not carried by Canadian
or Associated Press that the Rev. Dr.
J. Hutchison Cockburn, a former Moderator of
the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland,
was named in an indictment published by the Bulgarian
Government charging 15 pastors of the
United Evangelical Church in Bulgaria with espionage
for Britain and the U. S.

Dr. Cockburn, who is one of the King's
chaplains in Scotland, is on his way to New
Zealand as an envoy of the World Council of
Churches.

Until recently he was stationed in Geneva
as Director of the Department of Reconstruction
and Inter-Church Aid of the World Council
of Churches.

He is one of the 13 Britons and Americans
named in the indictment of the Bulgarian pastors,
whose arrest has been described by a British
Foreign Office spokesman as "part of a concerted
assault on the churches in Eastern Europe."

The World Council of Churches declared in
Geneva that the relationship of the imprisoned
Bulgarian clergymen with the Council's Department
of Reconstruction could not be regarded
as "military and economic espionage or treason
by any Government seeking to establish peace
good-will, and world brotherhood."

Dr. Cockburn, as director of the Department,
went to Bulgaria in 1947 to inquire what
help could be extended to the Bulgarian churches
in their reconstruction work.

He visited Church leaders, the Council state
and called upon Mr. Dimiter Ilieff, Minister
Plenipotentiary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs
and Culture. Mr. Ilieff expressed his interest and
offered the co-operation of his office and the
Bulgarian Government in transmitting shipments
of relief goods and aid to the churches.

Dr. Cockburn, who is 66, was Moderator of
the General Assembly in 1942. His last charge
was Dunblane Cathedral.

After a stay of about six weeks in New Zealand,
he intends to visit Australia and the United
States, lecturing on conditions in Europe.

"Good Grits"

In his speech on the Budget the Leader of
the Opposition, Dr. the Hon. W. J. P. MacMillan,
was critical and effective as ever, showing where
the Government had fallen down on its job. But
there was nothing personal in his attacks on the
Administration; indeed, he went out of his way
to credit some of them with being "Good Grits,"
which is about the highest compliment one can
now give a political opponent. It does not mean that

the individual so described is distinguished for
statesmanship or efficiency in the discharge of
his duties, but merely that as a portfolio-holder
or politician he sticks faithfully to his Party, "My
Party—Right or Wrong." The Doctor, specially
singled out for praise the Hon. Mr. Matheson,
Minister of Public Health and in this instance
it was a sincere tribute from an ex-portfolio holder
who knows the ropes to a successor who is
learning them, and making few mistakes thanks
to an able deputy, in the discharge of multifarious
and onerous duties. One feels that in a
coalition Government Dr. MacMillan and Mr.
Matheson would make an excellent combination
as Ministers of Health and, say, Education.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Old man winter may have given his last kick
—but what a kick.

The order of the day yesterday was ploughs
and shovels.

The equinoctials reminded us yesterday that
they are not to be sneezed at.

One quirk of nature put us back fifteen
years. Yesterday morning the mail was hauled
from the Charlottetown Post Office by horse and
sleigh.

The weatherman who predicted yesterday
"overcast with widely scattered snowflurries"
must prefer understatement.

The University Naval Training Division being
organized at Prince of Wales College and St.
Dunstan's University should help to bring the
number of Islanders holding navy commissions
more in line with the wartime enlistment record
of this Province.

The next census is not due until 1951 but
the Ottawa Journal reports that a new technique,
eliminating 90 per cent of the longhand writing
for enumerators and permitting mechanical tabulation
of results, will be tried experimentally
on the city of Ottawa this month.

It may be mentioned that notwithstanding
the condition of the streets, the Guardian caught
all the mails, thanks to the initiative and industry
of Mr. Arthur Clinton, who when his truck
failed to make it, harnessed up his sleigh and
safely delivered the Guardian to the Western,
and later, the Eastern mail trains.

Subsidies at the rate of \$16 for a steer and
\$12 for a heifer to induce farmers to rear more
calves for beef is a major item in the British
Agriculture (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill. At a
dissused air station at Ramsbury the Wiltshire
Agricultural Committee is rearing about 500
calves, which were purchased at local markets
and would otherwise have been slaughtered for
veal.

Edmund Kean, English actor born this date
1787; was a grandson of Henry Carey, author
of "God Save the King"; after playing in various
touring companies, he appeared in Drury
Lane in 1814 as Shylock, and had instant success,
the theatre clearing \$100,000 during his
first season; he was equally popular in the United
States, drawing huge crowds to his performances.
In 1833 he broke down while acting
Othello, and died shortly afterwards; he was
the greatest tragedian of his time.

Premier Jones' remark in the Legislature
that, "I think the Inspector went away beyond
his sphere when he put such a statement into
his report," seems unfair to Inspector N. J. Anderson,
R.C.M.P., who was doing his duty. The R.C.
M.P. are charged with enforcing the Temperance
Act and are apt to be blamed for any apparent
laxity. The Inspector's report was an appropriate
means of indicating that it is the Act itself and
not the enforcing officers that permits evasion
of its apparent purpose.

The death of Mr. James D. McKenna
removes one of the leading Maritime journalists
from the scene of his many activities. A native
of Dartmouth, N. S., he served successively on
The Atlantic Weekly, The Halifax Herald and
Mail, The King's County Record, The Maritime
Farmer and the Saint John Telegraph-Journal,
of which he became President, selling out his
interests in 1943, and retiring. He took a great
interest in public affairs, being for some time
Mayor of Saint John and President of the Maritime
Transportation Commission. In addition he
had been Liberal member for King's County in
New Brunswick Legislature. His son Mr. J. Louis
McKenna succeeded him as editor and publisher
of the King's County Record.

Discussing the serious decrease in the export
of lumber, Mr. C. W. Hodgson, Victoria (Ont.)
in the House of Commons said: "Our exports
of birch flooring for 1948 were 4,609,000 feet,
while those for 1947 were 9,510,000 feet. Now I
come to the item hardwood, n.o.p. Our exports
under this item in 1948 were 3,437,000 feet as
compared with 9,357,000 feet in 1947, or only
about one-third as much. Then we come to
spruce. Our exports in 1948 were 41,226,000
feet; in 1947 they were 117,102,000 feet."

Mr. Grant: "Any yellow birch there?"

Mr. Hodgson: "Oh, you are over there now?
I took a little trip down to the island the hon.
member comes from. You know, he makes
speeches in the house, too, but if you read his
speeches you find that about sixty per cent of
what he says is taken up in referring to the
Tory members for Queens (Mr. McLurp). When
I was down there I found that a great many
people like him. They have a nickname for him;
I think it is numbo-jumbo, or something like
that. Anyway, he is a very affable fellow; his
greatest fault is that he keeps butting in on
people and interrupting, without saying a great
deal himself. After all, he is a doctor and I suppose
that should help him a little. I have heard
that he is a horse doctor; I have heard that he
is a medical doctor; I have heard that he is a
psychiatrist, and I do not know what he is, except
on interrupter."

PUBLIC FORUM

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

MR. DREW REPLIES TO
PRIME MINISTER

Sir.—When the Prime Minister of
Canada deliberately misrepresents
the position of the Progressive
Conservative Party in regard to
the North Atlantic Pact, his statements
cannot be ignored as have
been those of some of his irresponsible
followers.

The North Atlantic Pact has not
yet been made public. The first official
information I received regarding
the contents of the draft agreement
was when I received a copy from the
Minister for External
Affairs last Thursday afternoon.
At the same time it was pointed
out to me that this was subject
to further consideration, that it
was to be regarded as "Top Secret",
and the contents not to be disclosed.
It is under those circumstances
that I am criticized for not discussing
the Pact.

Mr. St. Laurent knows perfectly
well what our position is in regard
to collective security. That position
was stated in the Platform of the
Progressive Conservative Party,
adopted unanimously by representatives
from every Province of Canada
on October 2nd in these words:
"In the present crisis Canada
should give its strongest support
to the concept and establishment
of the Western Defensive Union of
Nations."

Mr. St. Laurent is well aware that
long before that positive declaration
and long before he had anything
to say on this subject, my own
position was made abundantly
clear in regard to this question.

His contemptible appeals to prejudice,
by which he tries to picture me
in Quebec as being opposed to
Quebec and in the rest of Canada
as being too friendly with Quebec,
provide an accurate measure of
his fitness to hold the high office
which he now occupies.

The North Atlantic Pact is one
of the most important documents
to be presented to the Canadian
Parliament. It is the sort of thing
which should be discussed in a
completely non-political atmosphere.
Very properly the Government
impressed the fact that there should
be no discussion of its contents
until the date on which the signatory
powers agree that it be released
to the public. Nevertheless I am
criticized by Mr. St. Laurent for
not discussing the details of a document
which his Government has asked
me not to discuss. Such request
was unnecessary, however, as I
had already stated in the House
of Commons that it would be improper
to discuss the contents of that
document until it was before the
House. Mr. St. Laurent has done
a great disservice to Canada
by playing the lowest kind of politics
with such a vitally important
subject.

I am, Sir, etc.,
GEORGE A. DREW

Old Charlottetown
(And P. E. I.)

ACADIAN DYKES

"Along the sedge margins of
some of those extensive marshes
which form a striking feature in
the bay and river scenery of Prince
Edward Island, may be noted an
occasional mound of greater or less
dimensions, bearing unmistakable
evidence of an artificial origin. In
some instances a mere hillock is
seen, the purpose of which might,
indeed, be a matter of uncertainty.
In other cases the mounds are so
extended and well defined that
little doubt can be entertained as
to their original design. Upon the
marshy border of the old Warren
farm on the upper North River may
be found a fine specimen of this
kind of alluvial embankment. Another
is seen near the Dunk River
causeway; whilst a third partially
surrounds Little Island in Bedouet
Bay. For more than a century these
artificial mounds have remained
in an almost unchanged condition."

They are the remnants of Acadian
dykes.—Rev. W. H. Warren in the
Prince Edward Island Magazine,
March, 1900.

"There are two entirely different
kinds of dykes which are known
by the same historical name. Those
which Mr. Warren describes are
almost identical with what we know
to be French dykes along the reedy
shores of the Basin of Minas, but
with us that are not nearly so numerous
nor so interesting as the
others. Many of our so-called
'French dykes' are great mounds
of earth piled up around jutting
points of land along the
river courses, and enclose perhaps
not more than a quarter of an
acre. Readers who know only
these, and there are many, would
be surprised at a man of Mr. Warren's
ability thinking that man has
made them for purposes of economy;
so it is fitting that someone
explain. As to how or why such
dykes were made, even Sir William
Dawson has not convinced us; Francis
Bain supposed they might have
been shoved up by running ice in
prehistoric times, but the clay is
different from the mud-bed of our
rivers. One ingenious trader with
the Eskimos? Or seen the swan,
wild geese, wild ducks and black
flies in their summer quarters. We
are still a thousand years behind
even Russia. One must charter a
plane, if one wishes to visit them.
Yet we are informed by daily newspapers
that the Russian and U. S.
planes fly right over the North
Pole many times during the year.
Why doesn't the government put
up signs there "No Trespassing,"
and station Customs' officers there?
They have them everywhere else.
Up North it is a free and open
country for smuggling. The farther
north you go the freer you are. No
one will molest you even if you
want to take an extra wife without
a marriage license. Licenses are
laughed at, whether its for hunting,
fishing, marrying or smuggling.
It's high time for Ottawa to get
busy and build highways and railroads,
one or two at least, so a
few of us can enjoy this long
forfeited freedom."

Now if you doubt the distance
that we give from Wallaceburg to
the North Pole, just measure it for
yourself. I don't mean with an auto
or jeep speedometer, but with any
public school atlas and in less than
three minutes you will see where
law ends and perfect liberty begins,
and convicts can roam at large
without molestation with the Eskimo
and his dogs.

If Canadians do not want to take
time to visit the north why not
make it possible for Americans to

St. Patrick's
GUILD
We're All Irish Today!
Illustration of a man in a top hat and a dog.

The Poet's Corner

SUNDAY AFTERNOON
The house is quiet the Irish setter
sleeps.
His hair like burnished copper in
the sun,
That spreads its warmth upon him
on the rug;
A tranquil little breeze from
nature's store,
Creeps round the windows, and
the wide front door
The ever-active thought in eager
search,
Projects itself across the barriers
of time
And space, to climb beyond and far
above
The pace, so quiet in the waning
afternoon;
Then contemplates good work still
to be done,
And for a moment, like the setter,
rests
In quiet gratitude and warming
sun.
—Grace Meredith in New York
Times.

Railways For
Arctic Canada

(Wallaceburg, Ont., News)
Arctic Canada will have railroads
if healthy Canadians go north and
build up new settlements, suggests
60 year old Vilhjalmur Stefansson,
famed Canadian explorer.

What Canadians need—according
to Mr. Stefansson, is a good healthy
shot of the old get up and go spirit
that spurred the old timers across
the prairies.

Russia has Arctic communities of
more than 10,000 people and they're
said to be self supporting in winter
often far below zero.

In Canada comfort would come to
the Arctic after the pioneers
smoothed down the rough spots.
We can't expect the railroads first.
Moreover the great wealth in
minerals, etc., of the North has
never been touched upon in Canada.

How many people realize the unbelievable
distance it is from Wallaceburg
to the North Pole? We
are closer to the Equator than we
are to the North Pole, yet the
equator from here lies in the heart
of Brazil, a thousand miles below
the northern boundary of South
America. And all that distance to
the North Pole lies solely in Canada,
from Vancouver, B. C., to the
Province of Quebec. No wonder we
thrill and our bosoms swell when
we consider the vast extent of Canada.
Yet what have we got in the
shape of highways or railroads to
give anyone a chance to visit our
Eskimo brethren in the far North
or what chance have they to visit
us? How many Canadians have seen
any of the millions of reindeer or
had a single chance to trade with
the Eskimos? Or seen the swan,
wild geese, wild ducks and black
flies in their summer quarters. We
are still a thousand years behind
even Russia. One must charter a
plane, if one wishes to visit them.
Yet we are informed by daily newspapers
that the Russian and U. S.
planes fly right over the North
Pole many times during the year.
Why doesn't the government put
up signs there "No Trespassing,"
and station Customs' officers there?
They have them everywhere else.
Up North it is a free and open
country for smuggling. The farther
north you go the freer you are. No
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It's high time for Ottawa to get
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that we give from Wallaceburg to
the North Pole, just measure it for
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or jeep speedometer, but with any
public school atlas and in less than
three minutes you will see where
law ends and perfect liberty begins,
and convicts can roam at large
without molestation with the Eskimo
and his dogs.

Lenten Meditations

The Times, London
THE ULTIMATE SECURITY

Man would seem to be within
measurable distance of destroying
human life on this planet. But, in
any event, at some distant future
life on the earth will have become
extinct. The planet will revolve in
space a dead planet, and all man's
achievements and inventions will
have perished, leaving not a wrack
behind.

Must we conclude that the tale
of history is self-contradictory and
meaningless, and all man's labour
and heroism wasted? If time is
all, there would seem to be no
avoiding that. Yet it would be
fundamental atheism, to which no
Christian can surrender.

We tend to assume that historical
success matters more than the joys
and sorrows of innumerable, unknown
individuals. But the Christian
standpoint is the opposite. It is
not history that goes on for ever
but the men and women who take
part in it for their brief three-score
years and ten are then swept
off the stage of life.

As Edwyn Ryan said in his last
book, "the direction in which to
look for the future of mankind is
not along the course of history on
this planet. It is obliquely across
the historical process that the millions
of human spirits are always
streaming."

If history is indeed a vale of
soul-making in which spirits are
trained and exercised for communion
with God and one another, much
that now seems daunting and
dismaying will look different in that
changed perspective.

All this had its bearing on Remembrance
Sunday. Those who
have contended for the right are
not merely tools used by history,
cast away in the winning of victory
and sacrificed to some historical
"future" in which they can never
be partakers. They have their
standing before God as His children,
as men for whom Christ was
content to die, and nothing can
pluck them out of the Father's
hand.

Our trust relies not on their
achievement, great and glorious
though we rightly hold it, nor on
arguments about immortality; but
upon the character of the Living
God guaranteed by the Cross and
Resurrection. No tragedies or disasters
of history can separate His
children from the love of God. That
is the true and the ultimate security.

MARGARINE RUSH

SASKATOON (CP) — This
city's livelihood practically
depends on farm production but
when the first batch of margarine
hit town, housewives cleaned out
the 17,000-pound shipment in one
day.

DOMESTIC CHANGE

The gold-fish in its natural state
is brown in color, but when domesticated
it develops a red-gold tint,
and occasionally becomes white.

take some trips north. They generally
leave lots of cash enroute and
we surely should open up the north
as they those ignorant Russians.
Some day we might see them
coming over the top.

Northern Canada seems to be
the last place for man to explore.
Let's get busy.

WANTED

Journeyman Electrician
Steady Employment
Write 518 c-o Guardian

SPRING SAMPLES
NOW IN
J. P. MacPherson & Son
Men's Made-to-Measure and
Stock Clothing

Notes By The Way
Many inventors would have been
horrified at the warlike uses to
which their inventions have been
put—the Wright brothers, for example,
or the originators of hockey.
—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

THE
Best Dressed
MAN IN TOWN!
is wearing one of our distinctive new topcoats in 100% wool
gabardine.

Illustration of a man in a topcoat and hat.
These coats . . . obviously a work of the tailoring art
create an air of distinguished smartness about 45.00
the man who wears one. Spring's newest shades
HENDERSON & CUDMORE
WHERE QUALITY IS SURE