

THE GUARDIAN

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

CHARLOTTETOWN, MONDAY, FEB. 28, 1949

Roads And Education

The importance of good roads was ably and
convincingly presented in the Legislature last
week by Hon. Mr. Barbour, Minister of Public
Works and Highways.

The revenue-producing factor, however, was
perhaps over-emphasized in the Minister's
statement, which purported to be a reply to criticism
—not with regard to road expenditures as such,
but with regard to these expenditures compared to
the expenditures on education.

If revenue production were the determining
factor in evaluating the importance of Govern-
ment departments, then even public works and
highways would have to yield precedence to the
liquor stores, which last year showed a net profit
of \$522,067 on gross sales of \$1,847,052.

Education is not to be weighed in such scales
as can be employed in assessing the value of any
utilitarian convenience or necessity. It detracts
in no way from the importance of Mr. Barbour's
department to say that education is of infinitely
more importance, for on it depends, not only the
material progress of our citizens, but their cul-
tural and spiritual growth as well.

Farm Markets And Quality

It is generally agreed that "Farmers' Week"
this year has been the most successful in mem-
ory. Not only have island farmers surpassed
themselves with their record production, but the
highest quality ever attained was produced last
year—in some cases, the highest in Canada.

Though there may be some apprehension as
to the agricultural future, this matter of the
high quality of island food products should place
our farmers in a privileged position.

As the Minister of Agriculture pointed out,
quality farm products not only require quality
seed stock, but quality pastures and feeds.

The decision of the Island Federation to
reach into the rural districts for the individual
support of the farmer, is designed to strengthen
its present position as the voice of all the farm
organizations in the Province.

British-Canadian Trade.

An official United Kingdom Government
publication, the Board of Trade Journal, is con-
cerned about the volume of British exports to
Canada, according to the cable. It might well
be, and there should be a complementary con-
cern in Canada. In a growing exchange of goods
on a mutually satisfactory basis lies the only
chance of trade between the two countries so
long as present currency problems continue to
plague trade.

Exporters here are known to be as concern-
ed as those in Britain. We already have surplus
food, lumber and many metals which the British
urgently need but cannot find the means to
pay for. The natural solution is an exchange

of goods, but already the balance is all in Can-
ada's favor and there are few signs that Brit-
ain is going to be able to improve her position
in the market here.

Chief stumbling block to a satisfactory two-
way trade balance, says the Ottawa Journal, ap-
pears to be the cost of British goods and the
inability of British manufacturers to meet price
competition in Canada, or from United States
products imported into Canada.

The fact that Britain is making trade deals
with many European countries, some on the
wrong side of the "iron curtain," causes many
Canadians to wonder why they do this in pre-
ference to trading to Canada. Those European
deals are usually straight trades, goods for
goods, and if both sides decide to charge the
limit not much harm is done.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Legislature.

Last day of February.

The Bank of England nationalized this date
1941.

The present session of the Legislature may
become memorable for brevity combined with
wisdom in the speeches of the members.

Premier Jones seems to get into as many
tight corners as Major Hoople, says a reader,
and, like his prototype, usually succeeds in
getting out of them.

Complaints from Maine of the misbranding
of Canadian potatoes by labelling them as
grown in Maine reverse an old situation. It
used to be a complaint of Island growers that
Maine potatoes were marked as P.E.I. Certified Seed.

With the approaching ice break-up comes
the need for caution and common sense. Those
who do not mind risking their own lives should
at least give a thought to the risk their rescuers
may have to run.

Reports of lay-offs in Nova Scotian coal
fields as a result of the mild winter make
strange reading after the fuel shortages of re-
cent years. It should be possible to maintain
production in winters like the present one and
avoid disastrous shortages in more severe ones.

The lure of the big city certainly tends to
slacken in the atomic age. As U.S. Atomic En-
ergy Commissioner Lewis Strauss put it, there is
no plan for protecting a major defence area.
"The best protection is to be somewhere else
when a bomb goes off."

The Abyssinians defeated the Italians at
Adowa this date 1896. This reverse Mussolini at-
tempted to revenge by over-running the country
some 30 years later, only to sustain a second
and more disastrous defeat at the hands of the Al-
lies.

The vigorous campaign now being carried
on in the United States for protection against
Canadian fishery and farm products should be
a warning against coming to rely too much on
that market. Canada buys far more from her
Southern neighbour than she sells, but there is
always the danger that sectional interests will
prevail as against more general economic con-
siderations.

Seven years ago, on February 27, 1942,
British Commandos raided German installa-
tions at Bruneval and an important radio de-
tector station there was destroyed. . . Four years
ago this week, on February 21, British troops in
the First Canadian Army captured Goch, near
Cleve, and on February 22, the greatest simultane-
ous air assault in history took place. Before
dusk has fallen more than 10,000 Allied sorties
had been flown. On February 26, Sgt. A. Cosens
of Parquis Junction, Ont., won the Victoria Cross
for an action which cost his life in the fighting
around Mooshof, Holland.

An eminent surgeon from Melbourne, who
is a Nuffield Fellow in Pediatric Research at the
Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children
in London, spoke in the BBC's Overseas pro-
gramme about the great work being done at
that hospital. Much has been achieved since its
foundation ninety-six years ago, and two great
British writers, Charles Dickens and Sir James
Barrie greatly helped it through their writings
and interest. "Sir James Barrie," said the speaker,
"will always be remembered by Great Or-
mond Street for his personal attention to chil-
dren within its walls, and one ward is dedicated
to him. The inscription reads:—"To The Never
Fading Memory of One Who Loved Children,
Sir James Barrie Bt., O.M., Creator of "Peter
Pan" a most generous friend of this hospital, this
ward is with gratitude dedicated." The ward is
known as the Peter Pan ward for, besides his
personal associations with the hospital, Barrie
gave to it during his lifetime, the copyright of
"Peter Pan" known by children the world over.
This means that the Great Ormond Street hos-
pital draws royalties on the book publications
throughout the world and on the stage produc-
tion of the play. This copyright covers a period
of about fifty years, and in 1946 alone no less
than £9,990 came to the hospital from this
source.



THE GRAY SQUIRREL

Like a small gray
coffee-pot
sits a squirrel.

He is not
all he should be,
kills by dozens
trees, and eats
his red-brown cousins

The keeper on the
other hand,
who shot him, is
a Christian, and

loves his enemies,
which shows
the squirrel was not
one of those.

—Humbert Wolfe

Old Charlottetown
(And P. E. I.)

MOUNTED INFANTRY

Out at the Exhibition grounds L
Squadron of the Mounted Infantry
are in camp. They have taught
their horses not to run away from
under them but a great deal of
the animals lack ginger. They are
getting more dull than the troop-
ers, and the poor quadrupeds that
have their tails cut short and
spend most of their time on parade
vainly trying to switch off the
flies, probably regret that L Squad-
ron are not mounted on automobiles
or some other kind of hobby
horse.

—Prince Edward Island Magazine,
June, 1902.

Topics Of The Times

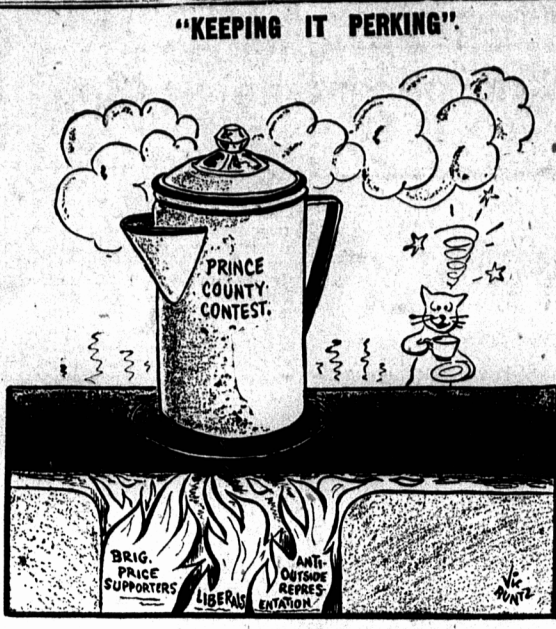
(New York Times)
Almost no attention has been
paid thus far in the year to the
fact that 1949 is the fifteen-hun-
dredth anniversary (as near as it
can be figured) of the "Coming
of the Saxons." The English show
little interest in this matter which
would seem to concern them as
the modern representatives of the
Angles, Saxons and Jutes. It is to
be noted, however, that the origi-
nal home of these Germanic peo-
ples lay in what is now the British
zone of occupation. The return of
the modern English to the home
of their ancestors was not arrang-
ed, as is well known, as a cele-
bration of the early migrations;
it was accomplished only after the
hardest kind of battles in which
the modern Anglo-Saxons, assist-
ed by numerous other stocks, got
the better of their now very dis-
tant relatives.

There has always been consid-
erable interest in these ancient
Angles, Saxons and Jutes, but for
all the work of historians and
archaeologists they remain very
indistinct. The old records are
hopelessly confused. The story is
that in 449 or thereabout Angles,
Saxons and Jutes who had seized
the coast of Flanders were in-
vited over to Britain by a King
hard pressed as usual by the
Picts and Scots. The Teutons respon-
ded, led by two brothers, Hengist
and Horsa. They saved the British
monarch from his hostile
neighbors, but they decided to do
more — to stay and take over the
southeast corner of the island for
themselves. About this time the
curtain falls on Britain and al-
most nothing is known for certain
of what happened there for the
next 200 years.

It is like a play in which the
curtain is lowered then raised
again to denote a long lapse of
time. When the curtain falls Brit-
ain is still a thoroughly Roman
country. It had been a Roman
colony for almost 400 years —
longer than America has been
settled and more or less civilized.
Britain, except for the northern
and western parts, was as Roman
as Gaul or Spain. It was an
island of fine Roman roads, cit-
ies and harbors, villas and baths.
The last Roman legions had been
withdrawn only a few years be-
fore when the Roman Emperor in
the West, threatened everywhere
on the Continent by Teutonic in-
vaders, told his British subjects
that they would have to look out
for themselves. Thereafter ad-
ditional Roman troops were sent
to help against the raiders from across
the North Seas were in vain.
Angles, Saxons and Jutes took
over the island about the time
that the Western Empire came
to an end.

When the curtain rises again
the scene is completely changed.
Roman Britain has disappeared.
The face of the island, the peo-
ple, the language have all chang-
ed. Some Roman influences un-
doubtedly lingered in the West,
where many of the early Britons
fled to the hills; others had cross-
ed the Channel to Brittany or
like St. Patrick had gone over
to Ireland. Roman Britain re-
mains the province of the archae-
ologist, not the historian of mod-
ern Britain.

The England which has played
such a great role in history — and
still plays — emerges from the
mist only at the opening of the
seventh century. It is a young
country compared to China, say,
or Egypt. From the Continent
and, as Irish historians are not
likely to allow us to forget, from
Ireland, came the missionaries
and teachers who brought the
western European civilization.
English literature began and Eng-
lish government reached a peak
of excellence under King Alfred.
The Normans profoundly modi-
fied the course of English history,
but Englishmen were very English
at the time of Henry V, as all are
reminded who have seen Olivier's



version of Shakespeare's "Henry
V." Yet only when English kings
gave up the futile task of trying
to conquer France and turned
their minds at once to England
and to the world beyond the
narrow seas did the full meaning
of England's mission begin to ap-
pear.

Any backward glances at the
Anglo-Saxon invasion of Britain
fifteen hundred years ago im-
mediately suggest that invasion
which was planned but never took
place in the Second World War.
In those fifteen centuries Eng-
land (become Britain again), never
had to meet a crisis so deadly
as that which Winston Churchill
is just now describing in his mem-
oirs and to which he has given
the name that will live—"their
finest hour."

Liberalism Then
And Now

(New York Herald-Tribune)
To the bulk of newspaper read-
ers "liberalism" has ceased to be
either a concrete program of ac-
tion or a consistent body of doc-
trine, and is descending to an ex-
pression of an economic class in-
terest (historically it was once all
of these things). It has become
largely a mood, an attitude of
mind, detached from definite
political implication. The "liberal-
ism" is a person of breadth, tol-
erance, receptive to new proposals,
against any flagrant injustice
and, in general, inclined to place
the good of society above the
claims of any special privilege or
vested interest.

While this describes a type of
mind in general recognizable and
even distinguishable from the
more extreme forms of selfish-
ness, greed and obscurantism, it
does not define a member of any
particular party; nor is it always
an easy definition to apply in
practice. There are labor leaders,
for example, who are very recep-
tive to new ideas but who could
never be called either tolerant or
inclined to place the claims of so-
ciety over the vested interests of
their own unions; conversely,
there are business managers who
take a very resistant attitude to-
ward any change whatever, yet
have a wide tolerance and an
acute sense of justice.

The Managing Editors
Come To Town

(Ottawa Journal)
We have with us in Ottawa for
the remainder of the week the
managing editors of some three-
score Canadian daily newspapers,
who have an association and meet
annually to discuss their problems.
We trust these present sessions
will be interesting, profitable, and
not too arduous.

There may be some who wonder
just what a managing editor does,
what is his place in the newspaper
economy. Perhaps it is easier to
tell what he does not do. He does
not set type or run the big press.
He does not wash the windows or
wax the linoleum. He does not
ride to fires on the hose wagon —
in these effete days reporters take
taxis, anyway — though he would
much like to, nor does he find time
to write many editorials. Outside
of these limitations his field is
broad and far-reaching is in fact,
the main sphere in the intricate
news machine of the modern news-
paper.

Sub-editors, departmental
editors, copy readers and reporters
all come within his jurisdiction.
He selects and buys comic strips
and "features." He passes on edi-
torial accounts — and outsiders
would be surprised at their mag-
nitude. He consults with his editors
on the day's news and plans its
display. He reads his own paper
closely, and reacts with appropri-
ate words about UN slunk in the middle
of a meeting of the Ladies' Aid. He
studies other papers for ideas and
suggestions. He sees innumerable
callers anxious to sell him every-
thing from a daily poem to a ser-
vial history of the North-West Re-
bellion. He hears on the telephone
from friends with tips on stories,
from indignant readers complain-
ing that their names were in — or
were not in — the paper, from dis-

Notes From
Another Island

By "Anson"

LONDON, England:—
We are hearing some talk late-
ly about the possibility of a partial
lifting of the ban on the use
of electricity for outdoor advertis-
ing.

We should really begin to think
we were getting somewhere if
that happened for our bright lights
have been dimmed for so long
many of us are beginning to for-
get what a neon sign looks like,
and it may sound almost unbel-
ievable that our kids of nine and
ten years old have never seen the
sort of electric sign without which
your drug stores would seem half
naked.

When the war came we had a
total blackout when no lights of
any kind were shown outside un-
less they were absolutely essential,
on security grounds, and since
the war finished the word "essen-
tial" has become the rule by which
a good many things, taken for
granted ten years ago, have been
judged; if a thing or a service is
not "essential" then we don't have
it. And however much we might
like to keep our cheerful out-
side lights, there is no doubt that
it is far more essential to have
power for industry; as long as we
can't have both, for reasons of
national economy (so we are told)
we have to go to the movies for
our bright lights when they show
pictures of Broadway.

Meanwhile the neon tubes are
still there on our walls. They are
there exactly as they were when
they were switched off in 1939,
except for major or minor damage
from bombs. In many cases, of
course, not even the walls are
there any longer. In some
instances, not even the street.

But those that do remain are a
source of wonderment if you stop
and think how they used to look.
There seem to be so many of
them that it is hard to imagine.
Yet the memory of it all does come
back, with a little prompting, and
we can recall how, in the outskirts
of some of the provincial cities
and towns, we could look over the
skyline and pick out the location
of some of the bigger buildings
even if we couldn't see them, by
the glow of their lights.

It was all taken so much for
granted that we walked in the
city streets without a second glance
at the glare which nowadays would
probably make us shy like fright-
ened horses! Under the provisions
of our new National Health Ser-
vice Bill, we can get free optical
treatment and glasses if we need
them; if they are going to switch
the lights on again they ought to
warn us in good time so that we
can all apply to the Ministry of
Health for dark glasses to help
us take the strain!

It is some time since I men-
tioned how apt one is to run into
celebrities in London. It still hap-
pens, and it is refreshing to see
how easily our big time actors and
actresses can get away from the
glamour of stage and screen. I
saw one of our best known theatre
comedians the other day standing
quietly in line at — believe it or
not — the fishmonger's!

And on another occasion — the
man who played the King of Den-
mark, Hamlet's uncle in the super-
expensive film of Shakespeare's
tragedy, was to be seen strolling
along the street, without overcoat
on a bitterly cold day, puffing
morosely on a cigarette. Perhaps,
the way things are these days with
income tax on high salaries, he
couldn't afford an overcoat and
cigarettes!

Some ladies who want Uncle
Tom's will left out and distressed
gentlemen who dislike inclusion in
the Traffic Court reports.
Fifty times a day we has to de-
cide, and quickly, on questions of
news values, questions of staff ar-
rangements and discipline, and it is
a tribute to the members of an ex-
acting profession that they can be
right, most of the time.
To a very large degree a news-
paper is what its managing editor
makes it, and it reflects his tastes,
his judgment, his experience, his
paper serves, his sense of public
responsibility. A managing editor,
it will be gathered, carries a con-
siderable burden, and constantly is
immersed in detail. Once a year he
can sit back to survey the broad
scene, in the pleasant company of
his fellows from many cities — as
he is doing in Ottawa these days
— and at the moment we can think
of no class of workers who more
richly deserve the relaxation of a
nice conversation.

Turn On The Light!
By John Robert Lamont Campbell
In the year 1864, from other Pro-
vinces, there came to this fair Is-
land a body of outstanding men
seeking unity. That unity from
which would emerge a nation:
Strong in purpose, undaunted by
obstacles, great in achievement,
and unending in fame.

In the Council Chamber of our
Legislature Building, in Charlot-
teton, P.E.I., as it stands today, in-
teract with the identical coun-
cil table and chairs, in conjunction
with our members of the Prince
Edward Island Legislature of that
time, there was born and brought
into being, The Confederation of
the Dominion of Canada. Those
were the Fathers of Confederation.
No hallucinations or idiosyncra-
sies marred their vision, nor deter-
red them from that great and noble
purpose. All obstacles were swept
away in the gigantic scope of their
deliberations, and the superhuman
task of forming from a few Pro-
vinces, a nation of which all would
be proud.

They looked beyond the straits,
beyond the Maritime Provinces, be-
yond Quebec and Ontario, out over
the vast prairies, across the Rocky
Mountains, to the Pacific. They
saw in this great land the fulfill-
ment of many dreams. The answer
to countless thousands in other
lands bound with the thralldom of
the underprivileged. They heard the
clear vibrant call of freedom.
Theirs was not any mediocre
undertaking; neither was it their
idea of withholding from one Pro-
vince and giving to another, nor of
building one up at the expense of
the other. Their aim was to do
justly — by all! Thus, in that spirit
of greatness was laid the founda-
tions of this wonderful nation.

Here the re-echoing trumpet call
of progress and achievement rang
out, to be heard from the Atlantic
to the Pacific. The call that sound-
ed the advent of greater things
and the rosy dawn of a new to-
morrow. Here on this beloved Isle
is the cradle of Confederation!

Here in this historical Council
Chamber those great men lighted a
beacon whose light shines from
ocean to ocean, and from our peace-
ful southern boundary to the North
Pole, illuminating a land filled with
opportunity and dear to the hearts
of her people. Reflecting her tow-
ering greatness, high in the Heav-
ens above. A radiant light that
flashed around the world these
words. Opportunity! Peace! Plenty!
Security! Freedom! Democracy!

They left it for Canadians to
complete the superstructure and to
build into the architectural design,
that beauty of character, grace and
charm; To embellish the whole
with those monuments of price-
less worth which cherish as life
itself, and endow all future genera-
tions to come, with a continuity
of unbroken and ever-increasing
benefits, for the well-being of the
nation as a whole.

This is the most notable Legisla-
tive Assembly Building in the whole
of Canada. Not even in Ottawa is
there such undying grandeur con-
nected with the Dominion Houses
of Parliament.
This is a historic monument to
the far-seeing greatness of those
who welded together, in an un-
breakable chain of fellowship and
comradeship, the golden links of
Dominion-wide security.

On the anvil of faith, with the
hammer of hope, and the fire of
love, they welded firmly that hall-
marked chain of unity, reaching
from ocean to ocean; on every link
of which is stamped for all to see
—the name—CANADA.

Since that memorable year 1864,
millions of feet have walked over
the stone-flagged corridors of our
Prince Edward Island Parliament
Building. Many stones are hollow-
ed out with the tread of countless
feet; those of our Island people, and
the multitudes of visitors who come
to our shores, to view for them-
selves, the actual setting in which
Confederation was born.

Some Provinces are steeped in
legends of the time when Indian
warriors roamed across the vast-
ness of this land. Some have been
the scenes of battles that live in
the annals of time, and echo with

SPECIALS
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BULK DATES lb. 19c
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SPECIAL PRICES EXPIRE MARCH 15th
AT ALL 3 STORES
CLARK BROS.
Mount Stewart, Montague and St. Peters Bay

The Age-Old Story

And even to your old age I am
He and even to hoary hairs will
I carry you; I have made, and
I will wear, even I will carry and
will deliver you.

BRACEBRIDGE, Ont. — (CP) —
Forty-four names are inscribed on a
bronze tablet at the entrance to
Bracebridge community centre
erected as a memorial to the town's
heroes of the Second World War.

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