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

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1947

Pity The Milkman!

The difficulties of milk production and distribution were brought into the limelight in Parliament the other day by Senator J. W. de B. Farris, who showed very clearly that under present conditions the milkman's life is not a bed of roses.

There are, Senator Farris pointed out, two distinct milk markets: the fluid market, and the manufactured market with its different branches.

A further reason why the farmer is entitled to a higher price on the fluid market than on any other market is that he has to maintain a more or less constant supply.

There is also, Senator Farris pointed out, the essential difference between the milk in the can as it appears in front of the farm, and in the bottle on one's doorstep, ready for use.

Formerly there were two subsidies paid by the Dominion Government: one of two cents a quart, paid to the dairies, to enable the price to the consumer to be kept down; the other of 55 cents a hundred pounds, paid to the farmers, which came to 1-2 cents a quart.

How Light Is Bent

Important though not sensational results may be expected from the observations of the total eclipse of the sun on May 20 made at Bocayuva, Brazil, by the expedition sponsored by the U. S. National Geographic Society.

The astronomers will spend many months studying the photographic plates and other records they are bringing home. And their work at Bocayuva itself is not quite finished.

One of the predictions made by Einstein in connection with his theory of relativity was that rays of light from a star passing close to a heavy gravitational mass like the sun on their way to the earth would be found to be bent inward.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Doctors, both medical and dental, evidently object to be unionized under government auspices—afraid of the thin edge of the wedge of government control.

The world supply of timber will fall short of requirements by about 10 per cent for both 1947 and 1948, according to a report from the international conference in Czechoslovakia.

A 21-gun Royal Salute will be fired in each of the nine provincial capitals and at Ottawa on Dominion Day, July 1, it is learned officially at Ottawa. The salute will be fired at noon by picked gun crews of the Royal Canadian Artillery.

Who supplies information to the United Nations Commission? He or she had better try to be accurate regarding this Province as their report of a survey showed one woman member in our Legislature out of 30 seats.

Now that parliament is, as it were, coming down the back stretch we expect the government to introduce its important measures. This has become a matter of text-book strategy and enables the government to put through its pet measures with a minimum of debate and revision.

Kentville, N. S., centre of the apple-growing district of Nova Scotia, has got tired holding out against daylight saving time and has now joined the majority.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland sitting in Edinburgh has passed a resolution, albeit with noticeable lack of unanimity, calling upon the Governments of the United States, Great Britain and Canada to make public and solemn declaration that they "will not use the atomic bomb as a weapon of offensive action."

It is never too late to mend, but really our tourist season is so short, we should have everything cut and dry in apple-pie order every year by the middle of June for the comfort and convenience of our visitors.

Despite optimistic production forecasts, mass installation of television receivers in homes is at least years away, engineers of leading television companies were told at a meeting of the Institute of Radio Engineers, last month.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture states that it has resumed payments to farmers on potatoes turned over to the Government last autumn under a price support program.

Rear Admiral Lord Mountbatten, S.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.S.O., A.M.I.E.E., M.I.W.T., born this date 1900; entered the Navy as a cadet at the age of thirteen, becoming a midshipman at sixteen, sub-lieut. at 18, lieut. at 20, Lieut.-Commander at 28, Commander at 32, Capt. at 37; served in the Navy in every part of the globe, in both peace and war; appointed Commander of aircraft in 1941; adviser on combined operations 1942-3; Hon. Air Marshal, 1943, President of Overseas League 1943; Supreme Allied Commander in S. E. Asia, 1943; Rear Admiral in 1946; Governor-General and Commander in Chief of India 1947.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, and the Maharajah of Travancore, powerful Indian princes, with a feudal allegiance to the British Crown, now that the British King is no longer to be Emperor of India, announce that they are independent rulers; will not accept the rule either of Mr. Nehru, or Mr. Jinnah. One has sixteen million subjects, and the other four million. There are 562 princely states in India, with about two-fifths of the population in them.

This is a red-letter year for Newfoundland, Canada's Island neighbour. Celebration of the country's 450th anniversary of discovery coincides with the arrival in Ottawa of a delegation of seven Newfoundlanders to talk terms of possible union of the two countries.

Notes By the Way

It isn't news when a ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes fails to win, and of course the vast majority do fail. — Ottawa Journal.

Off the coast of Italy a motor vessel struck a wandering mine and 15 persons lost their lives. The remarkable thing is that so comparatively few ships have hit mines since the war ended with scores of thousands of these deadly contraptions roaming the seas waiting to be hunted down. — Ottawa Journal.

To persist in walking on the street on one's hands would be accounted a bit eccentric. With enough practice most of us might become quite proficient at it; but, if too many of us practised this freakishness at once, it would lead to many changes. Meals might be served under the table and show-cases arranged beneath the floor. Soon we would no longer be eccentric. — Peterborough Examiner.

The head of Travancore state in India calls for a declaration of independence when the British leave. It is only a small state with an area less than one-fiftieth of Ontario, but it has a population of more than 6,000,000 — half as large again as Ontario's. The contrast is typical of the "living room" in India and Canada. — Toronto Daily Star.

Two recent stories in this paper point an old moral with a new twist. One story from Hollywood told of the star-studded hearings held by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in fabulous filmland, with witnesses making dramatic charges of Communism. Influence in the movie industry. The other story from Moscow told of Russian grows against American films as vile capitalist propaganda, which the Russian masses are seldom permitted to see because of their sugar-coated picture of the American way of life.

Glenn L. Martin, pioneer United States aviator, testified in Washington a few days ago that the United States Army and Navy are experimenting with a new atomic weapon—a radioactive cloud which could be released from aircraft by non-explosive atomic shells, and which, though it "would not kill suddenly," would "sweep with a lingering death and corrosion over a great area."

There used to be a time when any family considered it an honor to contribute its best brains to the Church. That no longer appears to be the case. Indeed, it is becoming a rare thing for the first-class honor man to contemplate Holy Orders. Other professions, apparently, offer great attractions. To a point this is possibly due to the extremely poor financial rewards that come to ecclesiastics. Holy poverty may still be an admirable virtue, but its charms tend to fade, especially among married clergy, in the face of modern economic conditions, under which costs are the same for clergy and laity. — Halifax Chronicle.

From Canada and Australia, too, comes news of greater sacrifices in order to increase Britain's food supplies. New Zealand also wants to know how she may help here. It is the theme note of Empire unity. We do not trail our tails and surrender during the war, and of hardship long-continued after the war, in order to excite world sympathy. The facts are known, and within the British Family of Nations there is affectionate competition as to who shall most swiftly and worthily sustain the Old Country in her trial. Under one Crown we fought and under one Crown we march together into the future. South Africa has recently given to the world an example of the Empire's Majesty. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand give further proofs in their present generous gestures. There is something very noble in all this. — Western Mail (Cardiff).

The 1,200 babies who died in Canada from diarrhoea and enteritis last year are a reminder of the technical medical explanation of the disease, if that it is caused by an influenza virus or some virus related to influenza. The sociologist, however, has interpreted it in terms of living conditions. It is recalled that medical and social workers gave battle to this disease of infancy in Toronto more than 30 years ago. Their chief concern was to improve living conditions and to teach mothers how to keep their infants clean. Above all, they were anxious that the baby's feeding utensils and everything with which he came in contact should be free of germs. Every Summer the public health department conducted a "swat-the-fly" campaign and urged mothers to protect all food from flies and insects, the common carriers of infection. It is fairly well known that young children have died of diarrhoea and enteritis mostly where the living conditions are poor and whose mothers have little knowledge of infant care. — Toronto Star.

STRAIGHT RAILS. A track 78.86 miles in length between Wilmington and Hamlet, N. C., is the longest stretch of track without a curve in the United States.

Wheat stands tall on the high plains, oceans of wheat rippling green in the sunlight, and the wheat ranchers have only two fears—hall and rust. Spare them hall and spare them rust and they will again fill the nation's granaries to overflowing. All across the plains, Kansas, Nebraska, eastern Colorado, the wheat is lush with a wet spring's growth. And already the harvest crews, with their big-mawed "combines," are moving up from the South, from Texas and Oklahoma toward the Dakotas, harvesting as they go.

The grass stands tall, too, on the high plains, taller and more lush than in many a season. The range is in peak condition, and cattle, the ranchmen say, are fat as ticks. You see them, broad-backed, white-faced cows and calves and steers, dotting the rolling range land in buffalo grass a foot high and still green as the wheat fields on the eastern horizon.

This is a rich year on the high plains and even the flowers are lavish. Wild sweet peas flush the long slopes. Cowboy's Delight splashes the flats with fragrant granatum-red. Buffalo beans and lupines show all the shades of purple and blue. Desert primroses sweeten the evenings and brighten the dawns with sunny yellows and sunrise pinks. In dry years the meadow larks sit in the shade of the fence posts and sing only in the cool of early dawn. This year they perch on the posts and fill the noonday with their song, sweet celebration of a generous season on the high plains.

The High Plains

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When The Farmer Gets Desperate

(Grace Luckhart in the Vancouver Province)

Down in Ontario, the other day, a poor man jumped in a well, presumably because of the adverse weather conditions, and how they affected his crops. He could not get on with his seeding.

If you weren't a farmer, or had a farmer's background, you wouldn't understand how this could be possible. I could, believe me. My whole childhood was governed and controlled by the weather. Everything depended upon it. I must admit, that as farmers, we demanded a great deal, but the whole livelihood and well being of our family was at stake.

We needed good weather for seeding, followed by plenty of rain. Then it should let up for the haying, and come again in scattered showers to bring the crops along. But no hail storms! Please please no hail storms! While we might have been, to a certain extent, protected by hail insurance, very few could afford to pay the premiums.

There is nothing so tragic as a hailstorm. Because right afterwards the sun shines and the birds sing, and if you had had a crop, it would have ripened. But not now. Nothing but acres of flattened, mangled stalks. Not a thing to be done.

No plans for this year. No sending to Eaton's for new clothes. No sending for anything. Nothing at all until another year, and even then you aren't sure the same thing won't happen again.

In my early youth in Ontario, where we went in more for mixed farming, all our eggs weren't in one basket. But there was always the pea crop. Just as soon as it was cut and stacked in bundles to dry out, it would rain. And Grade would be kept home from school to turn the bundles—when the weather had cleared—trying to save it. I can still smell their mouldy, musty odor, when I forked them up. I can still see the hordes of frightened little field mice that scurried along looking for safety.

In those days, the Tara Leader, our main source of news and our only connection with the outside world, would occasionally report that a depressed farmer, had committed suicide or run amok with the axe and sliced up his family. These stories practically paralyzed me with fear.

Sometimes, I never worried about my mother's mentally cracking. She had too much humor in her make-up. But my father who had inherited a quietness and reserve from his Highland ancestors, was something else again. We never knew what he was thinking about.

Sometimes, after a major disaster, such as when a horse up and died before it was paid for, or a partial crop failure, or when grain prices hit rock bottom, I'd certainly study his grim countenance or signs of a break-up. Somehow I never could imagine him jumping down a well—but I wasn't so sure of what he might do with the axe. Suppose, the whole thing got too much for him. . . . One night I even went so far as to take the axe upstairs and hid it under my bed.

That was a mistake. When father went to put the fire on in the morning, he needed the axe to split some kindling. Believe me, it was a good thing he didn't find it right away. He'd have surely used it—on me most likely.

Much later, when I grew up and understood my father, and could really talk to him, we used to have many a laugh about my fears for his sanity. . . .

But I can still understand how a farmer gets so desperate, he will commit suicide. But I'd never jump down a well.

GOOD COUNSEL. Genghis Khan, the Mongolian warrior, is said to have intended to exterminate the Chinese, but was dissuaded by one of his counsellors.

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Old Charlottetown (And P.E.I.) GOVERNOR CAMPBELL Governor Huntley's term of office having expired, Sir Donald Campbell, of Dunstaffnage, Scotland, was appointed his successor; arriving here in December, 1847, he was greeted with more than ordinary enthusiasm, particularly by the Celtic population, as Sir Donald himself was a descendant of an ancient Scottish family. His official reception received the oath of office at the Council Chamber in front of which the troops of the Garrison were drawn up under Captain Evans and as usual a salute was fired by the artillery. On the 30th. of March, 1848, Governor Campbell accompanied by his son George and a number of gentlemen, drove in sleighs to Belle View, crossing the ice from there to Point Prim light house, which had recently been erected. The whole Celtic population of that place, with a pipar at their head playing the martial air of "The Campbells are Coming, he, ho, he, ho," marched to the place and tendered a hearty welcome to His Excellency and party. After luncheon, which was provided by William Douse, Esq., agent of the estate on which the Lighthouse was built, the party returned to Charlottetown. During the ensuing summer His Excellency visited various sections of the island and was well received everywhere. On the evening of the 10th of October, Sir Donald Campbell died in the fiftieth year of his age. On the day of the funeral the remains were removed from Government House to St. Paul's Episcopal Church where, after the burial service, the body was deposited beside the remains of the late Governor Young.—Pollard's History.

The Poet's Corner SEA MAGIC (Among the results of the whaling factory-ship Balaena's five months in the Antarctic are listed 7,400 barrels of sperm oil used in the production of cosmetics and lipsticks.) Whenas in style my Julia goes With carmine lips and silken hose, Should not our cry be "Thar she blows!" (The cry once raised from crew's nest, all When seamen through the southern gale Pursued their luckless prize the whale.) For think how much of Beauty's pride Is now apparently supplied By whales that roamed the ocean wide.

In Niffles (Judith Robinson in Port Erie Times-Review) Just the place for a . . . ash, the bellman said, as he landed his crew with care. Remember gentlemen where you are. Names are not named in Niffles. We come to buff out heroes not to praise them, Ecclesiastics to the contrary notwithstanding. This is the rainbow bridge's end but you'd better forget about the bow that was set in the sky for a token of a covenant. You can't have that covenant without Noah's name and you can't have names in Niffles. Yet it seems a pity the bellman said, in a way. Since the nations of the British Commonwealth and the American Union share but one border in all the world and this bell-tower is on it, and since these nations, united with others to fight for freedom, were led from first to last, through disaster to victory, by two men supremely fitted to their task, it seems a pity. It is a pity, the bellman said. Not for the two men's sake, but for Canada's. For these men's names are to be erased in Niffles, their fame there denied the recognition the rest of the free world, gladly gives all to a peep of a Canadianian. Elizabeth Tudor, the bellman said, though she too was great and did not live in Canada, has been dead a long time. So it may be safe to quote her and credit the safe even within hearing of a Niffles bridge commissioner. Elizabeth Tudor was the one who said:

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