

THE GUARDIAN

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

CHARLOTTETOWN SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1948

Big Week in Offing

Tuesday of next week will see the opening of two of our most important institutions—the Provincial Legislature and the series of agricultural organization meetings which have not unjustly been called the "Farmers' Parliament."

The farm meetings will include annual conventions of the Sheep and Swine Breeders' Association on Tuesday, the Central Farmers' Institutes and Dairywomen's Association on Wednesday, the Federation of Agriculture on Thursday, and an open meeting for all junior farmers of the Province on Friday morning.

In former years the Federation met the Legislature while in session and presented a comprehensive brief covering the subjects discussed at the farmers' annual meetings.

In view of next week's activities it is opportune that the conference held jointly by senior Dominion and Provincial agricultural officials under the chairmanship of Mr. W. R. Shaw, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, should have been fruit this week in a series of important recommendations for the improvement of general farming methods, potato production, poultry raising and other agricultural activities in the Province.

Of particular interest is the report, published in full yesterday, of the Potato Committee, which went exhaustively into the problems of potato production and marketing. This report suggests, among other things, the setting up of a central marketing board to handle the whole potato crop; also that potatoes be sold on grade in our local retail stores, that only new packages be used for exported potatoes with grade numbers on the tags only, that the words P. E. I. Potatoes be stamped on all packages used for export, and that the advertising of Island potatoes abroad be encouraged.

A more detailed summary of the Potato Committee report, along with other reports, appears in today's issue and should be studied carefully.

No Whaling Fleet

It is a strange fact that Canada, which is a signatory to the International Convention for the Regulation of Whaling and has an Arctic territory which is inhabited by certain species of whales in considerable numbers, has no whaling fleet in operation.

Some interesting information in connection with this industry was given in the Senate last week by Hon. Thomas Vren. Before the recent war, Japan and Germany had been pushed out of the business of whaling, and an opportunity was created for Canada to step into it.

This enterprise has proved to be a very good investment to other countries. The government of the Netherlands has gone so far as to subscribe several million dollars to sustain its whaling industry.

Government should consider subsidizing a Canadian whaling industry, as he believed it would have "very substantial and gratifying results."

This suggestion may be followed up by the Government, as Senator Robertson, Government leader in the Upper House, in moving approval of the international convention regulating the industry which was signed at Washington on Dec. 2, 1946, said that while it is true Canada has no whaling fleet at the present time, "it is hoped that she will have one in the near future."

Prince Edward Island has a special interest in this industry, as the whole meat is now in demand by our fox ranchers.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, Second Sunday in Lent.

Tomorrow Washington's birthday, he was born this date 1732.

The Children of Europe Fund holds the limelight, and deservedly so.

All in readiness for the opening of the Legislature and Farmers' Week.

Letting the light in at Ottawa on the dark ways of profiteers is producing results.

Not all medals in Russia denote exploits on the field of battle. Farmers rearing 22 piglets in the course of a year are awarded the coveted Order of Lenin while those growing 19 get only the Order of Stalini.

Considerable public interest is being shown in our educational system. The question of regional high schools is of concern to all.

Tomorrow is the eightieth anniversary of the death of the Rev. Donald Macdonald, who was a tower of strength in the Presbyterian Church in his day and generation.

Recent blunt remarks about the United States made in the Canadian parliament will not be misunderstood South of the border.

According to a Toronto source, statistics indicate that total per capita use of butter and substitutes in Canada equals the per capita use in the U. S., which would suggest that margarine would not add to Canadian consumption of fats, but merely cause Canada to buy fats in a market already very short of them.

Cardinal John Henry Newman, born this date 1801; he excelled as a poet, preacher and pamphleteer—Tracts for the Times—and in 1843, the year of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland, he resigned the vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, and two years later was received into the R. C. Church; settling at Edgoboston, he established an oratory there in 1847, and again at London in 1850; was rector of Dublin Catholic University 1854-8; created Cardinal in 1879.

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Everybody who is anybody in the financial and economic world has views on the present dollar shortage. The immediate necessity of a sound world monetary system and the relief of war-shattered European economies are deemed essential by Dr. F. Cyril James, principal and vice-chancellor of McGill University and one of Canada's leading economists.

In Vancouver every day scores of well-meaning people insist on coughing and snuffing their way to work, apparently revelling in a martyr-like conviction that they will not "give in" to that cold. They "give out." On the buses and street cars they blow and wheeze and spread their germs to a dozen others who keep up the vicious cycle, spread the virus to another half-dozen.

Notes By The Way

Now the London school superintendent thinks it would be a good idea to add a baby-sitters' course to the secondary school curriculum.

A signet ring lost by Miss Maude Tappen, of St. Luke's road, Maldstone, Kent, has been found—in Egypt—by her brother, Cpl. Rex Tappen, R.A.O.C. Cpl. Tappen was cutting a cake made and sent to him by his sister when he saw something glistening. It was the ring.—London Daily Mail.

A writer laments the decline of the oldtime community spirit in the rural districts, and claims that with the passing of barn raising, the husking bee, and the sawing bee among men, and the paring bee among women, there is no like among the people there. It is not the spirit of sociability that should prevail. He seems to overlook the fact that time has only worked its change here as elsewhere, and that now we have the church tea, the garden party, the family reunion, women's institutes and clubs without number and sporting leagues of all sorts.—Chatham News.

A U. S. psychologist advocates removing the word "love" from the marriage ceremony, on the grounds "that you can't promise to love anyone." This conflicts with the evidence of a Windsor Romeo who was found staring gloomily into his beer the other day, not so much because he had made that very promise to the separate and distinct persons, but because in each case the other two had found out about it.—Windsor Star.

The Ottawa Journal repeats its opinion that "the primary function of a school should be to turn out young people with a love and reverence for education, and above all with understanding that education is a continuing process." To that, "Hear, hear!" Especially the part about it being a continuing process. Some graduates we have known, however, disdain even the continuing use of a dictionary, and apparently, despite all their schooling, never learned how to look up anything in an encyclopaedia.—Brandon Examiner.

It is a cherished belief among women that men have funny legs. If, for any reason, a man has to expose his legs, there are always a few women who seize the opportunity for contemptuous sniggering. And yet we have never been able to see why men's legs are, upon the average, any funnier than women's legs.

The senseless shooting of a seagull with an arrow in Esquimaux Harbor has directed attention to the fact that seagulls are persecuted birds because of their utility as scavengers of the beaches and river banks. In a province where millions of salmon die annually in the act of spawning, the service rendered by seagulls and other natural scavengers can scarcely be over-estimated. But seagulls can be diverted from the discharge of their function as scavengers as much by misanthropic kindness as by wanton cruelty.

One of the still unexplained medical mysteries of the Second World War is the absence of any serious epidemic among the thousands who lived for months in the crowded, makeshift conditions of Britain's air raid shelters. Those who saw, for instance, the nightly elbow-to-elbow existence of many Londoners in the tube station platforms far underground often wondered what would happen if influenza began to sweep through the sleeping ranks. There were warnings and forebodings—but the disease did not strike. No one knows why. And even colds and other infectious diseases recorded what medical authorities term a "remarkable" absence. Where they did appear, they had a lower virulence than usual. This record was equally true of children's health.—Victoria Times.

Men would walk many miles to the mill with grist on their backs and would travel to 30 miles to Charlottetown and back the same day, often loaded internally and externally with rum which, in the words of the Polly poet (M. Buchanan), "was in every hut and shanty as plentiful as water." Two and-a-half gallons of spirits for every man, woman and child on the Island were imported in 1825. We hear of a man who had nothing for his family but potatoes and rum. Another had nothing to clothe his children. He obtained some old bags, made a hole in the bottom to admit the head, cut off the corners to admit the arms. Thus he clothed them. And in the style too,—or rather anticipating the style—"of Mother Hubbard."

PUBLIC FORUM

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

HUMANITARIAN APPEAL

Sir—An Alberton Campaign Committee is now building a fund for the restoration of seven-year-old Velda Matthews of Elmsdale, P.E.I., who was a fire victim last Christmas evening. The general public now has a rare opportunity to help the little girl, whose face and body have been so badly burned, back to health and happiness.

Expert and costly grafts will shortly begin at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Those who give to help pay the expenses which will be large, will have lasting satisfaction in the knowledge that a little girl who has had a horrible experience will have a chance to live a normal, happy life.

Gifts may be sent to Mr. Carl Weeks, the Alberton Campaign Committee, Alberton, P.E.I. Each contribution will be gratefully acknowledged.

I am, Sir, yours truly, REV. JOSEPH W. NOWE, The Rectory, Alberton.

The Poets Corner

UNICORN

Sleepless, I wandered by the flowering thorn, No creature was yet stirring; it was too early for the birds! Not even a night-hawk out the eastern sky where A faint green globe of dying moon paled upon the beach of dawn.

No mouse rustled in his tent of straw, No breath of wind whispered in the fey hazel. Suddenly, incredulous, I saw The proud and graceful image of a unicorn.

Lightly he trod upon the petals that lay, silver-shadowed, beneath the thorn; His delicate hoof scarce ruffling them, he paused, aloof, That fabulous horn a-shimmer in the slow daybreak.

With spirited nostril he sniffed the musky air... Swift, then, some terror of my presence must have scorched For he turned upon me and I saw the fiery opal of his eye.

Yet even as I gazed, he disappeared with that white flash With which lightning seeks the heart of mountain oak. And through a strange, pellucid haze I should answer some of the growing criticism of higher food prices.

—Winifred Adams Burr in "American Weave." (The author of the above poem, and of others which will appear occasionally in this column, resides at Roylton, Mass. She is an aunt of Mrs. Willard MacKay, Charlottetown.)

Old Charlottetown

"MOTHER HUBBARD" DAYS

In the winter (of 1826-27) Mr. McDonald arrived in Prince Edward Island, with the history of which his name will ever be connected; but we must remember it was not the Prince Edward Island of today. Small clearings and primitive buildings along the shores and rivers, backed by a forest that stood almost unbroken in its primeval grandeur. The whole population was only about twenty-three thousand, while Charlottetown itself contained less than one-tenth its present inhabitants.

"SPLINTER" SPOONS

Early spoons were sometimes only a chip or a splinter of wood. Men would walk many miles to the mill with grist on their backs and would travel to 30 miles to Charlottetown and back the same day, often loaded internally and externally with rum which, in the words of the Polly poet (M. Buchanan), "was in every hut and shanty as plentiful as water." Two and-a-half gallons of spirits for every man, woman and child on the Island were imported in 1825.

Lenten Meditations

(From The Times)

ENTHUSIASM NECESSARY

One of the problems which face not only the Christian Churches but also the political leaders and all who are responsible for calling people to effort and enthusiasm is the wide prevalence of a spirit of boredom and fatigue.

It would have been natural to suppose that with the increase in leisure and the wide range of improvements in what may be called the mechanism of living, people would have found new interest in life and new vigour for their work.

Fifty years ago there was perhaps a less rigid line drawn between work and spare time, and not so much of the feeling that one could only begin to enjoy life when the day's work was done. One of the most certain needs of the present time is to restore, if it is possible, the sense that one's daily work can itself give much satisfaction and provide some outlet for the sense of creative skill which is in every man.

The nature of man calls for deeper satisfactions than can ever be achieved by material goods. The task is partly educational, and calls for the opening of the minds of the young to the possibility of discrimination, and the cultivation of good taste. Their eyes must be opened to the beauties of Nature, of art, of poetry, and of music. Many do not know what to do with their spare time, and are blind to great ranges of appreciation which would give them profound inner happiness.

Yet the problem is still deeper. It is related to the conviction that life has a meaning and a purpose, and that man is destined for more than annihilation at death. Those who have caught something of the grandeur of the Christian view of the world, and who know Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, are set free from boredom and are filled with new vitality. They know the truth of the promise of the gift of the Holy Spirit, by whose indwelling young men see visions and old men dream dreams.

What's An Egg Cost?

(Financial Post) The Ontario Government is going to set up machinery to determine costs of farm production. Hon. T. L. Kennedy told a Toronto convention last week. In making the announcement, the provincial minister of agriculture said that such a course would at least let the farmer to produce the domestic foods he buys at his corner store and should answer some of the growing criticism of higher food prices.

It's not going to be easy to find out what it costs a farmer to produce nature lose their charm for him, double up in bed with his socks in his hands to keep the nethe, extremities from freezing. At last he springs out of bed, dresses and walks the floor all night to keep his blood in circulation. We hear of potato skins freezing on the table before dinner is over. Of people waking up at night and finding their beds covered with snow, &c.

Mr. McDonald's favorite couch, during his first years on the Island, was on the kitchen floor, with his feet to the large fireplace. When the fire got low the cold awoke him to replenish it with good hard-wood which was then so abundant. When people became a little better off their ambition was to have a house with a "stranger's room" in it.

From "Rev. Donald McDonald, Glimpses of his Life and Times," by M. Lamont (1902).

W. K. Rogers Agencies

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duce a pound of butter or a quart of milk or a dozen eggs. Much will depend upon the calibre of those who are to make the investigation if their conclusions are to be generally accepted. It is well known that in a mixed farming province like Ontario, less than half the total number of farms produce over 90% of the commercial production. The others produce relatively little for market and give their owners only a bare living. Costs of their production would be enormously out of line with those of the real farms.

Location would be another vital factor. Not only must type of soil and climate be suitable, but on expensive land near the cities only high price intensive cropping could possibly show a profit. Sheep ranching and wheat raising have about as much chance of making a profit on \$500 acre suburban land, as would a retail lumber yard occupying the most valuable business corner in a large city.

In his survey Col. Kennedy's investigators will have to take all these points into consideration. They will find that farm costs for the same product vary from locality to locality, indeed from farm to farm. Their job will be to hit a fair average for the efficient farmers, properly located. Anything above that will only encourage higher costs and less efficiency.

An Illegal Bases (Sydney Post-Record) A Finance Department official at Ottawa is quoted as authority for the statement that the amounts payable by the Dominion to the 7 Provinces which have signed tax-sharing plans will be increased by \$3,500,000 next fiscal year, because Canada's "gross national product" was substantially higher in 1947 than in 1946. It is right and fair that these payments should vary with the national product. The Provincial contribution to that product, and population changes; but it is more important to get a correct base for the agreements in question, before building conditions upon it. The base should in every case be the fiscal need of every Province with which the deal is made, and the minimum amount thus determined should be paid by the Dominion to the Province without any stipulation for restricted Legislative powers, or for absence temporarily or otherwise in the exercise of such powers. All seven agreements so far signed are wrongly based on the principle of bargain and barter, instead of on the solid foundations of the Canadian constitution. Fortunately Quebec and Ontario will never assent to any of the restrictive conditions that

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