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

CHARLOTTETOWN, MONDAY, JAN. 17, 1949

"Sauce For The Gander"

Commenting on the margarine situation, *The Country Guide* remarks pointedly: "There was always an element of protection for dairy farmers in the inception and maintenance of the oleo ban, however thinly disguised. It was a sop thrown to agriculture when Sir John A. and his successors on both sides of the House were assidously applying the doctrine of protection to the whole range of industry. It was agriculture's tiny cut of the juicy pie artifically created at the expense of consumers. Urban Canada now declines to yield any share of that pie. It is aware that it can get a cheaper spread than butter and it wants it, even if it comes from tropical oils mostly from the dollar area.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The farmers of Canada have an equal right to demand a lowering of their costs by a removal of artificial trade barriers. The agencies which worked so hard for the removal of the oleo ban ought in all fairness to proceed with the other half of the program."

Farm Income

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has released an analysis of cash income from the sale of farm products in Canada, in 1926, 1929 and 1933 to 1947 inclusive.

In 1933, total farm income was $397 million. In 1947 it was $1,991 million, an increase of over five times. In 1933 there was a larger income from the sale of dairy products, poultry and eggs than there was from the sale of livestock, but the two combined did not quite equal the value of field crops sold. In 1947 the value of livestock sold exceeded the value of dairy products, poultry and eggs, and the two combined exceeded field crops by $200 million.

In the 17 years studied, dairy products, poultry and eggs have exceeded the sale value of livestock three times. For two years, 1941 and 1942, the value of livestock sold exceeded the value of field crops.

In all areas and all products, the value of farm products marketed has fluctuated widely. The western provinces have moved from a low of $197 million to a high of $1,127 million; Ontario and Quebec have moved from a low of $177 million to a high of $842 million, and the Maritimes have moved from a low of $23 million to a high of $90 million.

Meat For Millions

A few months ago in his "Road to Survival", notes the *Financial Post*, William Vogt sent a chill through the world when he predicted that the human race was heading rapidly toward starvation. But while this gloomy writer was working on his book a little group of British scientists were finishing up an experiment which may completely upset the already shaky foundation for Vogt's calculations.

Last week the scientists announced a new drug which they think may cure or prevent sleeping sickness in cattle. It was this disease, spread by the dreaded tsetse fly, which made cattle-raising impossible in large areas of Africa and other warm regions of the world. A real cure would open literally billions of new acres to ranching in territory where feed and water are both abundant. Large sections of Africa could soon rival the Argentine and a new and greater source of world meat supply could be developed.

It is discoveries like this which keep food production expanding as fast or faster than mankind and which incidentally confound the theories of the pessimists like Vogt today and Malthus 150 years before him.

Immigration On Increase

Dr. H. E. Keenleyside, Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources, informed reporters at Ottawa the other day that immigrants entered Canada during 1948 to an estimated total of 123,000 persons. This included approximately 44,000 displaced persons up to the end of November. Canada has in fact won the distinction of becoming the most expensive haven of refuge with the single exception of Great Britain, for the displaced persons of Europe. The records up to the end of October, 1948, show the following distribution of displaced persons as between the countries which received nearly all of them: Australia 12,000; Belgium 20,000; United States nearly 20,000; Palestine nearly 30,000; France 21,000; Argentina 18,000; Venezuela 10,000; Brazil 50,000; the British Isles 78,000. Between July, 1947, and November, 1948, over 50,000 displaced persons were settled in Canada. And this in spite of extraordinary transportation difficulties and handicaps.

Of the 123,000 immigrants who came to this Dominion last year almost 50,000 were from the United Kingdom. The Netherlands contributed 10,000, while Canadians returning to this country from the United States accounted for another 10,000 of the year's total. In view of the large volume of immigration in 1948 and the expectation of a considerable uncanvassed increase in 1949, Dr. Keenleyside says:

"Under such circumstances the Canadian Government, while providing every facility for the admission of persons from the British Isles, believes that any high-powered immigrant recruiting campaign in the United Kingdom would be in bad taste at this time." Dr. Keenleyside had in mind the announced desire of the British Government to see the exodus from that country checked, and as large a population as possible retained for the rebuilding of the national economy. At the same time it is Canada's immigration policy, in so far as a reasoned policy is deducible from the course the Government has followed since the war, that new settlers are desirable, and that there is need of a large increase in the Canadian population through an expanded immigrant movement, based on the principle of selection. In point of fact it is predicted that without any campaign or studied effort on the part of the authorities at Ottawa, 1949 will witness the greatest influx of new settlers that Canada has ever received in a single year.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Canada has done well by her returned men but the United Kingdom seems to have scored a "beat" by giving to disabled veterans a specially designed car and an allowance on which to run it.

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Yet another English visitor to this country has accused the Canadian people of borrowing culture from the United States. The only people who come readily to mind who did not borrow culture were the Australian blackfellows, and they did not even attain the bow and arrow stage.

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Premier Jones will have some difficulty substituting satisfactory labour laws for the present restrictive measures. The opinion of union spokesmen should receive careful consideration on any proposed legislation, yet it is unlawful for anyone to speak on behalf of any but autonomous local unions.

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Speaking in jest, "King" Clancy nevertheless pointed out a feature of Canadian sport which it would be well to eliminate. "The N. H. L. players," said the referee, "are a bunch of good fellows, but they all give you an argument."

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The University College of the West Indies which is being built near Kingston, Jamaica, will find an urgent need of those islands but at the same time will weaken a link with Canada. It means the end of a trend in which more and more West Indian students have been completing their education in this country.

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In the United States, according to the National Public Housing Conference, 25 per cent of all rented housing space—especially in larger cities—is under-occupied due to discrimination against families with children. A campaign is now under way, sponsored by newspapers, real estate boards, ministers of the gospel and others against landlords who consider their profits more important than the future of the nation. A U. S. Federal Public Housing Authority survey is also being quoted to prove that careless adults, not children, are the worst house-wreckers.

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Britain is to have new coins this year. A Royal proclamation recently ordered that the words "Indiae Imperator", or Emperor India, should be omitted in all the instruments in which the title was used. The changes in the coins will consist, therefore, of the omission of "Ind. Imp." from cupro nickel, nickel, brass and bronze coins and the King's Maundy money. The new coins were designed by Mr. T. H. Paget, the artist who modelled the King's effigy for a number of previous coins. They are expected to be available very shortly.

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Rt. Hon. Lloyd George, British statesman, born this date 1863. Had a hectic career in politics, but was the man of the hour in Great War I when he did more vocally to rouse the people to resist German aggression than all the rest of the politicians put together. He was radical in his views, opposed to the House of Lords, but nevertheless ended his career by accepting a peerage. His widow, (second wife) Lady Lloyd George, formerly his private secretary has recently written his biography, but his sons and daughters have intimated that it is not the official or authorized biography which is being prepared under their direction.

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Manitoba Liberal Progressives are "prepared" for a federal election in 1949, with 13 candidates already lined up in Manitoba's 16 constituencies and the other three to be nominated in the near future. C. B. Philp, past president and chairman of the organization committee of the Manitoba Liberal Progressive Association, made this known to 200 delegates attending the organization's annual meeting. The three seats where nominations still are to be held are Souris, Portage-Neepawa and Selkirk. Mr. G. R. Rowe of Brandon, association president, said resolutions passed at the national Liberal convention in Ottawa would constitute the platform on which the provincial party would fight a general election.

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Quite amusing is the *Financial Post* story from Ottawa that the St. Lawrence Seaway plan is regarded as an important part of economic co-operation with the U. S., comments *The Letter Review*. This, reduced to plain English, means that the desirability of economic co-operation with the U. S. is to be used to convince the Canadian public that it is extremely important that the St. Lawrence project, including the power facilities for N. Y. State and Ontario, should be paid for by the taxpayers of the U. S. and Canada, while those communities would like to build the power plants at their own expense —without interfering in the least with the navigation project, but rather moving that a stage forward. This is Ottawa propaganda at its very peak. From Washington come quite elaborate propaganda accounts of how it is proposed there to "develop" the St. Lawrence Valley along the lines of the TVA experiment. It does not seem to occur to anyone at Washington that all the St. Lawrence Valley which the U. S. controls is between Lake Ontario and Cornwall. It is not certain that the Canadian people are anxious to have the rest of the St. Lawrence Valley turned over to the U. S. for experimental purposes.

The Poet's Corner

THE JACKDAW

There is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather:
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds — that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the rareshow
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—caw!

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

—William Cowper (1731-1800)

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

TIME'S CHANGES

In the very dim past our beauteous Hillsboro River was a brook that babbled over its pebbles in a manner that would suit Tennyson. Like any other stream, as the ages rolled away, it gradually ground the old Triassic sandstone and carried its fragments to the distant sea. In doing so it deepened its bed until its banks, from which the rushes once kissed the waters, now towered perhaps a hundred feet above its surface; but it prattled on, for the land was rising above the ocean, and it could afford to dig deeper. It was joined by the Elliot and York rivers at a point we call the Three Tides, and thence it flowed in a tortuous course through what is now the harbour's mouth, and on to the south until it joined a stream that had its source near Cape Traverse.

Then came a period when the land ceased to rise, and gradually began to sink. Countless ages passed and brought other changes. Tidal water began to mingle with the fresh, and when the tide was high the river's song was mute. It felt no longer the pulse of the hills; it became a slave of the ocean and its sluggish current changed with the tides. Its banks sank level with the sea and where once the sun played on the shallows it was ten fathoms deep. The land sank still lower and with each recurring tide the river broke over its banks. Silt and debris were washed back, and gradually the pebbles, on which the river sang in the days of its freedom, were buried deep in mud. The banks sank still lower until they lost their character as boundaries to the stream, except when at low tide it flowed dark and sullen. Away back where the giants of the forest waved their tops the river had made new banks, and the old ones are what the small boy calls the edges of the channel, —where quahaugh loves to dwell.

—From an article by John T. Clarkin, B.A., in the Prince Edward Island Magazine, January, 1905.

How to Address Boys

(By Harold Nicolson in The Spectator)

I was lecturing the other day to the senior boys of one of our great public schools. I could ask for no more intelligent or appreciative audience; and yet, when I talk to schoolboys, I am aware of a certain inner embarrassment. Is it that I remember all too vividly the days when I also was compelled to sit for an hour in a classroom and to listen to old gentlemen expounding to me the nature of the beautiful and the good? Not that, at my school, we were often regaled by such academic discourses. The talks given to us by visitors from the outside world were mostly of a practical nature. We were told about English bird life and wild flowers, both of them subjects which, at that date, left me cold. Occasionally a clergyman would come down in the afternoon and talk to us about missionary work in Formosa or upon the lower reaches of the Zambesi. I can recall a profoundly stimulating lecture upon the mating habits of eels — habits which appeared to me at the time to be so strenuous and far-flung as to be barely credible. But the only uplift lecture which has remained in my memory was one in which the headmaster of some rival school spoke to us about the privileges which we enjoyed. "Respondete natalibus," he urged us, "live up to your birthright." I remember this appeal, since it aroused within me a conflict between snobbish self-gratification and egalitarian instinct. It was agreeable to be assured that we belonged to the upper classes; yet even in those Edwardian days such satisfaction as this assurance gave was clouded by doubt. I do not remember that I was actually bored by these lectures, but I do remember that I was acutely critical of the old men who gave them. More specifically do I recall the contempt aroused within me by the type of visitor who was anxious to assure us that when he was a lad he had been regarded as unpromising and indolent; I was sickened by the apositopesis of such an argument, by the implied conclusion, "Yet observe what a success I have made of life."

It is, I suppose, my recollection of the observant and coldly critical attitudes adopted by schoolboys to outside lecturers which renders me self-conscious. To me it appears but a short span of time since I also sat upon a bench and watched the gentlemen on the platform. To them the gulf between us must seem as immense as that between San Francisco and Shanghai. One becomes aware that one is seeking by small depreciatory quirks of language, by little touches of intimacy and understanding, to lessen the gulf between the generations; that the boys are all too conscious that this pose of matey juvenility is unconvincing and shameful. One does not, of course, resort to those custard-bowls of eggy adulation which Socrates would pour upon the small black heads of Cleinias and Charmides. But one does seek, I fear, to conciliate so formidable an audience; and in so doing one is not doing well. I comfort myself with the reflection that it must take many years of practice for a man of over sixty to address with complete naturalness some two hundred boys of between fifteen and eighteen. Always there intrudes that sense of difference, that effort to diminish the difference, and that absurd endeavour to lessen the gulf by appearing more young, more vigorous, more sportive than in fact is true. I comfort myself also by considering that most of the boys are perfectly accustomed to such posturing upon the part of their lecturers; that they bear no ill-will; and that within a few minutes they will have forgotten all about the uneasy incident and will be running across muddled playgrounds coping with balls. Yet the uneasiness, the ache of infidelity, remains. It hung upon my conscience as I returned that evening to London. I sat in my compartment, gazing out upon the mists of a November evening, discontented with myself.

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It may be — thus did I console my morbid mood — that one or perhaps two of those boys that afternoon had been interested perhaps, perhaps even stimulated, by my discourse. It has certainly happened to me, and more than once, that an elderly major or colonel has introduced himself to me at some reception and assured me that he remembered my giving a lecture at Charterhouse or Marlborough in 1932. Such encounters are a grave delight; but they are rare. Yet assuredly if, by such lectures, one can instil into a single mind some new conception, some fresh habit of thought, one has accomplished an achievement. The life of a schoolmaster must seem a wearisome iteration of routine conducted against a background of sullen, and at times of active, hostility. Yet there must come moments when he is aware that he has kindled a spark, that in one young mind at least the lamp of curiosity has been lit; and such moments must compensate for all those chill mornings and tired evenings, for all the other frustrated energies, even for those dark instants when the schoolmaster feels he does not wish ever again to see a human being under the age of thirty-five. At a public school, when some of the boys at least are emerging into manhood, such sudden intimations of value must be of frequent occurrence. Yet at a private school, where the boys are little more than mice scuttling, the drudgery of teaching those who do not wish to learn must at times be almost beyond human endurance. One offers them a whole world of varied beauty; all that they absorb are a few pieces of information. One stocks their little heads with chunks of facts; but very rarely to the master at a private school is it vouchsafed to see those heads starting to work on their own power.

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I had been talking that afternoon about "The Approach to Foreign Affairs." I had sought to convince them that they, the educated elite, were in duty bound to acquire a reasoned and dispassionate attitude towards that complicated subject. Under our modern system, I suggested, it was essential for any Government to conduct a foreign policy which had the support of the broad masses. The complexity of the subject was, however, so great that it was difficult to suppose that the proletariat could ever be induced to take an intellectual interest in external affairs; there thus existed the temptation for any Government to secure mass support by resorting to such emotional appeals as fear, suspicion, anger, pride and even greed. There was an increasing danger therefore that foreign policy might become subservient to, and guided by, waves of popular emotion; if these waves were in any sense to be canalised it was essential that the educated elite should acquire such correct habits of thought as would enable them to check unreasoned impulses and to act as sign-posts to a more sensible and balanced point of view. The elite therefore must pay more attention than hitherto to foreign affairs. I hope they understood that point; it was important and true. It gave some answer at least to the inevitable question: "But even if I spend much time and trouble in seeking to understand foreign affairs, what is there that I can do about it?" The answer is: "You can check the silliness of others." I certainly believe that if educated people were more intelligent about foreign affairs there would be less danger of opinions rushing madly to and fro like frightened sheep. Fewer and fewer people in a gush of relief would accept as "peace with honour" an agreement which was most dishonourable and which assuredly did not make for peace.

Supposing that only three or four boys among those two hundred agreed with this contention and absorbed it? Then assuredly it was well worth my while to stand for an hour as a zany upon the platform, exposed to the friendly but derisive criticism of the other one-hundred-and-ninety-six? It was absurd at my age to feel so self-conscious about such episodes. I might even have done some good. I might perhaps have kindled some spark in one young mind, in two young minds, which would further enlightenment. It was morbid to be so spinsterish about the young. Comforted, fortified, consoled, I stalked along the platform in London, feeling that in very truth the world was beautiful and the future holy.

A Boy Scout Visits the King

A short time ago Boy Scout David Western, whose father is a London Transport fitter, went to Buckingham Palace to receive the Albert Medal for Gallantry. When David and his parents had been to the Palace they told listeners to the BBC's "In Town Tonight" programme what it felt like to visit the King in his own house. "It all seems unreal now," said Mr. Western. "When we got to the Palace we were met by two ushers who took David away into another room. My wife and I were shown into the Grand Hall, and it took our breath away, I can tell you. It must be about two hundred yards long and it's covered with a red carpet. The ceiling is inlaid with gold, and there are beautiful oil paintings on the walls and marble columns down the Hall. Two seats had been reserved for us in a line of chairs on either side of the dais, and a band played all the time we waited for the King to appear. If anybody'd told me, when I was in North Africa with the Desert Rats, or when I was a prisoner of war, that one day I'd be sitting in Buckingham Palace—well, I'd have said they were crackers!"

David, who received his medal for a very brave attempt to rescue two friends who had fallen through the ice on a frozen pond, and who was in icy water for twenty-five minutes, said of his visit, "I wasn't nervous—because I'm a Scout and we always have to be prepared. The King was dressed as a Naval Officer and looked just like I'd always seen him on the pictures. I walked towards him past pictures of Admirals and two beefeaters—real ones. When he put the Albert Medal on me and shook hands I felt ever so proud."

The Age-Old Story

The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind, the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down.

- Notes By The Way -

Yes, 'tis a dangerous world. Nobody gets out of it alive. — Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.

Man's inhumanity to man is mild compared to woman's cattiness to woman. — Kitchener-Waterloo Record.

The modern world is apt to think of plastics as new, forgetting what Adam was in the hands of Eve. — Stratford Beacon-Herald.

You will be more likely to do your driving safely if you get the feel of your brakes before you start on a trip on slippery roads. Try stopping cautiously at the beginning to make sure you'll get there and back. — Niagara Falls Review.

All 54 teachers in a Japanese high school have been involved in two fires which damaged the building, and for this the school board fired them. It looks like a triple play which must have left the pupils all-fired happy. — Windsor Star.

Sixteen persons were accidentally killed in the 1948 deer hunting season in New York state, six by their own weapons, 10 by weapons in the hands of others. It is, tragically, sometimes not enough for a man in a brilliant red shirt and red cap to persuade himself that he doesn't look like a deer; he must still be on his guard against those who think that he sounds like a deer. — New York Sun.

During the war 600 members of the French fighting services died and were interred in Great Britain. Most of them were wounded at the time of Dunkirk and died in British hospitals! Recently between 300 and 400 of the bodies which had been exhumed left Dover for Dunkirk to be buried in the cemeteries in France chosen by the families. — London Times.

The old world has not lost its reverence for age. It seems to be the misfortune of a young country to put more emphasis on youth than age. The demands of pioneering life, the demands of modern factory life, and the many demands of the rather fevered and highly artificial life of the present day put perhaps an altogether too great emphasis on youth. Time and again occasion arises where the sad story is all too patent to discrimination against age and replacement by youth. The modern factory system, with its ever newer machinery, tends to discard the aged and employ youth, with much consequent hardship. It is sometimes forgotten that judgment comes with years, and an active mind may, by constant use, be only a much more tempered and highly developed instrument when years have left youthfulness in the distance. — Guelph Mercury.

A visitor to our office the other day talked rather thoughtfully and at some length about what he described as the affinity of small boys with dirt, dampness and noise. In the Summer and Fall he had been struck by the quickness and thoroughness with which a cleanly-clad youngster could become a job for the cleaners and the tub. When the first snow of Winter softened, he learned that small boys and their clothes often needed to be dried out two or three times a day. And on visiting a home in which a small boy had been given several metal toys, he was given a demonstration of the remarkable amount of noise an ingenious and determined child could make. —Kingston Whig-Standard.

Business will remain the whipping boy for all the ills and fancied ills of the U. S. economy. But business is going to be operating in an economy extensively "planned" at Washington, in an atmosphere highly charged with suspicion against it. Current high personal income taxes—perhaps even higher—will continue the attempts at leveling. The implications of this program for all North America are very clear. It tells those who expected or wanted a return to the 1939 or 1929 kind of capitalism that theirs is a hopeless dream—for a while anyway. Economists and moralists can find lots wrong with the new brand of "free enterprise." But the fact that matters is that the politicians do not, because it elects governments, and that is democracy. — Toronto Financial Post.

It is no reflection on psychiatry that some of its leading men occasionally question basic precepts of that science. Take the case of the well-known Montreal psychiatrist who had been looking thoughtfully over his own existence to see how well he was living by approved rules. One failing he discovered was that he was not spending enough time with his children. (Children, of course, gain in security and in mental well-being from close association with their parents. —precept 91738KLX). Seeking to remedy his shortcoming, the psychiatrist made a point, on the first Saturday afternoon, of digging his old skates out of the cupboard, borrowing a hockey stick and taking to the ice with his 11-year-old boy. The reason he tends to query the value of precept 91738KLX is that his son's first back check sent him sprawling, and broke his left ankle. — The Printed Word.

The Ontario Government names 134 King's Counsel. It seems to be a large number of eminent lawyers to have in one province.—Winnipeg Citizen.

In Shanghai the cost-of-living index has risen from 172 to 57,447,000. By now, we imagine, the inhabitants must feel themselves entitled to a cost of living bonus. — Edmonton Journal.

When most of us pass the 40 mark, nature slowly begins to put on the brakes and wise people don't try to force their luck. At that age you probably have a good many healthy, vigorous years ahead, but you'll be wise to act your age. Remember, your body isn't 20 years old, even if you feel that way. — Kitchener-Waterloo Record.

Snow, sometimes referred to as "the beautiful", evidently does not appeal to the Blair (Mo.) Pilot-Tribune which has again reminded its readers that it will not publish any poetry about snow. The paper established this policy in 1870. "The first editor contended that anybody who had to shovel snow and then shovel coal and then chop wood and then thaw out the pump and then catch near-pneumonia would never, under any circumstances, write poems about the beautiful snow." "He also reasoned," the present editor added with a nod of approval, "that people who had time to write about snow could not be very useful members of society." — Kitchener-Waterloo Record.

Looking at a map of Quebec, nothing seems more logical or more advantageous than the development of the Richelieu River in all its length for navigation between Montreal and New York. This waterway united the two cities by completing the tie consisting of the Hudson River and Lake Champlain. The distance between New York and Montreal by this route is half as long as by the St. Lawrence or the Oswego canals, which means a substantial saving in the cost of maritime transportation. When the Richelieu has been developed for deep-water transportation, when the canalization of the St. Lawrence is completed, one will wonder how and why such improvements were so long delayed. The explanation is that such undertakings break with routines and find as many adversaries as partisans because they come up against certain interests and require heavy public expenditure. — La Patrie, Montreal.

A sedate and balding friend of ours spends much of his time worrying about influences to which his adolescent daughter is subjected. He deplores the frivolity of her social life, her tendency to "get by" in classrooms, and her daily exposure to the radical and immature ideas of an incompetent corps of instructors. He contrasts these with his own high school experience back in the 1920's. One evening last week his daughter, preparing for a Latin examination, found her father's high school Cicero textbook in the attic. To her boisterous delight, she noted that the English translation had been written above the Latin words on many pages. Worse yet, on the fly leaf there were numerous cryptic notes in her father's handwriting. They included: "Hayride Fri. —Helen." and "Grace's Locker, 389." The climax of this exposure of our friend's misspent youth was found on a yellowed slip of notepaper used as a bookmark. There, in his unmistakable script, were the damning words: "Debate, Jan. 15 —Resolved, that a permanent policy of price control should be established by the Federal Government. I take affirmative." This past week our friend has been heard to say that he has confidence that the rising generation will come to its senses, after all, the boys and girls come of good, sound stock. — Chicago Tribune.

Some Scottish patriots are trying to arouse national feeling so that the Second Dragoons, better known as the Royal Scots Greys, can be reconverted to a cavalry regiment and returned to their old permanent depot in Edinburgh. Today the Scots Greys are a mechanized unit, part of the Royal Armored Corps, and their training depot is at Catterick, Yorkshire. The transformation is complete. The people of Scotland, not seeing the Greys in the streets of Edinburgh, are not aware that the regiment has ceased to exist as cavalry. Last August a young man joined up at the Edinburgh recruiting office, and was greatly surprised when he was railroaded off to Catterick to learn the business of handling a tank, instead of staying in Edinburgh and mounting one of the famous gray steeds. There is a strong belief in Scotland, which will be felt by Scots all over the world, that at least a token squadron of the Royal Scots Greys should be permanently stationed in the Scottish capital, to be used on ceremonial occasions. The feeling is that they are to Edinburgh what the Life Guards are to London. The mechanization of cavalry regiments began during the First World War and was completed before the Second. One of the grandest sights in Edinburgh before that time was the long lines of hundreds of troopers, wearing busbies, riding down Princess street, four abreast, every horse a gray. When the Greys went overseas in 1914 the horses were dyed brown so that the Germans would not recognize them. The Royal Scots Greys were not only Scotland's only cavalry regiment, but one of the most famous in the British Army. They were raised in 1678, and charged into battle under William of Orange, the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington. At the battle of Waterloo they rode into the fight with a Gordon Highlander hanging on to every stirrup. — Stratford Beacon-Herald.