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

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1938

Seed Potato Opportunity

In view of the trade negotiations now pending with the United States, special significance attaches to the article quoted elsewhere in today's Guardian, from the New York "Packer" of recent date. The writer proves convincingly, from the results of inter-state tests made to determine the best quality of Cobbler seed potatoes on the continent, that Prince Edward Island holds the palm; that no present appreciable quantity of seed equal to Prince Edward Island long-time virus free stock is being produced in the United States, and that the interests of U. S. growers would be served by allowing as much as a thousand carloads of the best Island seed to be imported annually, free of duty.

At present, there is a quota arrangement permitting the importation of 750,000 bushels of Canadian seed annually at reduced rates. Only a part of this quota is supplied by Prince Edward Island, as our potatoes are late in maturing and other seed producing provinces have the advantage of earlier shipments. It is reported that U. S. growers are opposed to having this quota extended under the new agreements, but in the article quoted it is pointed out that an exception should be made in the case of Prince Edward Island, the "champion producer" of Cobbler seed on the whole North American continent. Permits for duty-free importation, it is suggested, could be issued, carrying the official five-year record of the Island seed, and also an affidavit from the United States user that such importation would be planted for the growing of seed. A thousand carloads would represent only one-twentieth of the United States Cobbler seed requirements.

Here is an opportunity which should be pressed vigorously and promptly by our parliamentary representatives. Hon. Mr. Dunning, in particular, should be immediately advised of the feeling existing in informed quarters in the United States as to the advantage of duty-free importation of Island seed. It should not be difficult to convince the U. S. authorities to take such action in the interests of their own producers, at the same time providing an assured market for the admittedly superior product which this Province has to offer.

Poor Advertising

The following curious news item appears under a recent Regina date line:

> Dried codfish, sent out from the Maritimes last fall by the federal government for drouth area residents to eat, are going to be election campaign material.
>
> Many farmers of the southwest country saved the dry fish . . .
>
> Now, with the election coming on, these anti-Liberal farmers are dusting off the codfish and painting on them words something like: "Don't be hooked by Liberal eye-wash again."
>
> The fish, with these warnings, are being nailed up in various places.

This can scarcely be called good advertising for the Maritime fisheries. We note that the matter was brought up in the House of Commons last week by Mr. Coldwell, who said that some of the fish sent out to western Canada was not cod, but pollock, a cheaper grade fish. This statement was confirmed by Hon. Mr. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Coldwell thereupon pointed out that "so far as advertising the fish of the Maritime is concerned, I am afraid it was not very well advertised by the pollock."

Mr. Gardiner: "I think the fact that only two complaints came in is a good indication that whatever was sent was pretty well advertised."

Mr. Coldwell: "Probably they did not write in, but I was in the West recently, and I heard some interesting stories and more interesting remarks about the salt fish."

A valued correspondent in the West, who sends us the news clipping above quoted, offers another explanation for the unpopularity of the "relief fish". Westerners, he says, do not know how to cook dried fish. An Islander who does know took some of it home, parboiled it and found it excellent. So it would seem that the Government fell down in not giving instructions as to the cooking process when distributing the product.

Improperly Handled

Noting that in some respects the attitude of the New Brunswick Government before the Rowell Commission was similar to that taken by Ontario and Quebec, The Moncton Times says:

"The three Provinces are opposed to any change in the British North America Act. In view of this very decided attitude taken by three of the old provinces which first entered Confederation, it is difficult to reach the conclusion that the Rowell Commission will result in any material modification of the pact of Confederation.

"It now appears quite clearly that the whole question of interrelationship between the Provinces and the Dominion was not properly approached. Mr. Bennett took the right attitude. He contended that the personnel of the Commission should be politically non-partisan, or rather, that it should be composed of men drawn from the various political parties of Canada. Mr. King and the Liberal government took the view that it was quite proper that representation on the Commission should be confined to the Liberal party and that was a capital error which at once jeopardized the success of the very object for which the Commission was formed.

"The Canadian Confederation was founded by men of both political parties, Liberals and Conservatives, who met together to consider and solve the problems which at that time confronted then nation. It was natural to expect that a similar course would be followed in any step or action taken to modify any essential clauses of the Federal pact. Unfortunately that course was not adopted and the great Liberal-Conservative party which had so much to do with the establishment of Confederation was entirely and arbitrarily excluded from the Rowell Commission.

"Another grave error in the formation and selection of the Commission was the failure of the Ottawa government to consult with the various provinces. That body was instituted for the purpose of investigating matters which were of common concern to Federal and Provincial governments; not Federal affairs exclusively. Quite evidently the advice of the Provinces should have been sought; the provincial governments, including our own provincial administration, were ignored. These are some of the reasons why it is doubtful of the work of the Royal Commission will be productive of any practical results."

Canada's War Pensions

Canada is paying war pensions to 79,789 ex-servicemen, Hon. C. G. Power, Minister of Pensions, told the House of Commons recently. Of that number 69,917 saw service in France, 6,660 served only in England and 2,750 in Canada. A total of 462 served in other theatres of war.

Ex-servicemen to the number of 18,321 took out policies under the Returned Soldiers' Insurance Act, according to another return. Of these, 4,495 were "cancelled by death" and 12,587 totally surrendered for cash. Partial cash surrenders number 1,212.

Editorial Notes

"Habeas Corpus",—the act which protects the liberty of the English-speaking peoples—passed this date, 1679.

* * * *

Under the Home Improvement Loans scheme, the loans to this Province to May 20 were 466 for a total of $123,820.

* * * *

Mr. A. J. Brooks, M.P., (Royal, N.B.) says the Fisheries Department should convince lobster fishermen that by disregard of the laws and regulations they "were killing the goose that lays the golden egg and destroying the fish resources."

* * * *

Prime Minister King justifies supplying Japan with Canadian produce on the ground that if Canada did not do so, some other country would. Ethics of the kind—"cheat your neighbour lest he cheat you."

* * * *

The world-wide confusion apparent to the youth of today has risen through a disintegration of spiritual values, a disappearance of ethics, and above all "an absence in mankind in its field of action of that thing we call character," Principal Lewis W. Douglas of McGill University told members of the 1938 graduating class.

* * * *

The honourable the Minister of Agriculture is a past master in the art of electioneering. His letter to a disgruntled supporter published in the Forum the other day is a masterpiece in the method of turning the other cheek. Only a good local preacher like Mr. Dennis should be ashamed to admit that he resorted to gambling in order to decide whether he should appoint his own nomine or that of the poll committee to a job in dispute.

* * * *

The Maritimes have again been left out of an itinerary for an Old Country delegation, this time the West of Scotland Agricultural Discussion Society. The society celebrated its 50th anniversary by visiting Canada but its conception of the Dominion is confined to the pre-Confederation on Canada, viz., Ontario and Quebec. Included in the group are cattle, sheep and horse breeders, dairy farmers and wheat growers. Accompanying the party are William J. Reid and James Snodgrass of Milligs, Prestwick, the original founders of the society.

* * * *

Hon. Earl Rowe, provincial party leader, suggested before the Eastern Ontario Liberal-Conservative Association that the Federal Liberal Government abolish its tax on radio sets and place a two-cent tax on imports of vegetable oil. "I would suggest to the Government that they throw out the $2.50 radio tax, by which they raise $1,000,000, and place a tax of two cents per pound on the 200,000,000 pounds of vegetable oil being brought into this country duty free," Mr. Rowe said. He estimated the resultant income at $4,000,000 annually.

* * * *

Does money really imply happiness? Mrs. Martha Lee Williamson, 34, heiress, disappeared from a New York Hospital the other night. Her father, the late W. States Lee, close associate of the late James B. Duke, who founded the vast Duke power interests, died three years ago, leaving an estate of several millions. Mrs. Williamson had been undergoing treatment for alcoholism for five days. Wearing only a nightgown, blue satin dressing gown and pink boudoir slippers, she vanished during the momentary absence of her nurse, leaving in her bed a dummy made of quilts and a pillow. She wore three diamond rings valued at more than $5,000.

* * * *

The value of Canada's domestic exports in April dropped to $51,248,752 from the corresponding total for last year of $65,516,661. Purchases of Canadian products by Foreign countries recorded a decline of 32.2 per cent, or to $26,317,064 from $38,805,895, and to Empire countries the decline was 6.7 per cent to $24,931,688 from $26,710,766. Export trade with the United States was 43.5 per cent lower at $18,367,995 from $32,510,815; the total to the United Kingdom was down 4 per cent to $18,761,846 from $19,540,276.

NOTES BY THE WAY

That chap who said the worst problem always can be solved by getting people to sit around a table never saw two married couples struggling with five-suit bridge.—Toronto Telegram.

There are only two kinds of marriage. Those in which the contracting parties are happy and those in which the husband is not making as much money as the wife thought he was.—Stratford Meacon-Herald.

The famed Black Hills of South Dakota aren't black and they aren't hills. They're the highest of all mountains between the Atlantic and the Rockies; and they're green from forest pine, blue from spruce, and gray from granite formations.—Christian Science Monitor.

A factory in California burned down the other day while two women monopolized a telephone line that should have been used for calling the fire department. That makes one factory and a large assortment of ears that were burning at the time.—Ottawa Citizen.

Large numbers of elephants have crossed the Union-Portuguese border east of Messina into the Transvaal. Mr. Jack Pienaar, a well known elephant hunter, has just returned from that area and reported the presence of several large herds of elephants. He states that the elephants have not only destroyed native lands, but have also been invading native villages tramping down everything in their way.

As Haile Selassie folds his tents like the Ethiopians and silently steals away from Geneva, Senator William E. Borah of Idaho indignantly charges that Great Britain and France, as League of Nations members, are guilty of a "shameless betrayal of a small nation." Maybe so. But Bill Borah should be the last man on earth to say so. For who but he led the little bunch of irreconcilables who kept the United States from joining the League?—Harrison in Windsor Star.

"I would not invest a dollar in any United States industry," said an observant visitor to this city yesterday, "because unionism allied with politics is destroying that country and has caused the trouble they are having today." The comment may be right or wrong, but it does reflect the lack of confidence which is the bane of business expension.—St. Catharines Standard.

An excellent method of beautifying our cities and villages is by the planting of trees. Tree-planting is both pleasant and profitable and since it is never too late to start there is value in planting a few of them in one's field. A sage has stated that he has not lived uselessly who has planted a tree. It follows that the man who has planted many of them is really a benefactor of humanity. Let us go about on a sort of tree-planting campaign—but let us make sure that we are careful of the trees which already are adding beauty to our towns and cities.—Sherbrooke La Tribune.

Lord Baldwin has been heard of in his retirement—and by way of a pipe. The train in which he was traveling to Windsor was at Slough station. He leant out of the carriage window smoking one of his cherrywoods. An elderly man, member of a gang of platelayers working on the rails, saw him and said: "I see you have a new pipe, sir". Lord Baldwin replied, "Yes, I have. Would you like my old one?" The man said: "That I would, sir." Then the train drew out of the station and the platelayer dismissed the episode from his mind. But a package has since arrived at Slough station addressed to the stationmaster. In it were a pipe and a note. The note asked the stationmaster to hand the pipe to the platelayer.—London Times.

To a degree bird lovers can often thwart the cat in its attempts to kill the song birds nesting within their grounds. Bird-houses on poles or nests in trees can be made inaccessible to cats by sheathing the pole or trunk five feet above the ground with metal for 18 inches, thus giving no foot-hold. Barriers of wire netting can sometimes restrain cats from reaching on verandahs or in bushes. Care can be exercised in placing bird baths well away from shrubbery-cover which provides ambush for a cat to spring from, while birds are bathing or drinking. But the best solution is the co-operation of the cat-owners of the city. They should realize that their pets have no moral right to destroy birds around their neighbors' homes even if the law—for the present—places no restraint on feline primitive instincts to kill. —Calgary Herald.

German authorities have ordered the removal of iron fences surrounding buildings and other public property. The police have also been instructed to use their moral influence to persuade private owners to do the same. Private citizens in Germany today are extremely susceptible to the moral influence of the police, and we may take it that the anti-fence educational campaign will produce results. We may also assume that the iron fences around Nazi concentration camps will remain untouched. The object is to conserve iron for defence purposes. This common metal is already prohibited for hundreds of ordinary articles of daily use. Why the German authorities should feel it necessary to give an esthetic reason is hard to see. They say "Away with the ugly iron fence!" when they mean, "Hail the useful iron fence!" Even if it suggests an iron shortage in Germany isn't the Third Reich proud of shortages undertaken in a sacred cause,—New York Times.

Catchwords, theoretical beliefs, traditions, customs, lazy habits of thought—these will have to take a diminishing place in a world of scientific progress. Hear-say will not take the place of evidence; gliboness will become less important as knowledge and skill increase. A great many of our initial difficulties would disappear if we would try to co-operate with our business and scientific leaders, not hamstring them; equip ourselves to be more useful in the new world of today, not spend all our time trying to invent theoretical panaceas for the cure of problems that are essentially real and practical; realize that intellectual discipline and the experience of exports are a better foundation for national well-being than loose repetition of fear-begotten half-truths taught from the musty pages of antiquated books and on the pine benches of primitive schools.—Le Jour, Montreal.

The great American game of baseball heretofore has been open only to players able to see the ball. A batter's "eye" was part of the vernacular of the diamond. All this is now changed, notes the Detroit Free Press, stating that at the Industrial Home for Adult Blind in Oakland, Calif., a baseball game has been devised for the sightless. The ball used contains a bell. The pitcher rolls it on the ground toward home-plate, where the batter, using a hockey stick, swings at it. A buzzer operated from behind the plate, tells the fielders near which base it has been hit. Aided by bell and buzzer the fielders, who kneel behind the baselines, scoop up the ball and roll it toward the base which the runner is approaching. The handicapped players in Oakland are said to get much entertainment out of it and to have acquired proficiency in hitting, fielding and base running.—

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

STRONG EMOTION DURING EXERCISE PUTS AN EXTRA STRAIN ON THE HEART

Some years ago I wrote an article for one of the weekly magazines entitled 'What's Wrong With Golf'. I was making the point that only two types of people should play golf, (a) the one who had learned to play golf in a 'natural" manner just as he had learned to swim or ride a bicycle, and (b) the one who did not care what his score was.

The individual who eats a hasty meal, hurries to the golf course, keeps his mind tensed trying to remember all the points —left foot in lir with the ball, easy stance, draw club back from the line with what would be the down swing, keeping head down, left eye on ball and still more and more of these instructions —is putting a great strain on his heart and bloodvessels, entirely aside from the physical exertion of walking, climbing hills, and hitting or trying to hit the ball. Fatigue comes on early in these cases because the brain enters into the exercise; once a sport or exercise has been leaned the brain is not needed and fatigue does not come on so soon. no one has to remember how to ride a horse, a bicycle, or how to swim; it is done entirely without thinking.

Further, during a game of gold it is not altogether unusual to see a player shake his club, throw it away, or even break it, as he becomes annoyed with his poor playing. This is also a terrible strain on heart and bloodvessels. Dr. Louis B. Laplace, Philadelphia, in the Pennsylvania Medical Journal some months ago, made this statement, "Activity accompanied by emotion is a greater strain on the heart than the same effort without emotion. Emotion is believed to bring on heart failure by stimulating the adrenal glands and making them pour more of their juice —adrenalin —into the blood." This juice, by constricting or partially closing the bloodvessels puts more work on the heart.

The thoughts then is that if a heart is damaged, rest is the best treatment; if there is some failure, very little if any, exercise should be taken. And even when the heart is normal it should be remembered that with the brain being used in the exercise, besides the work put on the heart by the exercise, there should not be further strain put on it by emotional upsetment during play or exercise.

Basis Of Federal Payments

(St. John Telegraph Journal)

The contention of the New Brunswick government that federal financial assistance to the provinces should be based on actual fiscal need, rather than on a per capita or some similar basis, apparently has been interpreted by members of the Rowell Commission as a suggestion that the richer provinces should be called in to aid the poorer ones, or as Commissioner Dafoe suggested, a transfer of wealth from the richer citizens to the poorer citizens of the Dominion.

This viewpoint seems hardly correct. It overlooks the federal feature of our constitution, and suggests a disposition on the part of the provinces to regard each other as fair game without consderation of the fact that each is the part of the whole Dominion, and that each gives as well as receives.

The federal power is neither rich nor poor—it is fiscally a collecting and distributing agency, collecting from people in all the provinces, rich and poor and distributing also in all provinces. Moreover, ha not the "rich" provinces drawn prosperity from the "poor?" Do not New Brunswicker, for example, help to pay the taxes—federal, provincial and municipal—of manufacturing concerns in Ontario and Quebec in the price of every product from those factories sold in this province Does not the federal customs tariff produce benefits for the highly industrialized provinces, and these factories and working people at the expense of those provinces not so highly industrialized?

Or look at it in another way: New Brunswick and other provinces have denied themselves the luxury of certain educational and social services which some provinces have gone deeply into debt to obtain and then demanded federal assistance, perhaps on other grounds, but nonetheless occasioned by expenditures they might have avoided. So fa as the federal authority is concerned, would it not be better to have the fiscal needs of each province assessed in advance, and have the amount of the federal grants-in-aid determined on that basis rather than to witness the constant appeal of some provinces to the Dominion government to help them out of their financial difficulties after they have exceeded the limits of their revenue resources?

The whole question of federal grants is one of broad principles, and any suggestion that it involves a matter of pulling and hauling between the provinces with the so-called "rich" provinces on the one side and the "poor" provinces on the other, is hardly to accord with the spirit that led up to confederation seventy years ago.

The Rebirth Of Ypres

(The Legionary)

A tragic destiny has pursued Ypres, the one time capital of Western Flanders, the Niobe of Belgian cities! Except for intermissions devoted for peace and progress, to serve as a battleground for nations has been its sacrificial role. Often has "Wipers," as the British soldiers pronounced it, tasted the sweet wine of glory and then the bitter wormwood of desolation and despair.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Vauban — military engineer and Marshall of France, who constructed its famous ramparts—wrote of it, "Ypres was formerly great, busy and populous, but h as been greatly reduced by the cruel wars which it has endured." That sentence, dated 1689, is as poignantly true today as when first penned. Any C.E.F. veteran passing through the ghostly ruins of Ypres in 1918-19 might have stated the same facts in the same words with equal accuracy.

And yet, after each war, stirred by invincible hope and youthful determination, this city, although ravished by fire and sword, has invariably risen from its ashes and its shell holes, staged a miraculous comeback, and restored itself to some semblance of its glorious past. The Ypres of 1938 is undeniable evidence of this historic truth. After each calvary, Ypres has had its Easter morning. Doubtless the most marvelous resurrection of all was that which began in 1918.

After much effort and sacrifice restoration is practically achieved, and this year with understandable pride, Ypres is celebrating. At the same time it is observing the twentieth anniversary of the last battle of Ypres (there were no fewer than four in the course of the Great War) and two decades of liberation from the yoke of the allen invader.

The celebrations, evoking medieval pageantry and color, will be as gay, as striking, as picturesque as Flemish ingenuity can make them. But they will be conditioned by the query, fraught with anxiety, "Was the iberation of 1918 final?"

However, foreboding will not be heard from Ypres on Saturday, May 21, which has been proclaimed as a day of rejoicing, thanksgiving and merriment. "Lift up your hearts will be the watch word of this Flemish city, as, in carnival attire and festive spirit, it welcomes the youthful and popular monarch, Leopold II, and the Earl of Athlone, the unce of King George VI of England.

On this occasion, to the accompaniment of Gregorian harmonies and majestic ceremonial, St. Martin's Cathedral will attain completion in a new and beautiful incarnation. It is not only a faithful copy of the early Gothic structure, begun in 1221, but to it has been added the magnificent 330-foot tower which the original edifice never had. Further, a stained glass rose window, designed by Miss Wilhelmina M. Geddes of London and the gift of British ex-Service men, will be dedicated in memory of Albert I, King of the Belgians. Three other windows, picturing, St. Maurice, St. Martin and St. Michael, will be unveiled. They are presented to the cathedral by three families of the Ypres nobility and were executed by Hugh Easton an English artist.

When King Leopold comes to Ypres to honor his father and to accept the rose window he will be greeted by a reborn city which contrives to enjoy the fragrance of the medievalism and the conveniences of modernity. Punctuated with quaint vestiges of the past, present-day Ypres is a gracious city of broad, clean streets, from which most of the scars of war have been removed. As if by magic, its noble Cloth Hall, famed in history and legend, has been restored and performs its century old task even in 1938. Its belfry, 230 feet high, its museum, its mansions of Flemish architecture, its monumental city gates, have all been rebuilt, thanks in great part to British generosity.

Like Rheims, Ypres has experienced the joys of renaissance; although proud of its past, it lives and moves in the present. Only the Vauban designed ramparts, dilapidated, crumbling and falling apart, remain as a symbol an echo from bygone centuries; but a few weeks ago the Ypres Municipal Council voted to repair and restore them, also to conserve them for future generations.

Old Ypres was decidedly Flemish: so is the new, but since 1919 there has been an admixture of British characterstics. English is spoken daily in its streets, for Ypres has acquired a permanent British population, the families of gardeners, caretakers and others employed in nearby military cemeteries, while British visitors, tourists and battlefield pilgrims are among the every day arrivals. There is even a British School, a memorial to the 342 Etonians who perished during the War; also the Anglican Memorial Church of St. George, a simple, yellow-brick edifice designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield. Within it is a bust of Sir John French, later Field Marshall and Earl of Ypres, by Jo Davidson, the American sculptor.

In a still profounder sense Ypres is British and has become sacred ground to the Empire. Every night, at the Menin Gate, "Last Post" is sounded by buglers. In the Hall of Memory the names of 58,600 British soldiers who sleep in unknown graves have been inscribed. Within a two mile radius of Ypres there are no fewer than forty-two British military cemeteries, including the one at Tyne Cot, where 11,871 soldiers of the empire are buried.

Marble and granite memorials stud this blood-drenched region, at Hell Fire Corner, at Vancouver Farm at Sanctuary Wood, at Maple Avenue, near Kemmel, and Waereghem, all paying tribute to heroism. Another cherished spot is Poperinghe, a suburb of Ypres, where Colonel John McCrae wrote his famous poem, "In Flanders Fields."

In consequence, when the survivors of the "Old Contemptibles" come to Ypres on May 21 on their pilgrimage of remembrance, and to pay tribute to a gallant wartime comrade, King Albert, they will—in a sense—be returning "home," to the only home, perilous and uncomfortable, which they knew during weary months of warfare. With the will be members of the 1st Legion, the Ypres League, the Dominion Forces, the Women's Services, the Royal Air Force, the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, of which the Belgian monarch was Colonel in Chief, and the League of Remembrance.

The Poets' Corner

A SONG OF THE ADMIRALS

The streets of Tavistock are lost
Beyond a mist of years,
And Plymouth is a dream long-tossed
Upon a sea of tears.

The lights of Dover were but stars
that vanished with the night,
The Channel spray was but the
wake of phantom ships in flight.
And laughter died for evermore below the Isle of Wight.

* * * * *

There's gorse upon the Devon hills,
and down a Devon lane
Where bold Sir Francis walked of old, beneath young April's spell,
But westward go the stately ships, the golden ships of Spain,
And Devon lies a world away across the drifting swell.

So it's westward, westward, where the trade winds lift in warning,
Across the gale-swept tidal slopes where silver curlews wheel,
Across the panther-silent night, and through the portalled morning,
To bind the world for evermore beneath an English keel!

—F. Robina Monkman, in "Canadian Poetry, Magazine.

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Trail Hike, August 5-8;
Banff Golf Week, August 22-27

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