

THE GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded in 1887). Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

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

CHARLOTTETOWN TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1948

"Jotting It Down"

One of the most delightful volumes published having its locale on the Island thence to the larger sphere of U. S. A. and Europe, is the late Bishop Kelley's "A Bishop Jots It Down."

The Bishop in 1898 volunteered and was accepted as a chaplain in the American-Spanish War. Herewith:

"The war with Spain was, of course, a very tame military affair. For five months I lived under canvas, most of the time in a tent pitched under a burning sun, and a refuge for mosquitoes and flies. Now and then there were snakes too, as well as one lone alligator which was taken prisoner. I had to learn everything, even to ride a horse. How I learned that may show how I learned everything else needed in process of turning a peace-loving cleric into a soldier for a day."

"My colonel was one of those to whom the title 'soldier by nature' rightfully should be applied. His qualifications began with his appearance. He looked like Napoleon III. From youth he had been attracted by military life, had served as private and officer in the National Guard, had studied soldiering—and his name was McGurkin. He promised to teach me to ride a horse, but kept the promise in his own way. It took five minutes or less of his time to do the job effectively and for me most distressingly."

"One day the regimental staff was ordered to mount and enter a nearby palmetto grove to pose for a photograph. I borrowed the colonel's second horse, 'Monte Cristo'. I was not nervous, since the grove was just across the parade ground and the horses would have no chance to break into a run. If they did I was lost. The photograph was taken and we returned as far as the level parade. I was about to dismount when a thought of mischief entered the colonel's head. He gave orders to the staff to line up for drill. That worried me, but things went off fairly well, with only 'Column Right'—'Column Left'—'Fours Right'—'Fours Left'—'Twos Right'—'Twos Left'—to obey. Then came the fatal moment. The colonel snapped out the order 'Charge'. 'Monte Cristo' knew his master's habits and loved a race. Appalled, I saw the horse thrust out his head, and set back his ears. I felt all the muscles of his body gathering their forces together beneath me. In a second he was off, headed for the other end of that quarter-mile stretch of smooth parade. I lost the reins. I lost the stirrups. Desperately I hunched down holding on to the racer's mane. I prayed that my inevitable fall might be on a soft spot. The whole regiment was on the side lines. I heard shouts of laughter as I just missed an army wagon crossing the field. My face was redder from shame than the heat. We neared the end of the parade ground. 'Monte Cristo's' nose reached out till it was on line with the flanks of the colonel's new horse. The colonel flung around and saw me 'Hello, Father,' he said. 'What brought you here?'

"I looked a reproach. 'Hang it,' the colonel added, 'I intended keeping you and Dr. Weed out of it. I guess I forgot.' 'I walked 'Monte Cristo' back towards my tent. My 'striker' Jim Hinchey, a policeman in civil life, was waiting. He took the horse away and I heard him chucking as he went along to the corral. What I did was to go back into the tent to hide my shame. In a few minutes Jim came back and sat down. 'Ye did foine, Father,' he remarked.

"Don't rub it in, Jim," I pleaded. "Jim looked surprised. 'What's the matter wid ye, Father?' 'Matter, Matter!' I said bitterly. 'I don't know how to ride. I lost the reins and the stirrups. I grabbed the mane. What else?'

"Just a minute, Father," put in Jim, 'when ye passed me like a flash of black lightning—if there's such a thing, and there is for its name is 'Monte Cristo'—ye had her head down like a jockey and I swear to heaven, ye had the spurs drive into him half an inch. Father, the boys are proud of ye. The colonel had three horse lengths on ye at the start and 'Monte Cristo' had passed that new horse of his in another second. Ye are a grand chaplain from this day on. Ye won the race."

"It was only then that I learned what everybody else seemed long to have known: that 'Monte Cristo' had been a racer. But I still had an argument to offer. 'Why were the boys laughing at me, Jim?'

"Laffin' at ye? Sure it was not ye they were laffin' at. Major Knowles fell into that army wagon ye missed and they had to pull him outav the shraw."

"That settled it. I went down the line to the tent of Major Knowles, our chief surgeon, who was applying arnica to his many scrapes. He was a very fleshy man who should not have been expected to furnish a merry lot of soldiers with an imitation of John Gilpin. When he saw

me smiling before his tent, he said something that sounded like a violation of army regulations. It was a whole day before he got over his propensity for using such language. 'The colonel had taught me in record time and in a painful way how to ride a horse. I got most things in life like that.'

A Real Blizzard

We talk about occasional blizzards in this Province but, according to an Alberta exchange, ours are not the real McCoy. It takes a couple of days for a blizzard to get under way. It is preceded by clear and extremely cold weather ranging from 25 to 40 below zero, sometimes more. Then the skies become hazy and the wind commences to rise and sometimes, within an hour or so, reaches such a velocity that the snow frozen over the prairie is picked up in much the same way as dust storms commence in Southern Alberta, in the Spring and Summer.

And in a real blizzard, one cannot see any farther than in a dust storm, if as far. Remember, too, that it remains intensely cold. No animal or man can possibly face a blizzard for any length of time and come through it alive. Visibility is nil and for that reason many people have perished in blizzards practically on their own doorsteps.

A blizzard blows itself out in the course of a couple of days, but it is a fearsome experience while it lasts. We are lucky that we don't know much about it.

EDITORIAL NOTES

"There should be a law" against leaving children alone in a house, either day or night.

Tomorrow civic nomination day when there may, or may not, be some dark horses in the field.

The groundhog, if we have one here, must have seen its shadow yesterday all right, with the dire consequences it must have gone back underground for another six weeks.

Annual reports of the city indicate careful management both as to finances and property. It may be, however, that some more well directed spending might have benefited citizens.

To have a politician of the caliber of Mr. Mackenzie King as Governor-General would cause a profound change in our constitutional development. Even if he could be content with the formal exercise of power, there would always be the suspicion that he had a finger in the political pie.

It was once conventional to consider one formal motion in the Commons before moving the address in reply to the speech from the throne. In the present parliament the speech on the draft address may never be finished, for it seems that almost everything else is given priority.

Sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman B. Laird, Alberton, in the unexpected bereavement they have sustained in the tragic death of their daughter Margaret in Sackville. She was acting the part of the good Samaritan at the time, in the capacity of chaperon of youthful islanders on a sleigh ride.

Orville Wright, co-inventor with his brother of the airplane, has taken his last flight. His first was taken on December 17 at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, when he made a successful flight lasting 30 seconds and covering a distance of 859 feet. This marked the first instance in which a person had been carried from the ground in actual flight by mechanical means and without artificial aids. We have travelled far since then, and the end is not yet.

We heard a good deal about the desirability of selecting the right kind of wives for farmers. Here is the stuff of which farmer brides were made. Great-great-grandmother Mrs. Elizabeth Bull, 88, of Beaufort, Wales, has been awarded a certificate of merit by the British Ministry of Agriculture for helping to grow more food for Britain. Mrs. Bull does all the work on her allotment except digging. Most of this is done by her 35-year-old grandson.

Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, died this date 1924. He led the United States into World War I at the eleventh hour, and this played a major part in the defeat of the Hun. He took an active part in the Peace Conference in Paris, and was mainly instrumental in founding the League of Nations, but Congress refused to endorse it, with the result the League became largely an expensive bureau of bureaucrats, which ultimately came to crash on the question of enforcing "sanctions" against Mussolini's unwarranted war on Haile Selassie. The refusal of Congress to follow his lead in international affairs, broke Mr. Wilson's heart, and he never recovered from the shock.

Mr. J. A. Webster, chairman of the Water Commission, has had a long, arduous and successful career in that capacity. He was invited on more than one occasion to run for the mayoralty, but steadfastly declined, preferring to bear the ills he had as a Commissioner than fly to others he knew not of in the Council. Notwithstanding the Water Commission is a three-member body, the work lies primarily on the shoulders of the chairman, who must not only be a water technician but a competent financier as well. He knows no hours, being at the beck and call of the public and employees at all times, day and night, and must possess the temper of an angel to withstand the slings and arrows of outrageous critics and fault-finders. Mr. Webster sought no bouquets, never-the-less the fact that he has received them from those who know and appreciate the time, labour and ability he has bestowed on the job has been sufficient reward in his view for the invaluable services he has rendered.

Notes By The Way

The human urge for recognition still surges in all of us. A practical joker recently telegraphed 112 friends. "Just heard of the great news. Congratulations. Write me in detail." Within a week he received eight long letters from his friends, all with glowing accounts of their latest accomplishments.—Your Life Magazine.

It is surprising that science, with all its ingenuity, has not stepped in to devise some sort of protection against the crippling menace of the endless handshake. A robot hand, for instance, that would function while the personage stood nearby. Or a jiu-jitsu trick that would leave the skilled handshaker unscathed with his well-wisher bearing the impact of his own too-eager strength.—Ottawa Citizen.

To the great credit of the South, lynchings declined from six in 1946 to one in 1947, according to the annual report on this foul business by the Tuskegee Institute, says The Washington Post. Since there was only one lynching in 1946 and two the year before, we are encouraged to hope that the disgusting record of 1946 was a temporary throw-back due largely to postwar hysteria. If the happier trend of 1947 is projected into the current year the United States will have no lynchings at all.

After James Welsh, a farmer near London, had lost three members of his family within a year, and had a ten-year-old daughter taken to hospital for an operation, his barn was burned down. At this point, his neighbors decided to do something about it. They could not restore the dead to life, but they could build a new barn. They did, the finest in the district. It is heart-warming to hear of such incidents. In a world where many view as mean and selfish, the actions of farm neighbors up near London refresh and restore faith in humanity.—Windsor Daily Star.

Australia is likely to earn half a million dollars a year by selling orchids to United States florists. Test consignments flown to U. S. have satisfied Commerce Department officials that a successful export trade in orchids could be developed. During the Australian orchid season from mid-August to mid-December the blooms are out of season in North America and would find a ready sale if flown across the Pacific. One San Francisco florist recently contacted large quantities of blooms and has agreed to pay \$1 for Australia.—Australian News.

It is noteworthy that there is one mile of rail for every 290 Canadians as against one mile in the United States for every 590 people, remarks The Sydney Post-Record. This should put the Canadian railways at a relative handicap, not serving the same density of population as those in the States and therefore not having the same volume of revenue. Nevertheless, in the science of transportation, long and short haul and in progress, the two great systems compare favorably with the best in the country to the south. Perhaps not in de luxe trains of the streamlined super-speed type, but in comfort, courtesy, consideration for passenger traffic the Canadian service is something of which to be proud.

We are surprised that more Canadians do not squawk about the maple leaf being used as a national emblem. The maple tree is indigenous to more states of the American union than to Canadian provinces; it grows naturally in only five provinces, for the "Manitoba" maple and the "sugar" maple are Canadian. Canadian soldiers from Saskatchewan uncomplainingly wore maple leaves on badges and ribbons, and Albertans sing "The land of the Maple 'is the land for me" as happily as West Africans in Christian missions sing "From Greenland's icy mountains." The issue of a national flag caused dissension; the maple leaf could split a country.—Peterborough Examiner.

Ice sailing is a pair of words to brighten the eyes of any old-timer in this district. Out on the bay here 35 years ago the ice boats or "skateers" were a common sight. If the wind was right and the sky was clear, the broad expanse of mirrored water frozen smooth as glass might well have been called the devil's pool table by mothers of sons old enough to take up the sport, and young enough to take a chance on a sudden gust of wind and open water in the lake in winter's most dangerous sport. Unheard of here for many years and unthought of certainly for 1948, ice sailing has become a fast-moving and thrilling pastime in the East.—As a recent international regatta testified. The number of skateers in North America is comparatively few—most of them owned by people south of the border. This is probably due to the expense involved often running into hundreds of dollars for a trim boat and natty sails—and the present day costume including fur lined boots, helmets, mitts, and plastic masks. But in the old days all the trimmings and fitting in the world couldn't make a better boat than the home-made jobs thrown together with three skates under them—35 years back.—Fort William Times-Journal.

PROTECT YOUR EYES Workers exposed to flying particles and other hazards should wear safety goggles. Health experts say. Statistics show that 80 per cent of factory accidents are eye injuries of which 90 per cent are preventable.

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.

CRITICISING CITY COUNCIL

Sir,—It is really too bad that the annual financial statement of the City Council have been delayed until only four days before the day set for nomination for a new Council. The Mayor and the chairman of the Finance Committee are responsible for not giving the citizens some preliminary statement at the monthly January meeting of the Council. I want to point out that ex-Councillor Chandler, when he occupied the position of chairman of Finance, gave a supplementary statement of receipts and expenditures, with every monthly meeting; but how different was the practice been during the last two years! It seems that it was premeditated to keep the citizens in the dark. Not a single Councillor protested or asked openly to have the information, and yet you, Sir, commend the Council. I do not think that will be the general verdict.

Now how about this reduction in City debt? It is simply a matter of book-keeping for which no person can claim any credit except the auditor, and he seems to be able to bring this particular rabbit from his hat every year. The point I want to make is that there is no cash involved in this stunt of City debt reduction. Another "high light" of our financial experts is the claim of deficit economy, and there was considerable clapping at the annual meeting on this score. But the only justification for such a claim is the fact that there was a surplus of about nine thousand dollars on the year's transactions. That of course is very satisfactory, but before bestowing too much praise we ought to be informed what was the amount of capital expenditure for the year and what items are charged to capital. It would seem from the figures released that the Provincial Government is entitled to some credit in providing funds sufficient to pay off \$30,000 of debentures, together with the \$9,000 surplus with some over. The total expenditure for the year was quite large and does not indicate much economy. I am, Sir, etc., J. F. W.

The Friendly Road

When days turn crisp and the winds come, man seeks the spiritual comfort of hills and valleys bathed in rich autumn hues. He goes afield, turning off the concrete super-highway, that ruthlessly severs the countryside, into the narrow dirt side-road which is like an arm extended in friendship, inviting him to share Nature's golden hours. It is an "old road winding, as old roads will," for it was laid out long before the era of the automobile, and it curves gracefully, now right, now left, in no hurry to get anywhere. Above it, depths of blue reach from horizon to horizon, casting azure reflections over hill and roof tops and upland meadows and stands of maple and elm. Along its side where grass grows high, in fence corners and on the upper fields, patches of last blossoming clover make patterns of purple and white against weeds and grass. Stone walls and stiles, dividing productive fields and hemming in cows at pasture, grow gay with golden-rod and tall beard-grass. Velvet sumach takes on the appearance of bright red banners. There's purple in the maples. Following the way of least resistance, the stony, tracked road passes beneath the shade of tall trees, their shadows lengthening as days grow shorter. By way of a plank bridge, it crosses a little brook. It winds past a deserted farm with buildings in ruin and overgrown with poke-weed and woodbine and wild berry bushes. It leads to a gleaming white farmhouse, all set to rights, protectively nestled against rolling hills. It is as if the friendly road knew man's desire, for it led photographer George French and his camera to a valley, golden with harvest, and a homestead, rich with faith in earth's fruitfulness. Pole-lines carrying the comforts of light and communication have not marred its beauty and simple old-fashionedness. Nor has it lost its charm and poise in this age of speed and mass production. The road is a friend who leaves you alone, yet cheers you; who brings to your yearning heart the tender memories of soil, sunshine and rain. It seems to say, "Treat everyone with friendliness, and in turn, you will invite friendliness." For this is the friendly road. All roads in P. E. I. are Friendly Roads.

The Poet's Corner

STORM FROM THE EAST The storm moves in... the world moves out... boundaries round about are lost in blending cloud and snow. The landmarks that we used to know As fixed and altogether true Are now less permanent than dew. This island which remained of all We knew of earth has grown so small That only we inhabit it. Except the friendly birds that flit About the food which we have spread That none shall go, this day, unfed. The road is filled from wall to wall But in a world so very small No one will come... no one will go... Across the drifts of driven snow. Our isolation is complete But beauty is our bread and meat.—Harry Elmore Hurd, in New York Times.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

POLICE INSPECTION

The members of the Police Force were inspected by the Stipendiary Magistrate Monday in the presence of His Worship the Mayor and representatives of the press. The men appeared shabbily dressed, and their clothing was sharply criticised by the Magistrate and His Worship. With the exception of one, whom His Honour styled "the swell of the Force"—Officer Heartz, perhaps—the officers required new coats, and with the exception of the Bailiff, who had just made a purchase, they all required new hats. Several of the officers intimated that they recently left orders for clothing, which would be supplied in a few days. After a few remarks on the style of the new clothing, the inspection, as regards wearing apparel, was over, and that of duty was commenced. Among other things, the Marshal informed His Worship and His Honour that the officers had been busily engaged seeking the names of owners of unlawful curs within the city limits, and that a complete list of owners of such curs was now in the hands of the City Clerk. The Magistrate then instructed them to make a second inspection of the yards immediately—as many filthy ones had been complained of—and if they were not thoroughly cleaned, to instantly summon their occupiers. He also instructed the officers to disarm all mischievous boys who carried pop guns and set off fire-crackers.—Weekly Examiner, June 11, 1890.

Canute And The Waves

Prize winning "imaginary BBC news commentary" by Sir Jan Critchett, Bart. —Well, here we are on the beach. The crowd is simply enormous. Many of them, have been here for weeks, sitting on the sand, so as not to miss the great moment we're all waiting for. It's a scorching day. The sky is blue and the sea is blue and the sand is yellow, and all the people are sitting on the sand or standing up or walking about. The crowd's all keyed-up. They're all walking about now, although some are still standing still or sitting on the sand. The sea is a really clear blue, and the sky is sky-blue; and as I've said before it's a really scorching day. And the crowd's all keyed-up, and — yes! —King Canute is coming down the beach now. O, it's a marvellous sight! Just listen to those cheers! The whole Court's there—with King Canute—and they've just reached the sea now. The King's lifted his hand. There's a big wave coming and it doesn't look as though it's going to stop. I can't see very well, but—the King's got his feet wet! King Canute's got his feet wet! This is terribly exciting! Just listen to those cheers!...

Tough Crystal

Laboratory tests show that an ordinary watch crystal will break under 50 pounds pressure.

BIRMINGHAM, England (C.P.)

Listed among Birmingham's stolen cars—the chief constable's. It was taken from his garage.

"Hounded" by HEADACHES

Blinding pain, constant throbbing can make life a misery. Many headaches may be caused by the failure of the kidneys to perform their normal duty of filtering poisonous wastes and excess acids from the blood. Kidneys fail and poisons remain in the system, headache, backache, rheumatic pains, disturbed rest may develop. Dodd's Kidney Pills help your kidneys clear out trouble-making poisons and excess acids so that you feel better—rest better—work better. Get Dodd's today. 142

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