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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink."
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1947

Our Hope For The Future

That was a timely and much appreciated address given to Rotarians by our annual summer visitor, Mr. Elmer Harris, well-known actor, writer and producer. He stressed the desirability, nay, the necessity in the interests of culture and higher education, of provision being made here for training in the dramatic art, and the cultivation of the finer things in life. So many pass through this world, making it a veil of tears, instead of a joy and inspiration, just because they set money and things material their object of attainment. They neglect, or have been made to neglect, the development of their higher nature, the mind, the emotions and spiritual aspirations which are realizable only by cultivation through training and the example of those who have already made a success of their life in this respect. We have so much nowadays of machine-made attractions and aids to amusement and entertainment these days, that our rising hopes become inclined to believe that it is utterly useless to sweat over mental and spiritual enrichment because they can obtain all they want—alas, not all they need—by putting a coin in the juke box, tuning into the radio, or visiting the pictures. This, of course, is just in line with the tendency for many years in regard to sport. Hundreds, thousands of spectators or fans will line the fences, etc., as lookers-on, to one who actually practices the particular manly or other art which is being exhibited. People everywhere are becoming more and more non-participants and mere spectators, which is to their infinite loss, and likewise to the loss of the world at large. When the play-piano became popular for a time, and its metallic tone was heard at every other open window, the late Professor Weikis declared: "I am no believer in prohibition, but if there be one thing that should be prohibited in the interests of the Higher Life, it is mechanical music." The same applies to dramatic art. Unless it is cultivated in the individual the time will come when only machine-made reproductions will be available in any community, and we will have to be satisfied with uninspiring make-shifts instead of developing in our young the artistic instinct which so many of them possess but are not given the opportunity to discover. Those, and there are quite a number: in our midst, interested in the development of the Little Theatre Movement, should follow-up the lead so ably given by Mr. Harris, and see what can be done for the provision of a community auditorium to give effect to his suggestions. A community auditorium should prove a splendid objective for a worthwhile and permanent memorial scheme, which would help to perpetuate the sacrifices of our loved and lost, while at the same time providing a means of culture and real joy to generations present and to come.

Bad Highway Condition

A former Prince Edward Islander from St. John's, Newfoundland, had occasion to complain strongly in The Guardian last week about the general condition of the highways throughout Canada. Having been on a motor trip to California, he drove his car to British Columbia in the hope and expectation of being able to proceed comfortably across Canada to Prince Edward Island, passing through every Province as he had already visited several States. He got no farther than Alberta before discovering that the so-called trans-Canada highway was in abominable condition. At a tourist bureau in Calgary he was actually advised to go back across the line and take the American highway—which he did. This gentleman believes that our Canadian Provinces are losing millions of dollars in tourist revenue every year by reason of poor highways, and there is no doubt that he is correct. Interesting corroboration of his statement comes from the Calgary Herald of recent date, which declares that while many tourists have tried to travel the route described as the "trans-Canada Highway" there is no official record of any tourist actually having succeeded in doing so. Even the Federal Department of Mines and Resources refuses to come out forthrightly and designate a route. In a return recently made to Parliament, a department spokesman said: "No complete route for a trans-Canada Highway has been officially designated. There is a passable road east and west across Canada, but it is in various stages of completion as regards grading, graveling and paving." It is true that a trans-Canada Highway has been talked about frequently, in and out of Parliament. Considerable road work was done during the Bennett regime as an employment measure, but since the Dominion is responsible only for those sections of the highway crossing the national parks, the remaining construction has been carried on, more or less indifferently, by Provincial governments. Parts of the highway in Alberta, for instance, particularly from Calgary to Brooks, are in poor shape at present. There are some rough spots in British Columbia. Some of the Saskatchewan section is fair, some poor. From the western border of Manitoba to Schreiber in Northern Ontario a good tourist road exists. But from Schreiber to Sault Ste. Marie even the Ontario Government refuses to call the "highway" a road. Yet the highway has cost the Dominion Government something like \$20,000,000 in grants to the provinces since 1931, and provincial expenditures have likely been commensurate.

It hardly seems as if the taxpayers of Canada got \$40,000,000 worth of highway in return. Comparison with the Alaska Highway naturally comes to mind. In 1942 the Canadian and American Governments decided such a road must be built. Construction began late in May of that year. By November 20, less than six months after, a 1,600-mile highway from 24 to 36 feet wide had been built in virgin territory. It cost \$115,000,000, but it was built. "The obvious conclusion," comments the Calgary paper, "is that neither the Dominion Government, nor the Provincial governments, are really eager to make the Trans-Canada Highway a reality. Until they do, the road must remain a mapmaker's pious hope, stimulating to look at but horrible to travel over."

Big Ships Appreciated

Toronto Telegram has a good word to say for big ships, though the tendency nowadays is to decry them. With the Queen Elizabeth, pride of the British merchant marine, again in her stride, and the Queen Mary taking up once again her peace-time work, it is difficult to believe that the day of the great castles of the sea is entirely done it says. The Normandie, France's bid for the blue ribbon of the Atlantic, burned at her pier in New York and has gone to the breakers' yard. The Rex, Italy's pride, lies broken on the Adriatic shore where the Yugoslavs are breaking her up, already having carried off her machinery. The Europa, which carried Germany's flag, awarded to France as reparations, broke from her pier in a gale and sank to the floor of the harbor at Le Havre. But the Queen Elizabeth has been doing capacity business, and there is no reason to imagine that the Queen Mary will not do as well. The passenger-lists of these luxury liners contain the names of many who could fly if they wanted to, the names of people to whom time is valuable but who find more enjoyment in travelling than in arriving. There are many people who find more satisfaction in a ship's life and the sea lanes than in having breakfast in London and dinner in Montreal. It is difficult to believe that these will be content with less than the best that the shipowners have to offer.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Many stores are observing a holiday of their own free will and accord today. We resist the temptation to speculate on the probable demands of the 10,000 striking bakers in Buenos Aires. The Exhibition is the present attraction with its magnificent race program to stimulate excitement. The birthrate continues its upward trend in Britain with the largest number of births recorded for any March quarter since 1920. The rate was 22.8 per thousand of the total population. The spectacular currency conservation measures the British government is now taking are, of course, merely stop-gap expedients to tide them over until their export trade can be expanded enough to pay for normal imports. Everything is up. The human body which used to be chemically valued at 98 cents is now worth \$31.04 at present prices of its chemical components. This valuable bit of information was worked out by Nick Dallas, curator of the Northwestern University department of chemistry. The government leader in the Upper House, Senator Robertson, gave an insight into the prevailing Liberal philosophy when he declared that "any government" will resort to some type of economic planning. Canadians can stop worrying about a socialist government getting into power. It's in. Herbert George Wells, English novelist, historian and philosopher, died this date 1946. Was a voluminous writer of novels "with a purpose," mostly to further his scientific, social and economic views. Among his best known works are Kipps, Ann Veronica, History of Mr. Polly, The New Machiavelli, Marriage, Beauty, The Reseach Magnificent, The Soul of a Bishop, Joan and Peter, The Undying Fire, Outline of History, Russia in the Shadows. "Money—money, like everything else—is a deception and a disappointment."

Senator "Jerry" McGoer will be missed in innumerable ways. He was a most intriguing individual, at war openly with the powers-that-be as such, but on the friendliest terms possible with the individuals composing them. He delighted in getting the Prime Minister's "goat" in the House, and subsequently being hauled fellow with him. His only equal in this respect is Mr. Pouliot who dearly loves "to pull the legs" of the self-esteeming members of the front Government bench. The number of World War II veterans who have replied to a personal letter sent out recently by the Adjutant General and which constituted the first Army recruiting appeal since the end of the war, has topped the 10,000 mark. Ottawa authorities disclosed this week of the 10,328 veterans who have so far written in, 4,344 were found to be capable of meeting the higher peace-time standards required. Of those accepted, more than 50 per cent were qualified tradesmen. Applications are continuing to reach Army Headquarters at the rate of several hundred weekly, while other applicants apply direct to district depots for enlistment. In addition, many inquiries are arriving daily at Headquarters from young Canadians without previous service, and in the past few weeks more than a hundred such applicants have been found suitable and enlisted.

Notes By The Way

Why not give the Royal couple a handsome cabinet of silverware, made from our own silver? Why not give them a mink motorcar robe? Either of those things would be a real wedding gift. But in give the Princess a present which is of no earthly use to her husband—typically North American. After all, there can be no wedding without a bridegroom, and he should be presented in a manner befitting his importance to the occasion and the future of the dynasty. —Peterborough Examiner.

There is money in a good pair of tonsils. The charges assessed by some of the orators of the day make steep bills for clubs and groups to meet. One Windsor man has just had a bout with the oratory business and he has come out of the fog wondering how long this has been going on. The Windsor man had his mind fixed on one or other of a group of prominent men and women, who take the platform to espouse causes and just to make orations of inspiration. Instead of being inspired, the Windsor man perspired when he learned that if he wanted this man, he would have to pay \$1,000 and expenses for one speech; or if he wanted that woman the fee would be \$1,200 and expenses for one oration. —Windsor Star.

And now we come to the time of the year when the true gardener shows up. He is the man or woman who has been waiting for the warm, drowsy days of August, who turns his back on the jure of the seashore and the lake and the hammock under the old apple tree. It's easy enough to be an enthusiastic gardener when the first bright days of Spring call us to the outdoors, when the sun is as the elixir of life, after the days of Winter. It is wonderful to dig in the good earth, until our backs ache and our hands are calloused. The feeling, now, there is a natural tendency to ignore the garden when the weather gets hot. So many people who started off with high hopes a few months ago, now grow careless, and are bothered with garden toil in August. —Vancouver News-Herald.

The growing scarcity of iron in the United States is emphasized by the fact that mines in New Jersey, long idle, are to be put in production again, points out The Post-Arthur News-Chronicle. They are not large properties, the Peters Mine and the Cannon Mine, but they have an interesting history and once played an important role when the United States was a young and struggling nation. From the ore mined in these shafts the cannon which armed the famous frigate "Old Ironsides" were forged as well as the immense chain supports across the Hudson River at West Point to prevent British warships from sailing further up to bombard defenceless towns. With the resumption of the above two pits the property known as the Linwood Mines will turn out 1,900 tons of ore daily. This is in a country which uses 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 tons per year. It is interesting to recall that many years before the California gold rush the United States was a mining country within the United States was in another coast state, North Carolina. When the price of gold was raised some revival in that area was attempted, but it does not appear to have attained any great importance.

We are going to export a larger proportion of our output, especially of textiles. To make that possible without new hardships in this country the government is going to appeal to the textile industries to produce more. Does Mr. Dalton really think that they can? Are they going to have enough coal and electricity to work even as much as they are doing? And if they have, how many operatives will agree to work overtime when there is so little on which to spend the extra pay—and when the treasury takes so much of it in tax? The government must do much more to see that production is increased, or Mr. Dalton will soon have to announce the next set of import duties. —Manchester Guardian.

Facilities statistics do not tell the whole story of peril in traffic. It is fair to assume that the situation in New York is more or less paralleled elsewhere in the nation. In this city traffic deaths, happily, are down a little as compared with last year. But accidents are up by more than 2,000. Every accident, in view of the forces set up even at moderate car speeds, has the potential of death or serious injury. It is only good fortune when they do not occur. Every driver knows the experience of being in a near-accident many times a year. If he has taken a chance himself, he has seen others take them by the dozen—passing at blind corners or on hills, trying to beat a light, pulling out of line in angry impatience when there is no proper opportunity to get back, without endangering other cars travelling in both directions. When this happens too often—as it does—the result is tragedy. Lifetimes are lost to save seconds. —New York Times.

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British Commonwealth In A New World

(George Murray, in the overseas edition of the London Daily Mail) The old British Empire was a great institution, but the new one must be even better. That will be the inevitable condition of its survival. Every species which perishes must adapt itself to its environment or perish. This is the law—and what is true of nature is also true of human institutions. The British Empire (or Commonwealth, if you like) has lived into a world changed out of all knowledge. It must change with that world or else, like the brontosaurus, whose brain was too small for its body, it will vanish.

The Empire has been ill-balanced and lop-sided. At its heart was the Motherland, teeming with people pulsating with life and industry. But at the extremities were vast, empty lands, lacking the life force which made British the workshop of the world. This set-up suited its era. When Britain was the processing plant for the produce of her Empire, and when she could defend her remotest possessions with the mere threat of her predominant Navy, it was perfect. But those days are gone forever. The Dominions are no longer fields to be cultivated. They have become industrial nations in their own right, and so have some of the colonies.

Yet they are still emptier than they should be. The world has grown more dangerous as it has grown older, and predatory Powers will always have an eye on the rich, under-populated lands under the British flag. The first demand of these lands is, therefore, for men and women—millions of them, preferably British, if it can be. In the good European stocks it is for us, in crowded Britain, to supply as many of these people as we can. We must not only export goods; we must also export men. This is the new Imperial policy which our generation must adopt. If the British race is to live on as the Powers of the earth, the Empire must be balanced, rationalized, and streamlined. That is the law of the age of mass production and atomic power into which we have passed—and it must be obeyed.

Canada is already one of the leading industrial nations of the world. Yet her population is only 12,500,000, compared with Britain's 45,000,000. The curve of production in Australia shows a steady increase. It was recently announced that forty-five British and American companies are establishing new undertakings in the Commonwealth, backed by a total capital of £2,000,000. These two countries are at the opposite extremes of the Empire. In between lies Africa. Now, to the transfer of the Continent, the finger of our Imperial destiny is steadily pointing.

Africa is to be cultivated as the garden of the Empire—what a garden it is! Growing cotton, rice, tobacco, hemp, timber, meat, fruit are to be grown to augment the supplies of Great Britain. But the British countries in Africa are more than a garden. They are a treasure house of minerals, of which only the surface has been scratched. In these tropical, subtropical and temperate regions are to be found gold, diamonds, coal, iron ore, chrome manganese, tungsten, tin, asbestos, mica, platinum, silver, copper, lead, zinc, and many more important minerals in great abundance.

Industry is already trickling from the British Isles to countries where there is plenty of labor or raw materials on the spot. But there is another grimmer side of the picture. As Mr. Chifley, Prime Minister of Australia, said: "The transfer of British industries to Australia is closely related to Empire defence." Strately imposes a compelling motive for thinning out our continental population. As a target for atomic bombs Britain has no room—a fact which must always be borne in mind. To consider this problem does not imply that atomic warfare is at hand or is likely at any time but to neglect it would be criminal folly on the part of any statesman or chief of staff.

Up to now there is only one answer to the atomic bomb. It is dispersal. Concentration of industrial power, which was once a war-winner, has become a war-loser. The greatest natural allies of combatants in the rocket-atomic age are space and distance. Russia is richly endowed with both. The United States enjoys them in comparative moderation. But Britain does not possess them at all. Even in the air age

we had no room for training or manoeuvre. That is why the RAF sped her into Canada. Canada is still there. So are Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Colonies and Protectorates all over the world. These territories are so vast and so scattered that, when it comes to dispersal, the British Empire has even more scope than the Soviet Union. If one part were knocked out, a war could be continued from another part. But only if we had prepared in advance—if we had all coal, weapons, productive power, armed forces, and a huge hinterland in which the rocket missiles of the enemy could explode harmlessly. The key to the world is still the Middle East. That is still the Empire's most sensitive strategic spot—our oil reservoir and the nerve centre of our sea communications. How are we to defend it? From Palestine? The future of that country has not been decided. Egypt? We are pledged to leave that country, Cyprus? That island is not big enough. Once again, the moving finger stops at Africa. Australia is conducting rocket research and Canada atomic research. Africa must be the base which links the industrial efforts of the other British countries and forms the great stepping-stone between the Americas and Australasia.

Look at the map. In the west is the great land mass of America; in the east that of Asia, to which Europe and the British Isles are a mere appendage. But in the centre is the great land mass of Africa which gives balance to the earth. The idea of building a great British naval, air and military base in Kenya has been protected. It would be but a few hours' flying time from the Suez Canal, and behind it would stretch the limitless

The Poet's Corner FROM "LAST POEMS" We'll to the woods no more, The laurels all are cut, The bowers are bare of bay That once the Muses wore; The year draws in the day And soon will evening shut: The laurels all are cut, We'll to the woods no more, Oh we'll no more, no more, To the leafy woods away, To the high wild woods of laurel And the bowers of bay no more. —A. E. Housman.

Old Charlottetown (And P.E.I.) CLASS DISTINCTIONS

Prior to the achievement of responsible self-government in 1881, the population of Charlottetown was more differentiated by class distinctions than it is at present. At that time the office-holders were practically all born and bred in the British Isles and brought their social distinctions with them. They were inclined to look down upon a tenant class the artisan and the small retailer. Accepting the larger merchants of necessity, also the agents of the landlords, and intermarrying with them, they tried to build up an exclusive society around Government House and the Military officers. When the Garrison was withdrawn and responsible government created an official class from among the people, and Confederation made customary the appointment of local Lieutenant-Governors and Judges, and direct connection with British military and official tradition was lost, it became more and more difficult to keep up the estate and pretensions of an earlier day. Such of the old families as remained had to face a declining prospect, the prestige of place and monopoly of power having been lost and revenues begun to shrink. All this has led to a realignment of social groups. New generations and new families dispense justice, administer government, support education, religion and public works, and thus represent and determine the character and tone of Charlottetown. The survivors of the older families, who have not found an official or a social outlet for their energies, have had either to join the democratic migration of Western Canada or to mingle with the more prosperous at home as an alternative to futile isolation. But in education, in manners, and in the desire for public service, these families have left a tradition which Charlottetown cannot and does not entirely ignore. —From an article by Prof. D. C. Harvey in the Canadian Geographic Magazine.

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