

THE GUARDIAN

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President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink".

CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, OCT. 2, 1951

Parliamentary Session

Next week Parliament assembles in Ottawa for the second time this year. Although many important matters will come before the members—pensions, freight rates, C.B.C. finance, scholarships, combines investigation, the St. Lawrence seaway and a bankers' five-day week—there will not be the intensity of interest in proceedings of former days.

The fact is that legislation and questions of policy are now dealt with twelve months of the year and Parliament today is only one, although theoretically the supreme, law-making authority amongst many. It is long since it was even largely true that the executive Government merely carried out the will of Parliament as expressed in legislation.

From the moment that ministers of the Crown disclaimed responsibility for important spheres of governmental activity "Responsible Government" ceased to be a fact and we are faced with the problem of providing substitute controls.

One practical measure is the development of administrative tribunals, of which public utility boards are an example, whose duty would be to keep a wholesome check on the exercise of power so freely delegated by Parliament.

Scholarships

Although Canadian Rhodes scholars have just left for Britain to commence their year of study at Oxford University next year's candidates have only until Nov. 1 during which to apply. There are numerous other scholarships and bursaries available and it is the experience of educational authorities that a number of them frequently go a-begging.

The colleges are always glad to give students information about available scholarships but it is usually up to students themselves to enquire about what may be obtained in following their chosen scholastic career. It is unfortunate when a young person is prevented by financial difficulties from getting higher education but even worse when funds are available but not applied for.

Price Control Ineffectual

Although Britain has one of the most extensive price control systems in the world, prices are apparently out of hand. Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell told the Trade Union Congress recently that to hold the cost-of-living index steady would require subsidies of \$2 billion a year—"a completely impossible fiscal burden." Sir Hartley Shawcross, President of the Board of Trade, put it another way. He "hopes" that prices will reach their peak by the end of the year. Mr. Douglas Jay, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has expressed hope that prices will not rise quite so steeply in the second half of 1951 as they did in the first half. If the magic wand hasn't worked in London, neither does it work in Washington. The United States too has price controls, but prices keep going up nevertheless, and so do wages.

In Canada the price control drive is concerned chiefly with food prices—which is natural as food is the one absolute necessity. In large urban centres particularly it is hard for the housekeeper to remember that the farmer is just emerging from dozens of lean years, and that the base years on which the price index is figured were among the leanest of those years.

The Port Erie Times-Review, published in an industrial area, takes a sane view of the situation when it says: "If that solved anything, perhaps we would manage to convince ourselves that it is only reasonable to ask the farmer to starve in order that we might not be troubled by this cost-of-living threat. But the sad truth is that his sacrifice, whether a willing or unwilling one, wouldn't do us much good. It would not matter much if eggs and beef and flour and butter were sharply lower, if the dollar with which we buy them is also less valuable. And it will be less valuable if governments continue to spend as lavishly, for they are the most inflationary of all spenders, and if we continue to demand more wages, or if, as is probable, we decide we would have to rebate the farmer, in order that he might keep his head above water. That would mean more taxes and still less value to the dollar. And all because we will not recognize that prices are high not because the farmer, or anyone else, is goug-

ing us, but because there are too few goods relative to the money with which to purchase them. That condition can never be solved by lowering the price of goods. It can only be solved by providing more goods or less spending money."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Even going to Church in an auto is a hazard as evidenced by the tragic drowning fatality in Quebec.

Literature! What travesties are so called. Tourist promotion, advertising pamphlets and instructional manuals all come under that name today.

A new device for counting paper money mechanically goes by the name of ticometer, although tick generally implies a lack of coin of the realm.

There may come a time when all highways will be lighted by night as effectively as by day, but until that time comes it remains hazardous in the extreme to drive any unlighted vehicle after dark.

Cradle to the grave security seems to be in danger in Britain. Cradles are already almost extinct and now a cabinet minister, Mr. Hugh Dalton, proposes the general practice of cremation, doing away with the grave.

Rosh Hashonah the Jewish New Year, was ushered in at religious services Sunday at sundown in synagogues throughout the world. The date will mark the beginning of the year 5712 in the Jewish calendar, which counts time from the traditional date of the world's creation.

Mohandas Karamchand (Mahatma) Gandhi, Indian nationalist leader, was born this date 1869. He led the Satyagraha movement in South Africa for 20 years, started and led it in India 1918-1919. He commenced his non-co-operation campaign in 1920 and worked for Indian independence until its realization in 1947.

Lord McGowan, a British industrialist, will be one of six leaders in science and industry to receive honorary doctorate of science degrees at McGill. Viscount Alexander, the Governor-General and visitor to McGill, and Viscountess Alexander will attend the convocation to be held in the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium. Their Excellencies also will attend at the Toronto-McGill football game in the afternoon.

Brought down from his high horse. When Mr. Churchill visited the London South Bank he was shown the Planetarium in the Dome of Discovery, the planetarium where all the wonders of the heavens are displayed, and the guide was well into his stride, saying: "And there, sir, are the Pleiades, and there the Great Bear", when Mr. Churchill interrupted, "Young man", he said, "don't bother with the stars. Just show me the earth. That's all I'm interested in".

Schools today produce students of four types, according to a Montreal psycho-therapist: Star, Clinging Vine, Nero and Turtle. The Star always wants all the praise; the Clinging Vine depends on friends, teachers or parents to do his work for him; Nero wants to boss everything; and the Turtle just withdraws within himself-with the attitude, "Do or say what you like, you can't hurt me." We have the same types here, too, of course, though we have no psycho-therapist to enlighten us on the subject.

All service officers, on the reserve and retired list may start shining their buttons and chasing the moths out of those uniforms which have been gathering dust in the hall closet, in preparation for the proposed Royal visit. In a recent directive on the visit, the Department of National Defence ruled that all such officers may wear both uniform and medals whether on duty or merely taking part as spectators. Those not in possession of uniform but who have been awarded medals, may wear same during the Royal visit.

In our neighbouring mainland Provinces controversy is still being waged over whether Nova Scotia or Newfoundland should be the centre for military training, and all that that implies in the way of increased population and increased circulation of Federal money. The N. B. Premier, Mr. MacQuarrie, declares: "I strongly hope that one of the New Brunswick sites will prove suitable and will be chosen for this great training centre. It is realized, of course, that the final decision must rest with the military experts. At the same time the people of New Brunswick bear in mind the fact that in the past the large training establishments have been established in other provinces, and they feel that in this instance the particular advantages of regions within New Brunswick should be given the utmost consideration."

The Poet's Corner

THE LEADEN EYED

Let not young souls be smothered out before They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride. It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull, Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed.

Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly, Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap. Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve, Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

—Vachel Lindsay.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

EMIGRANT HOSPITAL BURNED

One of the earliest hospitals in the Province was erected by the Government for sick emigrants on a point of land on the farm of Mr. Kelly, Hillsborough River, nearly opposite Charlottetown. It was burned to the ground on the night of Sept. 6, 1849, shortly after its completion. The act was supposed to be that of an incendiary, and the Royal Gazette published a proclamation for the Executive offering a reward of one hundred pounds "to any person or persons who will give such information as will lead to the discovery of the party or parties engaged in perpetrating the atrocious and malicious offence." The Executive offered a like reward, with a free pardon, to any person "accessory to the said transaction, not being the principal therein, nor the actual author or contriver of the fire, who will disclose the name or names of the principal perpetrator or perpetrators of said crime, and give evidence leading to his apprehension and conviction therefor."

There does not appear to have been any result from these efforts at tracing the fire's origin.

The Age-Old Story

And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning to-gether, and perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all? And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There are none other commandments greater than these. And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth; for there is one God; and there is none other but he; and to love him with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.

Notes From

Another Island

By "Anson"

LONDON, England:— After all the agitation of the past months—the uncertainty and the wondering when the General Election would take place—now we know. I said that in these "Notes" almost exactly twenty months ago, and the substance may apply equally well today with, perhaps, one small amendment: namely that it might be more representative of common feeling on the subject to say "the wondering if" rather than "the wondering when."

During the election of February last year and for a considerable while afterwards our political consciousness was more acute than it had been for a very long time, or, possibly, had ever been. The touch-and-go outcome of the voting, which gave the Socialists a victory so narrow that it seemed unlikely that they could remain in office for more than a few weeks, was something of a revelation to many who had previously considered politics, elections and such as very dull subjects. This was positively exciting.

The excitement continued until it became clear that Prime Minister Attlee had every intention of clinging to office as long as he was able. The political wiseacres had their say, the gist of which was that the Socialist majority was so small as to be completely unworkable for any length of time; Attlee might hang on for a few weeks, a few months at most, but soon his Government would be brought down. Soon he would be forced to go to the country again, to receive from the electorate either a greater majority as a show of confidence in his policies, or dismissal from his high office. But the Socialist Prime Minister didn't see things that way. He didn't find himself forced into another election within weeks, months, or even within the year. Challenge followed challenge in the House of Commons. Every time the nation waited for the result, and every time it was the same: another victory for Attlee. Time after time his supporters feared defeat, whilst his opponents hoped for their own victory, and after a while it seemed there was no reason why the situation

A Key Is Available



Notes By The Way

In Detroit a woman has just divorced her husband because he didn't like the way she played bridge. It seems he blew his top when she played a wrong card. Then he slammed down his hand and left the room, she told the court. The judge decided she should be freed from the brute. — Windsor Star.

Bill Klem, fabulous baseball umpire, who has just died in his seventy-eighth year, one of the early umpires in the days when baseball was a rough and tumble affair, said once that baseball only became the popular game it is today after the umpires had stamped out roidism. They did it the hard way too, often going in danger of their lives. The courageous services which those old umpires gave to baseball are now needed in both hockey and football, which are becoming more like fights than games. It was these tactics which in the long run killed lacrosse. If hockey and football are permitted to turn into Dennybros, two grand games will also be killed. — London Free Press.

One of the finest recent examples of understatement is contained in a booklet published by some Polish exiles in London to guide their newly-arrived fellow-countrymen through the intricacies of British etiquette. After dealing with such topics as the correct way to greet a lady—don't kiss her hand—the booklet passes on to the mainly art of self-defence as practised by the English. Here people do not fight duels. An Englishman is always ready to settle a quarrel on the spot by fighting according to classical boxing rules. Do not use a knife, you would lose all sympathy. To say nothing of the "narrow" view Scotland Yard takes of these matters! — Edmonton Journal.

The Canadian Red Ensign is the flag which will fly on Government buildings during the Royal visit. First authority for flying the Red Ensign, instead of the Union Jack, on Government buildings was given by order in council in 1924. This authority was extended by an order-in-council in September, 1945, and this still rules.

The preamble to the order in council set forth that the Red Ensign was employed by the Canadian forces during World War II and that it was desirable to remove any doubt as to the propriety of flying the Canadian Red Ensign wherever place or occasion may make it desirable to fly a distinctive Canadian flag "until such time as action is taken by Parliament for the formal adoption of

should not go on indefinitely. And so it did.

We all find something to admire in a man who keeps steady on a course that has been deemed too difficult to negotiate, especially if he does it quietly amid clamour.

Such were our thoughts when the first announcement came that polling would take place on October 25th, and they revolved round the needle-sharp issue of the vote itself. The political interest that had begun to flag a little was suddenly aroused again, giving every prospect of a contest no less keen than that of last year.

Then, swiftly, the picture that would have held our attention so eagerly faded in the light of an even more pressing matter. The King was seriously ill, and instantly political loyalties were put aside, their place taken by a common allegiance, and a common concern, that is not affected by which way we vote. Preparations for the election go forward, naturally, but on tip-toe as it were; that is a matter for the Party organizers to handle. For the rest of us there will be time enough to play our part when—as we all hope—we believe the King is out of danger.

WEST GROWS FASTER Population of the entire American continent increased 112 per cent since 1950, compared with a 36 per cent increase for Europe.

The most reasonable defence we have yet heard of Mayor Impellitteri's forthcoming "good-will" mission to Italy is that the city gets along equally well without him. But even while acknowledging the truth of this sentiment, we still think the mayor is going a bit too far in demonstrating his dispensability. We already know we can get along without him, to vary Jimmy Durante's song, but we are hurt to find that he feels he can get along without us. Nothing was said about trips to Italy when we were asked to elect him mayor last Fall. But if it comes to that, nothing much was said about anything else, either, so maybe it's all included in the bargain. — New York Herald Tribune.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL DIES MONCTON, N. B. Oct. 1.—(CP)—Loran Roy Mosher, retired chief field inspector of the Canadian National Railways Atlantic Region died at his home here today. He was 64. He was a son of the late William A. Mosher of Halifax and had been in failing health for some time. He is survived by his wife, a daughter and a son.

In its first three years of operation 609,000,000 medical prescriptions were provided under Britain's National Health Act.

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Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

By Leo P. McIsaac Part One (continued) (All Rights Reserved) BY TRAIN TO ITALY

After considerable rushing we got through the streets of Paris, through the station and out to the platform five minutes past departure time, but the train, fortunately delayed, was still there. The Christmas rush had begun. People by the thousands were travelling. Our cars were reserved, but two or three were filled up with a group of lumberjacks on their way home for Christmas, who had decided that, since they had bought their tickets, they were just as entitled to those seats as anyone else. There they were; no one could move them and we had to pack into the remaining space. Things were beginning to look grim. The compartments were crowded, the aisles were full and there was no heat on the train. The sufferings and penance of the pilgrims had begun. Just then the tension was eased when our supper was distributed in paper bags. One old lady from County Cork said, "Thank God for this much; we will at least last till morning now,—if we don't smother." But the lunch was good,—a bottle of French wine, some bananas, two hard boiled eggs, a parcel of olives, a long French loaf, margarine and more meat than one would get for two weeks' ration in England. We ate, settled down, and the train pulled out.

All went well until about two o'clock in the morning when—crash!—on went the brakes! There was a broken wheel and our car had jumped the tracks. Everyone was awake. Fortunately we were near a main station where refreshments were available. Those who had French money supplied the crowd. In about three hours the train was back on the track. The wheel was replaced and we were on our way again. Shortly after daylight we arrived at the Italian border. It got bright early, the ground was covered with snow and we were travelling under the shadow of the Alps. In the early part of the morning we crossed the Italian border, had our breakfast, and passed through the customs. We were five hours late then, and we were further delayed, by having to wait several times for oncoming trains. This allowed us to have a closer look at Northern Italy and talk with some of the natives as we stopped at the sidings. Most of them could speak French and some of them knew English. Northern Italy is a hilly country, but is quite prosperous and advanced compared with the south.

The North is mainly a fruit growing country with trees on every hillside and, of course, acres and acres of grape vines strung out on trellises. Most of the winding roads along the cliffs are paved. The towns on the hillsides appear to be quite modern and supplied with electricity. They are, but from a distance you would wonder how those homes stick on the side of the hill. There have been quite a few new industries introduced to northern Italy since the waters from the Alps have been harnessed to generate electric power. This has provided employment for many and greatly enhanced the living standards of the people. We took the Western route along the coast and beheld the blue waters of the Mediterranean at Genoa. This was our first view of the sea which is deep blue. And here, too, we had our first taste of Italian cuisine. Genoa is an old city pressed between the hills and the sea. Even during the few minutes stop, we could see the rich sculpture adorning the old buildings and the ancient spires of the churches. We went on down along the edge of the sea to Pisa, where we stopped for supper. The most important attraction, of course, is the leaning tower which was started in 1174, by the citizens of the town to glorify God, and because on side of the foundation began to sink, it was not finished until about three centuries later. It is fifty feet at the base, one hundred and eighty feet high and at the top leans fifteen feet off center. In one of the churches there is a porphyry vase from Jerusalem said to have been used at the wedding feast of Cana. If so, Jesus at least saw it. There are many other ancient items which we did not have time to visit. Florence

or Venice. It was two-thirty in the morning when we arrived at Rome. All were surprised to find in this old city the most modern railway station in the world. Rome is a modern city and yet it is an ancient city. In the business areas, the streets have been widened, the stores modernized and new apartment houses constructed. There is no distinctive division one seems to fit into the other, the old blends with the new. Much of the credit for this is due to Mussolini. The Italian people, generally speaking, think he was a great man and did much for them, but they regret that he went to such extremes, that he ignored God and joined up with Hitler.

Well, we arrived at the house of St. Philip Neri, at about three and it is a large school for boys and was to be our headquarters for the week. Some of the people stayed there, but after some heavy black coffee and rolls, others were guided out at four o'clock in the morning through the main gate of the big quadrangle and up to the sixth floor of an apartment house. My wife and I were to stay with an Italian family and were told to be back at seven o'clock to go to St. Peter's. We were greeted by a very friendly Italian lady who welcomed us with extravagant gestures of friendship and who spoke a mixture of French, Latin and Italian with enough English words thrown in and improperly pronounced to obliterate the confusion. In our bedroom there was a old fashioned bed with a huge canopy over it. During our first day in Rome, we had a public audience with the Holy Father, who welcomed in many languages pilgrims from all over the world. This was the last day for gaining indulgences attached to Holy Year visits. Visits had to be made to the four patriarchal basilicas. Holy Year observance dates back to the time of Moses, when the idea of a year of special celebration at fixed periods was suggested. The first Christian Holy Year recorded was 1300 and was associated with the beginning of the centuries. The period was reduced from one hundred to fifty years, to thirty-three and finally to twenty-five years.

The Holy Year begins with the opening of the Holy Door of St. Peter's on Christmas eve of the preceding year and ends with the closing twelve months later. During this year the Holy See grants an extraordinary plenary indulgence to all throughout the world who shall visit Rome in order to venerate the tombs of the Apostles and the See of St. Peter. The ceremony at St. Peter's lasted for the greater part of the morning. There was not time for looking around that day. Our first visit was to St. Paul's, built on the Ostian way where the Apostle St. Paul was martyred and buried. It is a rather new church, compared with the others in Rome. The beauty and the splendor of the place is captivating. After our veneration and prayers, it was difficult to get the crowd to move out. There are no pews or seats in those great basilicas in Rome. The crowds could never get in, if there were. From St. Paul's we went to St. Mary Major. Of all the churches dedicated to Our Lady, this one is the largest. Some of the planks which, according to tradition, were part of the manger at Bethlehem are preserved there, in the crypt. We went back there to Mass on Christmas Eve, and the remnants of those planks were carried around in the procession, displayed in a beautiful crystal and gold case. The fourth church we visited to complete our Holy Year, was the basilica of St. John Lateran, so called because in the time of Nero, the magnificent residence of the Lateran family stood at this spot. This is the cathedral of Rome about the year 300, Constantine the Great, Emperor of Rome, who had been a pagan, was converted and gave his palace to the Pope and built this basilica. For a thousand years, the Popes resided there. Here in the Lateran palace it is 1929, the Lateran Treaty was signed with Mussolini, establishing the Vatican City as a separate state.

(To be continued)

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