

THE GUARDIAN

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

CHARLOTTETOWN SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1950

Princess Anne

One hundred and forty-five years ago Lord Nelson defeated Napoleon's French and Spanish fleet at Trafalgar, ending the threat of invasion and placing the British navy in a position of incontestable superiority for many years. Lord Nelson died of a musket ball from one of the tops of the Redoubtable.

Today, Princess Anne, grand-daughter of the King and Queen, is to be baptised. It is fitting that it should be on Trafalgar Day. Her own family, father, grandfather and great-grandfather were sailors, and the Navy is the one great institution, apart from the Crown, which the British people are unanimous in upholding.

Britain has been loyal to seapower and to royalty although both have been out of fashion elsewhere, and that loyalty has proved the worth of both. The health of the little princess and the memory of Nelson will be pledged today throughout the world without too much regard for national boundaries or ancient rivalries.

Rose-Colored Spectacles

Trade Minister Howe is not the sort to divulge information if he believes that information is not in the public interest. Nevertheless, he will probably feel called upon to explain the basis for the assertion in an expensive-looking promotional brochure published by the Department of Trade and Commerce, that the average Canadian family of four now has an income of \$3,500. Even more difficult to explain is another assertion in the same brochure to the effect that "the average Canadian is now able to buy 50 per cent more goods and services in terms of volume than was the case ten years ago."

The brochure's buoyant optimism concerning family income and the cost of living is not shared by officials of the Department of National Revenue. The sober reticence of officials of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics is equally suggestive of the inaccuracy of the claim put forward by the Department of Trade and Commerce. Although prices in Canada, says the brochure, have climbed "to a level of 60 per cent above the average, incomes have risen about twice as rapidly." The brochure says nothing about taxes having risen too.

Purpose of the brochure is to persuade foreign manufacturers to open branch factories in Canada. The reference to the average family income of \$3,500 is to impress investors with the purchasing power of the Canadian public. Facts being facts, the claims of the Department of Trade and Commerce in this instance are unfortunate in being thus exaggerated. High pressure salesmanship of this sort is neither justifiable nor desirable.

A Poet's Death

The poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose death at 58 occurred in New York on Thursday, were known throughout the English-speaking world. Her sonnets took rank among the best ever written in America, but it was the following excerpt from her early poem "Renascence", written at the age of nineteen, which established her popularity:

"The world stands out on either side No wider than the heart is wide; Above the world is stretched the sky— No higher than the soul is high. The heart can push the sea and land Farther away on either hand; The soul can split the sky in two, And let the face of God shine through. But East and West will pinch the heart That can not keep them pushed apart; And he whose soul is flat—the sky Will cave in on him by and by."

Watching The Budget Grow

The fact that Finance Minister Abbott's "Baby Budget" did not hit Canadians on personal income tax where it hurts the most should not be allowed to lull people into a sense of false security on the fiscal front. For, as "Business Review", a monthly publication of the Bank of Montreal points out, the 5% increase in corporate income tax rates is bound to be felt by the consumer in higher prices and living costs.

The trouble about the "Baby Budget" is that it reflects in distorted form outlays for public expenditure in the present fiscal year only. "On a full year's basis", "Business Review" points out, "defence and related expenditures will require about \$1,000 millions. Assuming no significant change in other governmental outlays, this would suggest a total budget of approx-

imately \$3,000 millions for the year ending March 31, 1952. Against this the annual yield from the revised tax structure is estimated at \$2,800 millions, thus suggesting the possibility of further increases in taxation when the regular budget comes down in the spring."

"Business Review" does not share Finance Minister Abbott's belief that the new tax structure will be anti-inflationary. "Indeed," it remarks, "to the extent that the higher tax is passed on to the public in the form of increased prices, the consequences may be in the reverse direction."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, 20th Sunday after Trinity.

A movement is again a foot to abolish, as has been done elsewhere, the Grand Jury.

Princess Anne, daughter of a sailor prince, is to be baptized at Buckingham Palace today.

The shooting season is about at its height, and with it the acid test of the hunters' training in gun handling and safety rules.

Battle of Trafalgar this date 1805, victory gained by the British fleet under Nelson over French and Spanish fleets under Villeneuve, off Cape Trafalgar. Nelson was mortally wounded, but lived long enough to know the day was won.

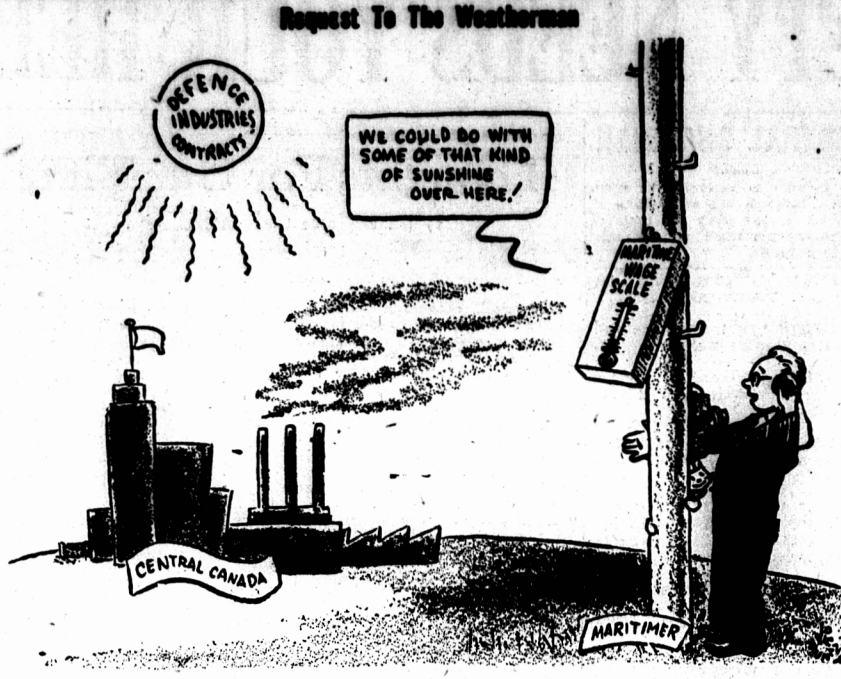
To those accustomed to the constitutional forms of a limited monarchy there is something very strange about events in Egypt. The King is threatened with revolt and at the same time his Prime Minister, who presumably should be held responsible, received a "gladiator's welcome" when he returned from a trip.

The Indian weather prophet who predicted the severity of winter by the size of farmers' wood piles, now has a West Coast rival who does the same with the aid of broadcast reports.

The withdrawal of Sir Stafford Cripps from politics will be a severe loss to Prime Minister Attlee and his Labour Government. Sir Stafford was a doctrinaire socialist of the type of G. B. Shaw, but very practical in the non-application of its doctrines to current conditions of trade and commerce. The nationalization of the railways and steel and iron industries, while having his approval in theory left him pretty cold so far as financial revenue and expenditures were concerned. In that respect he was as austere as he is in eating beef and drinking beer.

A price record of \$1600 (\$4,800) has been set up for a sheep of the Border-Leicester breed. This price was paid for the first of 20 lamb rams sent to Aberdeen for auction by Mr. R. M. Adam, Newhouse of Glamis, Angus. The purchaser was Mr. R. G. Murray, Spittal, Biggar. The new record sets the seal on the recent steady development of Aberdeen as a selling centre for Border-Leicesters — in which the backbone of the trade has always been provided by men looking for good crossing rams. Now Aberdeen is the centre of interest for the pedigree flock owners as well as the commercial breeders. The \$4,800 lamb ram is a son of Amalad, bred at Spittal, which was the top-priced ram of the breed last year, when he made £900 (\$2,700).

Six years ago, on the night of October 21, 1944, Pte. E. A. "Smokey" Smith of New Westminster, B. C., won the Victoria Cross for his part in an action while serving with the Seaforth Highlanders in Italy. He became the first Canadian soldier below the rank of commissioned officer to win the V. C. in World War II. They didn't call Smith a "one-man army" for nothing. That night, holding a small but vital bridgehead across the Savio River, he almost single-handedly drove off a German counter-attack by a troop of three Mark V Panther tanks, supported by two full-tracked, self-propelled guns and about 30 German infantrymen. At a range of 30 feet and exposing himself to the full view of the enemy, "Smokey" knocked out one enemy tank with a blast from his Platoon gun. "Ten German infantry jumped off the back of the tank and charged him with Schmeissers and grenades", the citation reads in part. "Without hesitation, Pte. Smith jumped out on the road and with tommy gun at point blank range killed four Germans and drove the remainder back." Twice wounded before the brilliant action which won him the British Empire's highest award for gallantry, Smith had been in action with the Seaforth Highlanders throughout their long and tough campaign in Sicily and Italy, with the exception of two months spent in hospital in North Africa. He received his V. C. shortly before Christmas from the hands of His Majesty the King at a private investiture at Buckingham Palace.



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

CIVIC JURISDICTION

"We published last week the law passed this last session giving an increased jurisdiction to the City Corporation. As the law stood, the City process could not be served without the limits of the City; consequently, if a person guilty of an offence, against whom a warrant had been issued, stepped into a boat at the end of the wharf, or got on board a vessel in the City harbour, he might laugh at the City authorities; so in the same way if he got beyond the bounds of the City into the County, this is now amended and the boundaries of the City take in with them those parts of the Hillsborough and the North Rivers, which are opposite. A warrant also which has been issued by the Mayor will now extend into the County and Counties on being indorsed in the usual manner by a County Magistrate." —Hazard's Gazette, April, 19, 1856.

(The boundaries were thus defined in the legislation extending civic jurisdiction: "Commencing at the eastern and northern extremity of Common Lot No. 35, known as Kensington Farm, thence along the front of all the City and of that part of the City called the Common, fronting on York or North River, to the northern extremity of Common Lot No. 6, now in possession of George Lewis; thence across the said River in a direct line to a point, making out from the northern side of a creek known as McKenzie's Creek, as laid down in Captain Bayfield's chart of said Harbour, dated 1843; thence along the northern and southern shore of said creek, and the western shore of said river in front of lands in possession of J. H. Peters, Jacob Dockendorf, Alexander McKinley, William White and others, to the western side of a point on the said William White's land, commonly called North Point, as also laid down in said chart; thence along the West or Elliot River to the western boundary of a point of land generally known as McKie's Point, thence along the shore of the West or Elliot River to the western extremity of Ordinance land occupied by the Blockhouse, known as the Blockhouse Point, thence across the mouth of the Harbour to the southern side of a point known as Sea Trout Point, thence along the shore on the east and south side of the East or Hillsborough River to the eastern extremity of land purchased by Government from James Kelly, for an Hospital station, thence across the East or Hillsborough River to the place of commencement, the aforesaid northern and eastern extremity of Common Lot No. 35, known as Kensington Farm, and over all the water of said Harbour and portions of the creeks and rivers within the boundaries herein described, and over all the wharves, ferry slips, docks and landings thereon up to the high-water mark."

Some Fish Won't Bite

(Hamilton Spectator)

Those anglers in the Kremlin, to whom the "angles" are the all-important thing, do succeed at times in netting more than their share of hammerheads and suckers outside Russia. But they are having fish trouble all the same. The sturgeon in the Caspian Sea won't bite on the Moscow hook. And there's the rub; for without an ample supply of sturgeon there is bound to be a scarcity of caviar for the high priests of Communism.

Why the sturgeon refuse to be enticed to the netherly waters of the Caspian, and therefore closer to Russian shores, is just something else which Moscow attributes to the baleful influence of Wall Street imperialism. But that seems to be the way of it, at any rate, notwithstanding that every lure and stratagem has been used to turn the trick.

All which explains the attitude of Moscow in endeavouring to obtain a renewal of a twenty-five-year fishing agreement with Iran, a land which the big plump Persian sturgeon seem to be fond of and within whose waters they voluntarily confine themselves. Iran isn't hard up for cash either, what with its oil being in steady demand and the rug market remaining firm. It may, or it may not, renew that fishing pact. As a matter of fact, it is being somewhat cool about the whole transaction.

What must be galling to Moscow is that the Iranian sturgeon will not swallow the Communist line, despite the circumstance that the greater part of the Caspian Sea lies within the Soviet Union. Moreover, isn't caviar just food for the satraps and rajahs of life, rather than the proletarian millions? The Kremlin is in a spot, sure enough.

Potato Ferry Wanted

(New Glasgow Evening News)

Island farmers are still asking for ferry service between Pictou and Georgetown—to speed up delivery of their potatoes to central Canadian markets by refrigerator cars. What bothers farmers on that end of the Island is the glut of traffic at the Tormentine-Borden bottleneck. If they could be trucked or transported in bulk by ship to Pictou, they could be loaded there and hauled over the Short-line.

They have been asking for this a couple of years, but not getting anywhere.

To give effect to their request would not cause too much trouble. Both Pictou and Georgetown harbors have navigation lights and the Wood Islands ferries are free in the late fall and early winter—both could be put on a shuttle service, using existing docks with perhaps minor adjustments.

To Pictou adoption of the proposal would mean a certain amount of extra employment at the wharves. So this part of the mainland will wish the Islanders success in what they are going after.

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Notes By The Way -

Lord Louis Mountbatten says polo is a "good cure for arthritis." And vice versa, we imagine that arthritis is a pretty good cure for polo. —Ottawa Citizen.

When a book is censored and forbidden, everybody wants to read it, and when the sale of margarine is obstructed, every housewife wants to try it out. But every commodity will eventually find its level just as water runs downhill. The dairymen have the best food, hence they will have the best long-term market. —Stettler Independent.

A fruit vendor in Sheerness, England, is looking sourly at the much-vaunted British scale of justice. He was fined two pounds this week because he had faulty scales. Not that he was short-changing his customers, mind you. He was giving every customer 17 1/2 ounces for every pound they paid for! The court ruled that inaccuracy either way constituted "unjust weight." One's suspicions are aroused that the worthy judge sitting on the case may have been reading The Merchant of Venice recently, that he may have been thinking of the two-way restrictions that Shylock faced in slicing one pound of flesh. —Fort William Times-Journal.

Bill Buchanan is an advertising representative for Modern Power. At the moment he also is the accidental Marco Polo of Maclean-

Hunter. This, in his own words, is the chronicle of his precipitation into World Affairs: "While in New York on business recently I was sitting in the lounge of the Waldorf Astoria one evening about six-thirty when it suddenly occurred to me that I had not had my afternoon glass of milk. In this weakened condition I set out to find a milk bar. Walking through a narrow door at the end of the lounge I ran slap into a reception line. 'I turned to break for it, but retreat was blocked by a group of distinguished-looking foreigners who had gathered behind me. My only choice was to go through the reception line. I shook hands with Mr. Dean Acheson, Mrs. Austin and Warren Austin. At the end of the line I was confronted with a champagne cocktail. Automatically my hand closed on the glass and I found myself in the middle of a cocktail party thrown for Mr. Vishinsky who had arrived that day from Russia. 'I wanted to leave, but I was far too intrigued by the people I saw in the room. Malik and Vishinsky, Bevin and Sir Gladwyn Jebb from Britain; Schuman from France, and many others, I stood in the little knots of people who were chatting with them and listened to their casual conversation, and then, after a few minutes, I left, walking with the casual stride of a man in a nightmare who dreams he is strolling down Yonge Street with no clothes on. —Toronto Financial Post.

The Poet's Corner

DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground. So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind; Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely.

Crowned With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you. Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.

A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew, A formula, a phrase remains,—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,—

They are gone. They have gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled

Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom, I know. But I do not approve.

More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;

Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave. I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

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Nelson's Flagship

By David Gunston

October 21st each year is a date of special significance in Britain's public history. The anniversary of the great naval Battle of Trafalgar in 1805, in which the Royal Navy's greatest admiral lost his life whilst directing Napoleon's momentous sea defeat, it is made even more memorable by the continued existence of the very ship used by Lord Nelson as his flagship.

The famous 125-year-old wooden hull, H. M. S. Victory, lies today permanently ashore in Portsmouth Dockyard, exactly as she was when Nelson strode her decks, a striking link with history and tradition. The world's oldest warship preserved in her original condition, she is in many ways recognised as one of the finest examples of eighteenth-century naval architecture, and Britain's most interesting naval relic.

Visitors may enter Portsmouth Dockyard to see her without charge, and inspect her all over. To see her squat, heavily-rigged form lying serene amid cranes and wharves and modern butteheads is an impressive experience: to go aboard her is to step back nearly two centuries in time.

The Victory has had a remarkable career, equalled by few ships of her own, or any other, time. Laid down in 1759, and launched six years later, she was built of stout English oak at Chatham. She was an all-wood ship, her massive timbers being cunningly secured together with hardwood pegs and two-foot long copper bolts. Designed as a three-decker, she carried 104 guns and two carronades (which gave her the then record total broadside power of 1,160 lbs. of shot) and was recognised as one of the finest ships of her day. Long before her association with Nelson she carried many famous naval figures. Hood, Howe, Kempenfelt and St. Vincent among them, and fought in a number of skirmishes and encounters in various parts of the world. By 1799 she had been pronounced unfit for further service and actually became a prison hulk.

Many a ship's life ended thus in those days; but not the Victory's. It was in this dismal condition, lying in the Medway in 1800, that Nelson first saw her. He took to her lovely lines and proud shape at once, gave orders for her complete re-fit—which took three years—and made her his flagship, remaining with her until his death in action from a sniper's bullet in the thick of the fray off Trafalgar.

She was then forty years old, the oldest vessel in the Fleet, and although sorely damaged, she remained on active service until 1812. Striking proof of her sound construction is afforded by the fact that she remained afloat in Portsmouth Harbour for the next 110 years, more than twice the

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