

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1952

Yardsticks Of Progress

The measure of our progress is by our works and accomplishments. In the field of commerce and business two Prince Edward Island firms are this week celebrating noteworthy events, of importance not only to themselves but to the wide communities they serve. R. T. Holman, Ltd., are observing their 95th birthday anniversary, while Moore & McLeod Ltd. are marking the re-opening of their beautifully renovated premises.

Other stores are offering special sales at this time; many of them are improving and expanding their premises and in a very real sense are contributing to our progress and prosperity. Motor traffic and improved roads are bringing us all closer together as a community, and our visitors who come here regularly during the summer months have not failed to note the marked improvements in both our rural and urban areas in recent years.

Oil vs. Agriculture

The Canadian Federation of Agriculture questions the enthusiastic prediction by an Alberta M.P. that the petroleum industry in his province will supersede farming in importance before long. It cites Alberta government figures showing 1951 petroleum and natural gas production to be worth \$120,078,000. In the same year, the total value of agricultural production in Alberta was \$767,323,000.

These figures, notes the Ottawa Citizen, help bring affairs in the western foothills province into better perspective. The petroleum industry is proving of enormous importance to Alberta, but the value of its products is still considerably less than one-sixth of that of the things that come from Alberta's farms.

'Dear Hearts And Gentle People...'

The British Labour Party, in common with many other well-intentioned bodies, is indefatigable in the restatement of its desire for peace and goodwill on earth. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that its latest document on foreign policy should confine itself to a somewhat elaborate reiteration of this thoroughly laudable objective.

Unfortunately, however, the difficulty in such matters lies not in defining paradise, but in getting there. The foreign policy statement is, unfortunately, somewhat less specific than the Gospels on this latter point.

It is encouraging, however, to note that despite rumblings on the Left and the verbosity of Aneurin Bevan, the British Labour Party is willing not only to recognize but correctly to identify the serpent in the Garden of Eden of foreign policy. It reiterates its belief that "the Soviet Union's uncooperative policy" in foreign affairs lies at the root of most of our difficulties in the postwar world.

The East-West dilemma, the Labour Party policy statement suggests, could be solved with relative ease given only a place for Communist China on the Security Council of the UN and free elections in a united Germany. Unfortunately, the document sheds no light on how either of these ob-

jectives may be realized.

The economic aspects of Britain's international relations apparently do not give the draftsmen of the Labour Party's policy statement so much as pause for thought. No mention of the balance of payments problem mars its pages. National solvency doesn't even rate an honourable mention. In terms of facing the unpleasant facts of international affairs, the foreign policy statement is a blueprint not for paradise, but, as The London Economist points out, "for cloud cuckoo land."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Fall of 1953 seems to be the expected time for a Federal election. Prime Minister St. Laurent has made it clear that he does not expect to ask for a dissolution until after the Coronation next June 3rd.

The Edinburgh Film Festival, opening August 17, will include special programs of educational and scientific films as well as international films for children. Selections are being made from entries submitted from nearly 30 countries. Films entered from Canada include Newfoundland Scene, by Crawley Films, Ottawa.

The honour conferred by the Boy Scouts Association upon Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Parent and Mr. K. M. Martin, Q.C., was earned by long and enthusiastic work with boys. The many young men who were in their troops, packs or crew will be amongst the most highly pleased by the action of the Association.

"The more I see of the average working woman, the more I admire her," said Nancy Price recently on the BBC. "She helps to keep our country together and to keep it clean. It has been estimated that she washes every year an acre of dirty dishes, a mile of clothes and five miles of floor. I think it should be remembered they also serve who only stand and wash-up!"

William Henry Davies, British poet, was born this date 1871. He lived and wrote of the life of a tramp, touching a note of poignant tragedy of intense and individual expression. In his "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp" he records his American adventures and the loss of a leg while "jumping" a train in Canada. His "Go, Lovely Rose" shows extreme accomplishment and sophistication in seeming simplicity.

Total revenues of all Canadian governments (federal, provincial, municipal) came to \$6,025 million last year, or 35.9 per cent of the national income. The Canadian Chamber of Commerce, reporting this useful figure, points out that it comes to \$430 for every man, woman and child in Canada; or \$1,720 for a family of four. This is enough to buy them a new car every year or a new house every five years.

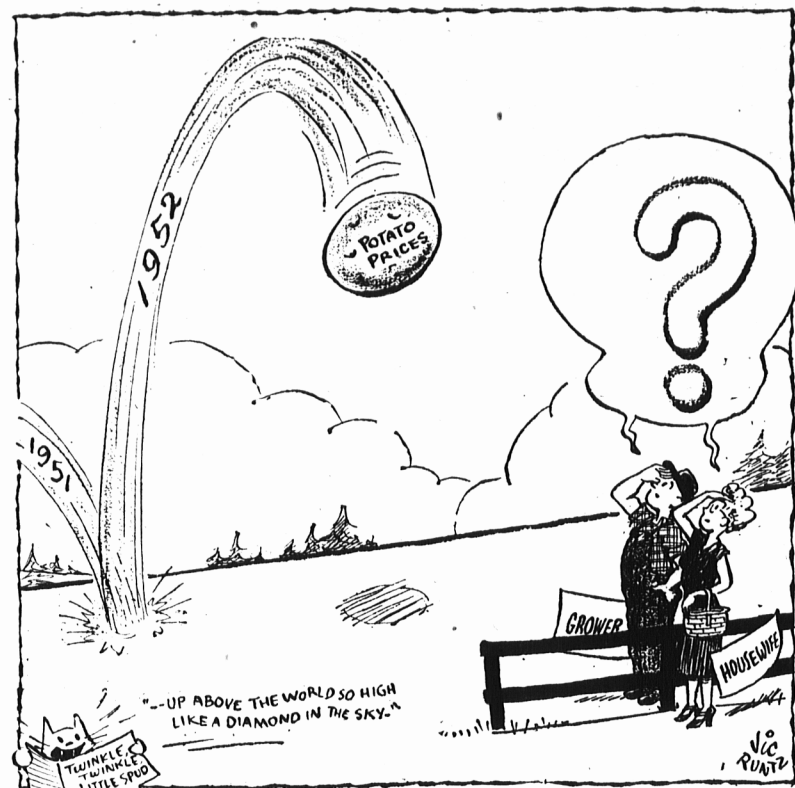
That the Gospel of St. Mark consists mainly of a series of lessons for use on successive Sundays, is the interesting contention of the Archbishop of Quebec, Philip Carrington, in his recent book "The Primitive Christian Calendar." The author shows that the text is arranged in accordance with the requirements of the Hebrew agricultural and ritual year, which would be the calendar used by the first Christians.

Parents who worry because perhaps one of their children doesn't like camp and thus brands himself as being "different" (in some quarters these days considered a minor crime) can take comfort (says The Gazette) from the confession Leonard L. Knott, president, Editorial Associates, made the other night before the Quebec Camping Association. He said he "frankly preferred" even the hot pavements of summer to the grassy fields, the dark forests or the swarms of insects that inhabit them.

When this decision became known a delegation of three men representing the area to be served by this store, and the P.E.I. Temperance Federation, waited on the Premier. The delegation pointed out that the decision to establish the store had been made in a hasty manner, and that a reversal of the decision reached three years ago, that there had been no opportunity for public discussion or expression of opinion, that the store would be a definite liability to the town of Borden, that it had already cost the people a great deal of money and that the people in the area be determined either by means of a plebiscite or other means.

The Premier quickly ruled out the holding of a plebiscite on the ground that the Temperance Act makes no provision for such a procedure. The Premier also ridiculed the signing of petitions. The delegation then requested that the wishes of the two men representing the district in the Legislature be determined, on the ground that these men presumably represent the people and are likely to be intimately aware of the feelings of their constituents on such an issue. This also was turned down on the spurious ground that since Borden is a port of entry the people there should have no more of a say about the establishment of the proposed store than the people of the rest of the Province. The delegation was also informed that the store was designed primarily to serve tourists and would be open only four months of the year.

To Bounce Again?



PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

LIQUOR STORE AT BORDEN

Sir—I have never before felt impelled to write a letter for publication in the columns of your paper, but in recent days there has occurred an act of such an objectionable nature that I am seeking this opportunity to lay the facts before the public.

Three years ago the Town Council of Borden requested the Provincial Government to establish a retail liquor store in the town. The request was supported by a hastily organized plebiscite which favored the proposed store by a vote of roughly 1-2 to 1.

About ten days ago, the Provincial Government abandoned this policy and decided to open a liquor store in the town of Borden. There was no new formal request from the Council, although two of the town officials did discuss the matter with the Premier. No opportunity for public discussion, or expression of opinion by interested groups or individuals was given. The clergymen serving the area were not aware that the matter was before the Provincial Government. The two members of the Legislature who represent the district, and both of whom are members of the party in power, are believed to be opposed to this action, and there is good reason to think that one or the other of them would be a great deal of concern among the people in the area.

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The Poet's Corner

A GREAT TIME Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad, Beyond the town, where wild flowers grow— A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord! How rich and great the times are now! Know, all ye sheep And cows that keep On staring that I stand so long In grass that's wet from heavy rain— A rainbow and a cuckoo's song May never come together again; This side the tomb. —W. H. Davies.

clear that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, has been arbitrarily pushed aside in this instance. The Temperance Commission is now busily engaged in preparing premises for their new store, and it is anticipated that it will be open for business in a day or two. The building which is being converted for this purpose is the Borden Boy Scout Hall! Three years ago, amid considerable fanfare and a round of eulogies, the use of this building was donated to the Boy Scouts. Now, without any prior consultation with the Scouts, it has been leased for the selling of liquor.

The Mayor of Borden asserts that this is not the business of the Church. It is obvious that if many of our public officials really believe that this (and much more) is the business of the Church, we have turned our backs on the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Gospel of love, and we are in effect saying to God, "Get out!" I am, Sir, etc. (Rev.) W. BURTON CROWE, Minister Borden United Church.

RE LIQUOR STORE

Sir,—During the past week we have heard of our government opening a liquor store in the town of Borden and the Boy Scouts hall is to be used for same. Now we all know what the Boy Scouts are and mean.

It's a disgrace to see such a place turned in for the sale of alcoholic liquors. I wonder if the citizens of Borden, who are pressing for this sale in their town, realize what it will mean to the youth not only in Borden but the surrounding country for miles. Those people as well as our government should be ashamed of associating themselves in such a trade. It is a perfidious destroyer, wherever he cometh he smother, he spares not the high nor the humble; he withers the vigor of youth and dishonors the gray hairs of age. It touches the main frame and it is clothed with corruption. It leads the man of virtue into sin, it prostrates all that is great and blights all that is good in humanity. Such

is the results we see from the sale of liquors.

We only have to read our daily papers to see the harvest it is reaping (highway accident — intoxicated driver — one or more dead, others injured). The traffic

NOTICE

CHARLOTTETOWN STRAWBERRY GROWERS' ASSOCIATION will be open to receive strawberries from members at the warehouse of E. D. REID PRODUCE, LTD. Foot Prince Street, on THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1952

Also ready to supply Charlottetown Trade from above date. Phone 3087.

Old Charlottetown

How Victoria Park came into existence is indicated in the following excerpts from an address adopted by the Legislative Council on April 19, 1870, for presentation to the Queen: "We beg leave to represent that the estate adjoining Charlottetown, in this Island, known as Government Farm, on which is situated Government House and granted by General Edmund Fanning, then Lieutenant Governor of this Island, to the Rt. Hon. Guy, Lord Dorchester, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the said Island, and to the said Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the said Island, for the time being, and in his or their absence from the Island, to the Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the said Island, for the time being, for their use and accommodation for ever, near about 80 acres of land—a much larger quantity than is necessary or ever required for the use of Your Majesty's representative in this Colony.

"That about 30 or 40 acres thereof—that part lying chiefly on the North River, and partially on the Hillsborough River, and most distant from the Government House—a large part of which is still in a wilderness state—might be suitably appropriated as a park or ground for the use and enjoyment of the public, under proper regulations to be established.

"That the whole of the said lands in the vicinity of Charlottetown, including what was originally laid off and reserved for the use of the said Government House, to private individuals, in the early period of the settlement of this Colony; and at present there is not, and never have been any public ground or place for the recreation or enjoyment of the inhabitants of Charlottetown, or strangers visiting the City.

"The Legislative Council, therefore, humbly pray that Your Majesty will be pleased to order that the part of the said Government Farm above referred to, to the extent of 30 or 40 acres, may be appropriated, by Act of the Legislature of this Colony, for the uses aforesaid; or otherwise that the said Legislature may be authorized to pass an Act authorizing the sale of the same part of the said farm, and apply the proceeds thereof, in or towards the purchase of land in such other part of the vicinity of Charlottetown, as may serve the purpose desired."

"That about 30 or 40 acres thereof—that part lying chiefly on the North River, and partially on the Hillsborough River, and most distant from the Government House—a large part of which is still in a wilderness state—might be suitably appropriated as a park or ground for the use and enjoyment of the public, under proper regulations to be established.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer MORE ABOUT THE MONSTER Tuesday night I went to bed in an excited and somewhat troubled frame of mind. For more than a week I had been able to think of little but the Monster of Seal River, the big trout that had struck terror into the hearts of anglers and bait fishermen alike. Additional stories had come from many quarters. Big, husky men, with something akin to tears in their eyes, and with unmistakable signs of admiration in their voices, had told me of broken rods, torn lines, and blasted hopes. "No gear ever made could land him" was the gist of what I had been hearing on all sides.

What wonder that, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, "the thoughts upon my bed and the visions of my head troubled me." Who would chide me for failing to find "the balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, the chief nourisher in life's feast,— Antony's eulogy over the dead Casar, that just as I was going had been trying to mistle through courage to risk my fine rod and all that goes with it in a battle to the finish with whatever it is that lurks in fury under the bridge at Seal River. My instincts urged me on, but reason said "no." A process of psycho-analysis would probably reveal that what kept me back was not so much the prospect of loss as the prospect of failure. On could in time get over the destruction of a rod, but one would hate to be pointed out by friends and strangers as another who failed to land the Big One.

It was the hectic, sleepless night that moved me to throw Reason to the east wind and to risk all I had in the way of rod, reel, and flies. Bright and early Wednesday I was on my way, after getting together enough food to last all day if necessary. No beverage, however, except black tea and plenty of it. When I reached my destination, just before sunrise, I was pleased to note three circumstances in my favour. The rain was not quite so heavy and cold as it had been for several days; the tide was just right; there was a good ripple. I could ask for no better conditions. It was now up to me. Apart from a young crow that was picking an early breakfast from the beach, there was not a living thing in sight; I confess that I did not care especially for the crows' greeting that sounded a little too much like "Nevermore, Nevermore!" but I let it pass. It would be a pity, I thought, to get into a dispute with a crow when there was such serious business to be attended to. I have nothing against crows, any way. In my opinion they are intelligent, friendly little creatures, and I would never think of shooting one just for the pleasure of presenting his shapely legs to some government official. To be perfectly honest about it, I did try it once, but that is another story, and a very funny one, too, so far as the crow I aimed at was concerned. I have no doubt he is still chucking to his friends about it.

Very carefully and with proper ceremony I fastened the best line I had to my strongest reel and glided it through its appointed course. The selection, preparation, and testing of a cast, one never used before in salt water or fresh, took a little time, but I wanted to be sure. Dollar for dollar, as an old friend used to say, a good cast is the most formidable weapon in any fisherman's kit, and it pays to treat it with respect. What to do about flies was another question not to be decided lightly. Deep in the recesses of my mind there is a half-conscious thought that no trout living can tell one fly from another. However, I am aware that this is not the orthodox view. Consequently, I scarcely ever mention it in conversation with other anglers. In fact, I can discuss the good points of one fly and the bad ones of another just as glibly as the best of them.

During the course of my thought and contemplation I remembered what the man had told me about the Shrimp being the favourite of the big one this year, so I decided to put one in the honoured place, that is to say in front, for the second I chose a brand new Parma Belle. I was all set now for whatever the piscatorial arbiters might have in store for me. One cast followed another with precision. One fly replaced another. Nothing stirred the waters. I began to feel miserable and forlorn. Then, as I always do in such circumstances, I called "sweet Mr. Shakespeare" to my aid and comfort. Inaudibly, of course, just in case anyone should come upon me unawares, I recited in turn Marc Antony's eulogy over the dead Casar, that just as I was going had been trying to mistle through courage to risk my fine rod and all that goes with it in a battle to the finish with whatever it is that lurks in fury under the bridge at Seal River. My instincts urged me on, but reason said "no." A process of psycho-analysis would probably reveal that what kept me back was not so much the prospect of loss as the prospect of failure. On could in time get over the destruction of a rod, but one would hate to be pointed out by friends and strangers as another who failed to land the Big One.

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During the course of my thought and contemplation I remembered what the man had told me about the Shrimp being the favourite of the big one this year, so I decided to put one in the honoured place, that is to say in front, for the second I chose a brand new Parma Belle. I was all set now for whatever the piscatorial arbiters might have in store for me. One cast followed another with precision. One fly replaced another. Nothing stirred the waters. I began to feel miserable and forlorn. Then, as I always do in such circumstances, I called "sweet Mr. Shakespeare" to my aid and comfort. Inaudibly, of course, just in case anyone should come upon me unawares, I recited in turn Marc Antony's eulogy over the dead Casar, that just as I was going had been trying to mistle through courage to risk my fine rod and all that goes with it in a battle to the finish with whatever it is that lurks in fury under the bridge at Seal River. My instincts urged me on, but reason said "no." A process of psycho-analysis would probably reveal that what kept me back was not so much the prospect of loss as the prospect of failure. On could in time get over the destruction of a rod, but one would hate to be pointed out by friends and strangers as another who failed to land the Big One.

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