

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, SEPT. 11, 1952

Regrettable Decision

The news in today's issue that the American Can Company's factory in Charlottetown will cease operations permanently on or about December 1st is regrettable from every standpoint. The company took over here from a local concern, the Charlottetown Can Company, with high expectations of resultant possibilities. Its research facilities were made available to the packers and its long-range plans called for the building and operation of a new factory which would service the whole Maritime Provinces. The fact that the business has not been sufficient to warrant further continuance, after seven years of operation locally, calls for some serious reflection on why the expected enlargement of the demand for cans did not take place.

In the economic survey of the Province prepared in 1944 for the Provincial Government by Dr. J. E. Lattimer, emphasis was placed on the importance of processing Island farm products to the greatest extent. The possibilities of developing the canning industry were particularly stressed in this connection. Another gentleman who preached this gospel continuously for many years in this Province was the late Mr. H. K. S. Hemming, who contributed many articles and letters on the subject to The Guardian. Mr. Hemming was convinced that large-scale operations were the only solution to the problem of high operational costs. This meant a large initial capital investment, which in the end would yield gilded returns in a Province so bountifully endowed by nature with facilities for producing the finest garden crops in Canada, not to speak of our wealth of products from the sea.

Whatever the reasons for the American Can Company's decision to discontinue operations here, we cannot believe that it is due to any decline in our productivity. Only the other day we published a glowing tribute from Mr. Cyrus Eaton, prominent American industrialist and a native of Nova Scotia, on this very subject. "It is an inspiration," he wrote to Premier Jones, "to see the splendid progress of the farming industry in Prince Edward Island." For the future he noted that the great mining and power developments that are under way in Labrador and Ungava should provide excellent markets for our products. Mr. Eaton may have been thinking of unprocessed products, but it is a recognized fact that the ideal place for processing perishable products of any kind is right where they are produced in quantity and quality.

We thoroughly indorse Mr. Eaton's view that we stand at the threshold of an era of steadily increasing prosperity in our agricultural and fishery industries. One disadvantage, of course, is in shipping and transportation generally compared with other centres. This is where processing as against raw product shipping pays big dividends. Our dairy farmers realize this fact and have capitalized on it increasingly in recent years. But why should we have to send large shipments of our beans to Nova Scotia at the present time, and large shipments of our cucumbers to Ontario to be processed?

We have, it is true, very few men of any considerable wealth in the Province; but enterprises of this kind should have the fullest community support, particularly from the large mass of our people who are directly concerned as producers. If we continue to ignore the opportunities at our door, and the challenge to further initiative which these opportunities involve, we shall have only ourselves to blame for the consequences.

Aiding Britain—And Ourselves

Canada appears to have been doing a little too much boasting about the defense aid it is rendering to the United Kingdom. It is taken to account in the Economic Record, issued by the United Kingdom Information Office, particularly on the following claims: that we have allocated to Britain \$150 millions as a "free gift"; that \$100 millions worth of Canadian purchases have been made for military equipment from the U. K.; that we have provided \$70 millions of capital investment assistance to help U. K. firms establish themselves in Canada.

On the first count, the Economic Record says there has been no "free gift" of \$150 millions. The United Kingdom, together with the European partners in the North

Atlantic Treaty, gets its share of Canada's appropriation for mutual aid, which in the current financial year amounts to \$324 millions. This is spent, partly on services such as the training of airmen in Canada, and partly on armaments such as guns and ammunition which Canada is contributing under mutual aid. The allocation of this money is a matter for the organization of the North Atlantic Treaty and is not a bilateral deal; it is done in an effort to equalize the burdens of defense.

With regard to the \$100 millions of arms orders for Britain, Canada will be spending nothing like this in the United Kingdom in one year. The figure given is nearly the total value of contracts placed this year—or likely to be placed this year—but these are long-term contracts, and payment will be spread over a number of years. An example is the purchase by Canada of the new aircraft carrier now being completed in Belfast. These orders help the United Kingdom to earn badly needed dollars for her exports, but their primary purpose is to help Canada. Moreover, Britain places orders in Canada for a wide-variety of articles of military equipment for which she pays in dollars. Altogether, as the statistics of imports and exports show, she is buying more than twice as much in Canada as Canada is buying from Britain.

With regard to the figure of \$70 millions capital assistance, it seems likely this represents the amount spent over the past two years by Canada in providing assistance to United Kingdom firms who are doing defense jobs here for the Canadian Government. There is no question of aid in this. The bulk of the material used is Canadian material, and expenditure on labour falls wholly within Canada. The capital assistance is a plan for the execution of items within Canada's own defense programme, and the employment of U. K. and other firms in this way is clearly to this country's advantage.

Britain is having hard sledding financially, but she is still a bastion of world freedom and there should be no feeling of superiority on our part in lending what assistance is possible in readjusting her economic balance. The mild rebuke implied in the Economic Record statement should be taken to heart at Ottawa and wherever else it is needed.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The task of teachers is to teach boys and girls rather than to teach subjects. As Dr. L. W. Shaw pointed out to the Mount Stewart teachers' convention, the object of teaching science in the schools is the making of good, useful citizens.

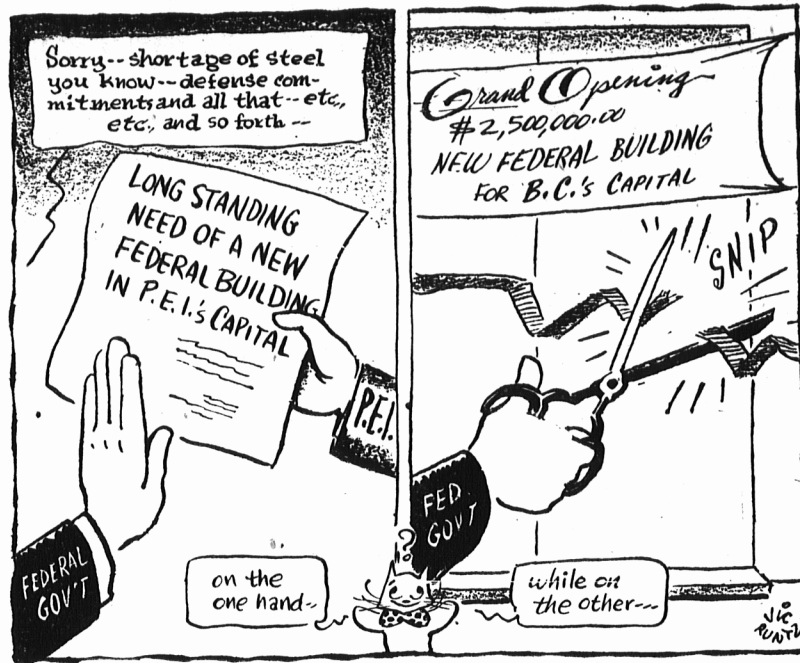
This Province has frequent occasion to be proud of its people away from home. Today His Honour the Lieutenant Governor presents a Royal Humane Society certificate to Mr. Howard F. MacEachern for his part in rescuing a passenger from a submerged and overturned car while in British Columbia recently.

Public Works and Highways Minister MacKinnon could refer with pardonable pride and relief to an extremely favourable summer and "an organization that left nothing to be desired" for proceeding with road work. Spring and early summer were far from encouraging but conditions since then have been almost ideal.

Jan Christian Smuts, South African soldier and statesman, died this date 1950, at the age of eighty. He practiced law in Cape Town and Johannesburg and became state attorney under President Kruger. He held supreme command of the Boer forces in Cape Colony and proved a daring and able commander. He worked unceasingly for South African unity and prosperity and Anglo-Boer co-operation. He led South Africa in both World Wars and was a leading figure in forming both the League of Nations and the United Nations.

A little item in the London Times tells of the return to England of the double-decker buses which have been on a goodwill tour in Canada and the United States. The three British bus drivers steered their cumbersome vehicles off the beaten path and rolled 12,000 miles across the North American continent. "This," comments the Winnipeg Free Press, "was a bus-man's holiday with a vengeance, and they are now being permitted to take a well earned rest before resuming their old duties." It can hardly be otherwise than that these duties will seem a bit mundane for the first few runs. But the busmen have done a good job. They have aroused, in the hearts and minds of millions of Canadians and Americans, feelings of friendship and kindness for the men and women who will soon be once again hopping aboard these same buses bound for Hammersmith, Piccadilly Circus or the Marble Arch.

Doth The Right Hand Know What The Left Hand Doeth?



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.

CIVIC AFFAIRS

Sir—It should be of particular interest to the tax payers of Charlottetown to note the action of Councillor Edwin C. Johnstone at the last regular meeting of the City Council, when he placed a motion before the elected representatives of the City of Charlottetown, to recover monies due for work performed. Also the support given by Councillors Farmer and Storey in seconding the motion.

While defeated, it gives the citizens information of vital importance and is a criterion not to be forgotten when a new slate of councillors are being elected. We are amiss in our duty if an appreciation is not expressed of our gratitude to men of such high calibre, who are giving of their time and talent, without recompense.

For a City in such dire circumstances, financially, it is alarming to note the lack of interest evidenced by its tax payers and the nonchalance with which they regard a situation, which in the final analysis, is their responsibility. I am, Sir, etc.

INTERESTED TAX PAYER

The Poet's Corner

FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY

The bark leaps love-fraught from the land; the sea Lies calm before us. Many an isle is there. Clad with soft verdure; many a stately tree Uplifts its leafy branches through the air. The amorous current bathes the islets fair. As we skip, youth-like, o'er the limpid waves; White cloudlets speck the golden atmosphere. Through which the passionate sun looks down, and graves His image on the pearls that boil from the deep caves.

—Charles Sangster.

Buried Treasure

(Ottawa Journal)

A young woman who is a student at the University of Toronto has made possible the discovery of an important cache of ancient Indian copper tools and weapons at Lake Farquhar, near Wabigoon. Her studies allowed her to recognize a blackened chunk of copper as an Indian axe and she followed the trail to the cache now being explored with excitement by a group of experts.

North America has been reckless with its history. Indian mounds have been opened and their contents scattered by curio hunters who started their nefarious work whenever the pioneers reported traces of a previous civilization. The outposts of French and British settlement, the northwestern habitations of the fur trade, the papers of frontiersmen, who sometimes had to thaw the ink before they wrote, all too often have been scattered, burned or lost.

Notes By The Ways

Never start out on a trip of more than a mile and a half with a child under five without taking two or three gallons of water along for alleviating to some extent his insatiable thirst.—Kings-ton Whig-Standard.

The ever-hopeful Britons, having failed in raising peanuts in the East Africa bush, are off planting 20,000 peach pits to reclaim waste land in the Sahara Desert.—Ottawa Journal.

That there are compulsory limits to suburban expansion when it is too swift is seen in the action of the Oakville-Trafalgar Planning Board. It has prohibited indefinitely the subdivision of any more lands in Oakville, Bronte and Trafalgar Township because, as the chairman says: "We do not want the township to go broke or the people to move out because taxes are too high."—Hamilton Spectator.

Who says there are no opportunities any more? We heard of a "green Irishman" who came to a South Alberta town some six months ago direct from the Ould Sod. He must have been a bit of a nester. First he got a job on a bread route that takes his time till noon. In the afternoon he sells deep freeze units. His earnings from his three jobs are now running at the rate of over \$4,000 a year. No more opportunities? No more frontiers? There wasn't a "no" in this Irishman's vocabulary.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Prettiest This and the Prettiest That are the trade marks of our times. No new car, jet plane, sausage factory, rose festival or garbage scow can be released to its work in the world until it has been photographed with a Prettiest Girl at the controls. No candidate is really elected, no bridge opened, no new brand of beans officially launched, until a smiling Prettiest has been snapped kissing it or tasting it, respectively. Little would he much diller without all this, no doubt, but on bad days we sometimes toy

with the thought of the prettiest Prettiest of all lining up beside that other highest product of our civilization, the atomic bomb, and posing—with a big smile, of course—just a little too long.—Victoria Times.

Many municipalities have been so busy warning the property owners to cut down weeds that they seem to have neglected the flourishing stands along their own roads and streets. Some of the tallest and healthiest regweed in the country is growing on city property within a hundred yards of Toronto's swank University Avenue. And neither Toronto nor regweed are the only offenders. Other cities have streets just as polluted and along most of them trouble making full collections.

There is little encouragement or hope of the private citizens cleaning up their property and making it attractive unless municipal authorities set an example.—Toronto Financial Post.

"There's no place like home," muttered the young Fort William husband as he finally finished shaving one morning. He had just lathered his face, when he was interrupted the first time. His wife was drinking her morning cup of coffee and reading at the same time. She overturned the cup and the hot liquid scalded her knee. Startled by her cry, the husband rushed from the bathroom, ran back for the saline for burns administered the saline. He had just picked up the razor to tackle the whiskers, when there was another scream from the kitchen. He dashed out again to find that as his wife had bent down to wipe the floor where the coffee had spilled, she pulled the table cloth with her and the pot fell on her back.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.) LARGE PORK SHIPMENT "The bright Swiftsure, which arrived from Georgetown, P. E. I. last week, was the only one of eleven vessels which left that port almost at the same time, which reached her destination; one sinking at Arichat, another going ashore, and the rest putting back on account of ice. The Swiftsure made a fine run, being carried through the Gut stem first by the ice. She was consigned to Messrs. J. S. MacLean & Co. She had 247,000 pounds of pork, cured and in carcasses, and 10,500 pounds of lard, from the well-known packing house of Robert Bridges, Charlottetown, at which there have been put up over 2,000 barrels of pork last fall, all of which was sold in St. John and Halifax."—Halifax Chronicle, Jan. 20, 1881.

The Age-Old Story Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God? shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? . . . He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

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The Passing Scene

WHAT USE IS SCIENCE IF MAN DOES NOT SURVIVE? This question was asked by the Duke of Edinburgh at the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science a year ago. In raising the issue the Duke spoke for hosts of thinking people the world over. In fact he gave expression to a thought which has bothered the minds of men ever since the first attempts at scientific research.

The discovery of the atomic bomb with all its dread potentialities has intensified the problem but it did not by any means create it. From the time man began to inquire into the secrets of the Universe the problem has existed, and of course it is growing more formidable all the time. And it will continue to grow as science delves deeper and deeper into those secrets.

Every student of history knows that, with every advance science has made, a new terror has come into the world, a new fear to darken the life of man. This is one of the perplexing paradoxes of the human story, and so far as anyone can see there is no end to it.

The scientists know and have known for many years that atomic power, for instance, once it was harnessed, could be a blessing to the human race. They know also that it could speedily remove all trace of the human race from the earth. This is the supreme fear of this generation.

The number one question in the next world war, should it come, will not be "Who will win?" but, "Who, if anyone, will miraculously survive the general devastation?" Victory in war is already an archaic notion. No responsible person ever talks about it any more. Science, for all its technical advancement in so many fields, has actually put us back where our primitive ancestors were thousands of years ago as they tried to stay alive in their conflict with elemental, uncontrollable forces.

What then is the answer to the question the Duke of Edinburgh asked a year ago? Should the scientists get together and decide to have nothing else to do with any form of research? Should they further knowledge of the atom, for instance, be discouraged because men may use such knowledge, and are in fact likely to use it, for their own destruction? Should the springs of scientific learning be allowed to dry up for fear that if unchecked they will ultimately engulf all civilization in a cruel drowning flood? Is scientific knowledge simply another device for enslaving the spirits of men?

I suppose that at one time or another every thinking person ponders questions such as these. Our hearts are likely to answer "yes" to them all, but our minds say "no".

This year at the annual meeting of the Association referred to above, Dr. A. V. Hill, a noted physiologist, stated the scientists' position in clear language. "We must continue probing the secrets of the atom," he said, "even at the risk man may use such knowledge for his own destruction." And again, "It is the scientists' job to

seek knowledge, and it is for mankind as a whole to take the moral and political position which can lead to unprecedented good or unbounded harm." It would be very foolish to imagine that it would be possible to check the onward march of science. Barring universal self-inflicted genocide which, admittedly, is by no means improbable, it is safe to predict that the scientific discoveries of the next half-century will encompass anything and everything of which man has dreamed up to this moment. It is difficult for us of this generation to understand how or in what direction science can advance much farther along the road of knowledge, but so much has happened in the last fifty years that hardly anything is now considered impossible.

It is a fact that our scientific faith is just as strong and perhaps in its way just as edifying as our religious faith. As the late Archbishop Temple once shrewdly observed: "God is interested in a great many things besides religion."

Had the scientists ever refrained from research because of the risks involved, mankind would still be in the dark ages of reason and living. To give a few simple illustrations, there would today be no matches to light our fires, no medicines, anaesthetics to relieve pain, no means of transportation beyond the horse and buggy. For as everyone knows, one man can demolish whole communities, and an automobile can maim and slay. It seems right to say that whatever the risks may be—and there are plenty of them, some very dangerous ones—the search for knowledge must and will go on. Whatever may be said about the purpose behind the laws of the Universe, science itself is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. Its only concern is with knowledge. The question of how to use knowledge, once it has been searched out, for the moral betterment of individuals and peoples is outside its province, though no doubt many individual scientists ponder the question a great deal.

It seems to be generally agreed that if human society is to escape destruction as a result of the knowledge which man has accumulated and will continue to accumulate in ever increasing measure, some way will have to be found to bring about a stirring of moral consciousness commensurate with the demands and pressures of modern science. That appears to be the most urgent task awaiting a new generation unless, as some say, it is already too late to begin such a gigantic undertaking.

If it can be done, the achievements of modern science and those that will follow in the years immediately ahead will culminate in the bright meridian of glory and enlightenment. If not, it is almost certain that what we call civilization or anything resembling it is destined for early extinction. It will disappear in fiery atomic mists.

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