

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1951

Premier Jones Honoured

Another well merited honour is to be conferred upon Premier J. Walter Jones, LL.D., today at Sackville, when he will receive a Fellowship in the Agricultural Institute of Canada for "outstanding service to agriculture".

We can imagine no more fitting recipient of such a distinction, and it is one which we are sure the Premier will value highly. Since 1909, when he graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College with his B.S.A. degree after writing four years' examinations in two years, he has scored many honours in this field. Among his achievements are his important volume on "Fur Farming in Canada", published in 1913, and his subsequent success as a breeder of pedigreed Holstein cattle which won him the Master Breeder's Shield from the Holstein Friesian Association of Canada in 1918, scores of prizes at international shows, and the world championship for his cow Abegweit Milady as a butter fat producer in 1945 over all breeds and ages. Not so well known is the fact that some forty years ago, while Acting Superintendent of the Arlington Experimental Farm at Washington, he took active part in campaigning through the newspapers here for the establishment of our seed potato industry.

While he has been singularly successful in politics, Premier Jones has always looked upon farming as his life work and its interests have always been closest to his heart. As a Fellow of the Agricultural Institute of Canada he takes a place to which he has long been entitled, and which he will fill with marked credit and distinction.

A Valuable Service

The first of this season's bulletins issued by the Potato Growers' Advisory Service appears in today's issue, and should be studied carefully by our potato growers. It warns particularly against the danger of late blight, which may be expected sometime this month if present conditions persist.

Conducted by Messrs. F. M. Cannon, Dominion Entomological Laboratory, and L. C. Callbeck, Laboratory of Plant Pathology, the Advisory Service was inaugurated in 1947 to assist the potato growers of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in protecting their crops against diseases and insects. Information is received from plant pathologists, entomologists and seed potato inspectors in both Provinces and the bulletins are prepared at the Charlottetown offices of these divisions of the Science Service. One bulletin is issued weekly through the growing and harvesting season. Each one is brief and to the point, which is a cardinal virtue in a service of this kind.

War Souvenirs

During and after each of the World Wars there was a series of accidents from the explosion of munitions, our own and enemy, which had been thoughtlessly appropriated as souvenirs. There are fewer left today, because of the accidents and because the owners took steps to have them destroyed by responsible authorities.

Remaining charges of explosives, it is well to note, grow more dangerous rather than safer with age. Many forms of high explosive which are reasonably stable when manufactured become very tricky indeed after a period of years and may be detonated by a very slight shock or even none at all.

Because that old grenade has been lying around for years does not mean it is safe. In the case of explosive substances age is like a fuse bringing them ever nearer to a possibly fatal blast.

Western Farm Research

Of interest to all our farm producers is the change which is occurring in the practice of Western Canadian farmers. They are cutting down on their production of wheat and increasing their production of livestock and the feed grains required for livestock. Tied in with this switchover is a growing appreciation that grassland farming, at relatively low labour cost, provides an excellent and cheap source of cattle feed.

The immediate cause of the change,

says the Winnipeg Free Press, has been the rapidly increasing price of livestock, a price which makes its production much more attractive financially than the production of wheat. Credit is also given to the technical experts, who for years have been hammering home the virtues of diversification, both from the point of view of money returns and of soil conservation.

The Free Press commends the activities of the Agricultural Institute of Canada, which recently met in Winnipeg, in providing a great deal of valuable information on livestock production and grassland farming.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Co-operators and Credit Unionists are O'Leary bound or at least looking that way for their annual meetings.

Sunday having been St. Swithin's day it seems that the Island will have rain for forty days—in spots.

The race riots in a Chicago suburb may not be Communist inspired but Communist propaganda will certainly make the most of them.

There isn't going to be another "little general election to fill vacancies at Ottawa." The powers-that-be have decided that individual elections will be the order of the day.

In swimming Northumberland Strait Miss Evelyn Henry may be founding a new sport. Her time of eight hours and 52 minutes should prove a challenge to others and the Strait might even some day be the scene of long distance racing.

The Prime Minister is going West after returning to Ottawa for delayed cabinet business. He will visit Vegreville, Alta., during the first week in August to take part in the celebration of the 60th anniversary of the arrival of the first Ukrainian immigrants in Canada.

The first number of Punch or "The London Charivari" appeared this date 1841. After an uncertain start Mar: Lemon assumed control as editor, a control which he retained until his death in 1870. The long familiar cover, recently changed, was designed by Richard Doyle.

The circus visit was welcome at the conclusion of the Festive celebrations, and was enjoyed by all, children and grown-ups as well. The Kiwanis are to be congratulated on sponsoring the event, a percentage of the takings going to the T. B. Hospital. It costs a lot of money to transport a circus here, off the beaten track.

As Fisheries Minister Mayhew announced "unofficially" last week before the officials from Ottawa, lobster fishermen will be allowed to set out their traps the day before the season opens, giving an additional open day for fishing, although the catch may not be brought in before the next day.

Up go the subscriptions to newspapers, beginning at Ottawa. The Citizen, which publishes morning and evening additions, will increase its home delivery rate to 36¢ from 25¢ a week. The Journal, which publishes an evening edition, will make a similar increase. Mail subscription rates in Ontario and Quebec will be increased to \$10 from \$7. The rate will be \$12 outside of Ontario and Quebec. The city delivery rate of the Morning Citizen will be increased to \$15 from \$13 a year.

"In Prince Edward Island and in New Glasgow," says the Sydney Post-Record, "the newspapers are justifiably indignant over the inadequate Wood Islands ferry service between Caribou and P. E. I. When you come to study this situation it seems almost incredible that Nova Scotia should be forced to depend on such woeful service as its only direct traffic link with a neighbor Province. The traffic on this route is a heavy one and steadily increasing."

Speculation is rife regarding the itinerary of the Royal visitors. When H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh board the C.P.S. Empress of France in Liverpool September 25 for Canada, there will be reserved for them and for members of their suite 18 cabins on A deck, amidships on the port side. These will be specially furnished for them, and quite possibly redecorated in the meantime. There is consideration being given to extending the stay of the Royal couple on this side of the Atlantic to Friday, November 2, when they would sail from here in the Empress of Canada. Failing that, they would return in the Empress of France, leaving here Friday, October 26. It is thought in some quarters at Ottawa, the Royal pair may fly to the Island to enable them to get a bird's eye view as well as saving time.

First Nighters



The Misty Isle

(Anna Dunlop in "Scotland")

We were luckier than most, for our mother called Skye home. She had been a Macleod, and so had her mother, so that she was a double-dyed Macleod, and it was a safe bet that anyone on the island bearing that name (and there were many) was related to us in some way.

It was a family joke that everyone in Skye was related to everyone else, and although this was a wild exaggeration there was a shadow of foundation for it. Like all island communities Skye men intermarried more than mainlanders.

Another piece of luck was that we had a slight smattering of Gaelic, and so were not utterly at sea among the soft syllables floating around us when we were holidaying in Skye. Our attempts to speak it were few and feeble, but we were at least able to catch the drift of what people were saying, and when our mother met acquaintances we had some idea of what they were saying about us.

From Edinburgh, it was a long journey to a child oblivious to the lovely scenery of the loch and the mountains. Later we came to look forward to crossing the Highland Line, but we never grew to like the bleak moors across country to Kyle. It seemed to be always raining in the middle of Scotland. But we waited eagerly for the burst of glory in which we emerged high on the slopes above Loch Carron and at last caught a glimpse of the mountain peaks of Skye.

Suddenly the distinctive colouring of the west was all around us: the loch an unstable colour that wavered between green and blue, running through all the intermediate shades as we watched, and the water so clear that we could see from the train the loch bed, chocolate-brown seaweeds, black rocks and pink sands, through this changing screen. In the distance the Coolins were blue in contrast a steadfast, heavenly blue.

Memories of Skye, like the changeable colors of the west that are the despair and inspiration of artists, run into a shifting pattern. It is almost painful for the mind to wrench itself from the driving curtains of rain, like the Northern lights come down to earth, to a heat-hazy sky above serrated blue peaks scored with navy-blue gashes; for the image of a shaggy Highland steer, immobilized in thought astride a narrow road and calmly disregarding the approaching car, to be superimposed on that of a tiny, purple and yellow pansy growing in the centre of the same road. We pull up the car, carefully wrapping up its roof, and took it home to our Edinburgh garden, where it actually grew and multiplied for awhile.

We brought other treasures from Skye, including shells and "gruth" or crowdie—mild, crumbly cream cheese. Occasionally we brought animate objects. There was the baby rabbit presented to us the day before we left. Within a week it had died of a surfeit of greens, for the poor thing had a little idea of its capacity as we had. Our Skye terrier pup, however, was more fortunate, although we thought he would never reach Edinburgh when he got stuck behind the hot pipes under the train seat, just as we were changing trains at Perth.

Most thrilling were the departures at the end of our holidays. We thought "we a wonderful place, and still do. Moreover, the islanders themselves, living amid such splendid land-and-sea scapes, do not display the customary indifference of the inhabitant, but know how to appreciate their gorgeous, slow sunsets as well as the misty days when sea, island and cloud seem to mingle.

That is perhaps the secret of the fascination of Skye, the thin hairlines between things that are usually separate: colors, for instance, merge into each other, the weather changes with astonishing rapidity,

the sea not only encircles the island, but claws its way into the land in long, narrow sea-lochs, which makes it impossible to travel as the crow flies.

You turn you head one way and you see in the distance the jagged range of the Coolins; you turn the other to face the shadowed, flat-topped Macleod's Tables, while out to sea, sparkling in the sun, lies the green slab of the island of Canna. You find a steep, grassy promontory, cr.-. the intervening sand bar and climb up among the sheep on its ridge, only to find it hollow, for there is a huge cave under your feet.

You clamber down among the rocks sprinkled with cherry red sea-anemones, while the sea, so still as you came across the bar, creeps into the floor of the cave, leaving pools, in one of which lies an eel. It is called the singing cave, for the smallest sound produces a long, mournful wailing re-echo. And when you leave this magic place, you find your promontory has become an island. So closely is Skye set in the arms of the sea.

Don't believe those who say the Misty Isle is always so. The breath of the sea may sweep over the island one day, wiping out the mountains with white mist, and be followed by one of those brilliant jewel days only to be found trailing waterfalls pouring over the cliffs at the mouth of the loch, and the next day it will be gone.

No wonder Skye is full of stories about the fairies! The sea-lochs themselves seem alive. So still sometimes that you can hardly tell where dark hill meets dark reflecting water, and at seven o'clock on an August morning, when the cattle have waded in up to their knees, you can almost hear the midges dipping in the surface. Within a few hours the tide may be in, and the grey loch leaping like a wild thing under shivering splinters of rain.

As you pass along a road you see a neat white tent—tourists. A few miles farther on you find two black, dome-shaped ones—tinkers. The post-office window has a letterbox in it, but its twin brother is full of biscuit tins and boot-laces. There is no end to the many facets of Skye; and the essential Skye we used to know is still there, as unchanging as its aspects are changeable.

And still we have not recalled the distinctive smell of Skye, a sweet peaty-seaweed smell. Nor its history and legends. Nor its links with the far world through its emigrant sons.

ROME, July 15 — (AP) — The Italian Defense Ministry said Saturday 19 Italian pilots have died this year in crashes of American fighter planes donated by the United States to Italy. It denied, however, that inferior material in the American planes was responsible for the crashes.

The Age-Old Story

And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness; and the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel: speak unto them, saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread; and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God. And it came to pass, that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp; and in the morning the dew lay round about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoarfrost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

CUNARD LINE CONNECTION

"The Unicorn, in coming down the river on her last trip from Quebec, ran aground near Riviere du Loupe, and was thereby detained ten hours. In order to guard as much as possible against the consequences which may result from the recurrence of such casualties, it is intended, we understand, to place, next year, a second boat on the station between Quebec and Pictou, thus affording additional security for the punctual transmission of the mails. When the above arrangement is carried into effect Mr. Cunard, when here the other day, said that one of the boats will regularly touch at Charlottetown.

"At the same time Mr. Cunard could not avoid expressing himself struck at the want of accommodation in Charlottetown for travellers. A number of those who had previously arrived in the Bechothas were in town, and when the Unicorn arrived with upwards of forty more, although some were accommodated in private houses, many were unable to procure beds, and during the two nights the vessel remained here, were under the necessity of sleeping on board.

"The establishment of an Hotel, on a respectable footing, had been suggested, towards which Mr. Cunard has liberally offered to subscribe the sum of one hundred pounds. We hope his example will

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Notes By The Way

Advocates of a Canadian flag should not give up hope. In trying to establish the origin of the Stars and Stripes, an American editor points out that not until October, 1912, did the United States have an official flag, when President Taft signed the document, making 48 stars and 13 stripes the designation. When Alaska and Hawaii came into the Union, there will be 50 stars. But the flag did not become official until more than 136 years after independence was won. — St. Catharines Standard.

The keeping of accounts bears a close resemblance to the keeping of diaries. Both are easy to begin and irritatingly hard to keep up. The Central Office of Information is apparently prepared to pay 25s. to selected people who will keep a month's detailed account of their spending. A month is a long time and the COI need not be surprised at the number whose first week's record is "excellent" the second "good," the third only "fair," and the fourth in the old familiar terms "could do better if he tried." This is human nature, and it certainly will not be COI's fault if the results are disappointing. — The Times (London).

Americans cannot overlook the obvious possibility that one reason for the enemy's willingness to talk peace at this time may be the hope in the Kremlin that this country will relax. It is significant that the overtures coincided with the debate in Congress over whether to continue inflation controls. A new spurt of inflation now could derange the rearmament program. The determination to keep troops in Korea as long as they are needed and to retain necessary inflation controls at home will be a test of the maturity and restraint of the American people and their elected representatives. For what may be in the process of decision in Korea is merely a battle, not the war.—Washington Post.

It has always been thought that the most perilous task a man could be roped into was to act as a judge in a baby contest. The town council of Nelson, Lancashire has found something even riskier. Its members will have to decide which of their female constituents are too old to have a chance of marrying! This horrible predicament is the result of a by-law authorizing council to build low-rent apartments for "spinsters" — defined as unmarried women whose prospects of marriage have grown dim. The job of deciding who is entitled to this dubious honor falls on the unhappy councillors. About the only ray of light in their situation is that the by-law probably won't require them to go into the highway and collect suspected quality for the apartments which presumably have to come to the town hall. Still, the interview—"How old are you, madame?" and "How long is it since you were last kissed?"—should be extremely embarrassing on both sides. Indeed, considering the traditional reticence and sometimes the inevitable optimism — of the fair sex in these matters, it would not be surprising if Nelson's apartments stood tenanted for a long time. — From Edmonton Journal.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," quoth the stay-at-home. "But it takes on a high polish," replied the traveller. So it goes. A popular maxim is not always so axiomatic as it sounds. Take another, for example: "Oil and water will not mix." True, in the ordinary sense. Yet the experimenter knows that many kinds of oil do mix with water to form emulsions, or suspensions of finely divided particles of one liquid in another, and that the study of these forms a whole branch of organic chemistry. Then recall that passage from Rudyard Kipling to the effect that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." How many who quote it know that the import of the full verse is quite the opposite? "Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat; But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed, nor Birth, When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!" — From the Christian Science Monitor.

FROM A CITY DESK The boy would bring the oxen in from work. Moving their bulk with his shrill "Gee!" and "Haw!" And, feeling kinship with the proud farm dog, He knelt to shake the gravely ofered paw.

The Poet's Corner

He salted cows upon the pasture from work. Moving their bulk with his shrill "Gee!" and "Haw!" And, feeling kinship with the proud farm dog, He knelt to shake the gravely ofered paw. He salted cows upon the pasture from work. Moving their bulk with his shrill "Gee!" and "Haw!" And, feeling kinship with the proud farm dog, He knelt to shake the gravely ofered paw.

Just when a day seemed endless to the boy, And he was sure that chores were never done, His father's voice was like a steady hand Upon his shoulder, "Easy does it, Son." Across the widening valley of the years The man remembers with a faint regret, Though pavements dull the ancient pulse of earth, The boy comes back, and he can not forget. —Inez George Gridley

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