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Welcome Assurance

In a recent address before the Canadian Labour Congress, Prime Minister St. Laurent frankly conceded that economic redevelopment of the Atlantic Provinces deserves consideration.

Members of the Atlantic Economic Council have not been slow in seizing upon this assurance. Working jointly with the Boards of Trade and Provincial Governments, it should not be difficult to convince Mr. St. Laurent's Government that there is no lack of initiative in these Provinces, and that we have many schemes for development which could be investigated.

The Music Festival

The eleventh annual Music Festival gets under way on Monday, with a crowded program which will continue through to Wednesday, May 8. The entry lists are larger than ever before, indicating the widespread enthusiasm for this form of competitive entertainment.

It is noted also that there are plans underway for holding a National Musical Festival. It is proposed this year to hold the Atlantic Provinces area finals in Saint John, N. B., about May 19 and each festival affiliated with the Dominion Federation is asked to choose three contestants.

This great cultural movement stems, not from Ottawa but from individual Provinces and communities. It owes a great deal, here and elsewhere, to the initial enthusiasm of the Women's Institutes, and it stands as a fine example of cooperative effort on the part of all concerned.

The Free Dispensary

Coping with the problem of sickness among destitute families is a difficult task, even for a well-financed service organization. The Charlottetown Free Dispensary has been

doing a wonderful work in this connection on a very inadequate budget. The story of the past year's activities was given at the annual meeting of the organization last night by the nurse in charge, Mrs. Goldie, and her report appears in full in today's Guardian. We commend it to the careful attention of all our readers. Behind the matter-of-fact account lie some heartbreaking stories, which, of course, are cited anonymously.

Charlottetown is not singular in the demands made upon its charitable citizens, and for the most part we have faced up to these obligations in a creditable manner. But the support received by the Free Dispensary is certainly not one to be proud of. It is a long established institution in this city, doing its work year in and year out with amazing efficiency considering the means at its disposal.

Captain Fitzgerald

Captain Charles Fitzgerald, who died in his 93rd year at Georgetown this week, was one of the few survivors of the old days of "wooden ships and iron men." His early years were crowded with sea-faring adventure, and in his own yards he built some of the finest vessels afloat at the time.

Captain Fitzgerald's sturdy qualities would have enabled him to succeed in any occupation, but it was as a mariner that he embodied all the grand traditions of the past. His life spanned the period between pioneer days of months-long voyages and present day rapid air transport. Which did he prefer? He took life philosophically as it came, refusing to fall into the "old fogey" class and keeping a steady course, alert and responsive to every new experience.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mayor Kitz of Halifax appears to be holding his own in the confidence of his fellow citizens. His majority over his opponent, Mr. Lloyd, was practically the same as in last year's voting.

The Minister for Industries in Ceylon says that his country may soon give up Commonwealth preference with respect to trade. If the new Government of Ceylon puts into practice only half the measures that have been discussed since last month's election, it may just as well give up the Commonwealth connection altogether.

Bitter memories must have been troubling the Queen and her husband when they received the Russian visitors at Windsor Castle. The Czar who was murdered by the Bolsheviks in 1918 was a favourite kinsman of the Queen's grandfather, the late George the Fifth. The Czarina, who died in the same act of treachery, was a great-aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Business houses in some of the Southern States are trying out something new in their campaign against importation of Japanese goods. In South Carolina, for example, a state law requires retailers handling such goods to display a sign reading "Japanese textiles sold here".

The United States State Department is a bit uneasy over this state of affairs, seeing in it, to quote Secretary Dulles, "a practice inimical to the operation of our most favored-nation-policy with respect to trade". Meanwhile, the Japanese, who buy most of their raw cotton from the United States—26% of the total exported last year—are said to be looking elsewhere for the product. There's plenty of it in various South East Asia countries.



NOW THAT'S AN OFFER!

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.

LONELY OLD MEN

Sir.—I read with interest last Wednesday's Guardian article entitled "Old Men of the Town" in the weekly column edited by Zubawah Scheinfeld Frank.

I always find this column worth while but this week's article really touched me. "Where do they go these old men of the town?" Just one visit "down town" will answer that in Charlottetown. But what are we doing or rather what can we do to make the cheerless, lonely lives of these men brighter and happier?

I think Mrs. Frank has something there when she suggests a club room, where these strong men of other days might gather for a bit of warmth, comfort and companionship. Perhaps such a spot might be found upon our present Post Office site vacated! That would be an ideal location, right in the centre of our city where the men could sit and watch the comings and goings of the community.

When I visited Edmonton last month my attention was caught by the numerous benches scattered throughout the city. The words "Rest and read the Journal" were painted on the top panel of the back of each, so I take it they were partly an advertisement for the local daily newspaper. Perhaps this might be a suggestion for one of our papers to follow as a contribution, and a worthwhile one, to the comfort of our older citizens.

My heart always goes out to the lonely old men, they seem more lonely than old ladies, who as a rule can relax easier and are more content to sit with folded hands or toy with mending or knitting. Men are more unsettled and restless and generally keep moving around as long as they possibly can.

HELEN LAWSON  
Charlottetown.

SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND

Sir.—Saint George, the Patron Saint of England whose anniversary was observed this week, was born in 280 A.D. at Lydda in Palestine. This great man must not be confused with that other George the Cappadocian, who was born about 50 years later in Laodicea, and who eventually became Archbishop of Alexandria.

Gibbon's History describes this man as one of the vilest villains who ever stained the earth with crime, being an adventurer, a receiver of taxes and later an army contractor before his eventual elevation to the priesthood by the prevailing faction of the so-called nobility of Egypt. Eventually he met an ignominious death at the hands of an infuriated mob.

But a study of the life of England's Patron Saint is a far different picture. Our Saint George was born of Christian parents. Lydda is situated in the plains of Jaffa (Joppa) 23 miles from Jerusalem.

The ruins of the home of his boyhood days and the church, built by King Richard "The Lion-hearted" apparently in his memory, are still the chief attractions of Lydda. His mother was a daughter of the Count of Lydda whose family and practically all who dwell in Lydda and Sharon were converts of St. Peter. His father, Anastasius, was also

The Dilatory Season

By David MacKenzie, Montague

Our countryside experiences one season that, more often than not, distorts the rhythmic laws of nature and strains the patience of normally imperturbable husbandmen. Spring is the culprit, not in its well favored self but because of its unpunctuality, its failure to materialize when everyone knows full well that it should be here.

One does not blame winter for this phenomenon. That dreary fellow died of old age lingeringly, amidst the gusts, furies and rattling ice of early March. It is our misfortune that the dereliction of his logical successor should leave us in a decidedly chilly vacuum.

The course of growth and maturation, barring human neglect or mismanagement, is serenely constant. The harvest follows, of each crop in its appointed time, unerringly. Autumn affords ample opportunity to prepare against storms and freezing weather. But spring, the tardy, the boisterous and the most fascinating of all seasons, is content to loiter in the south or, still worse, to pay us a fleeting visit, as if shocked by the frigid inhospitality of our land. In point of time, we note habitually a vast difference between the first day of spring and the first spring day. Nevertheless, the frustration of this hiatus is invariably overcompensated, at first sporadically and later in a sustained flood of beauty, upon the ultimate settling of the prodigy.

For the city dweller, springtime is an agreeable event. He discards rubbers and scarf, changes to a lighter top coat and happily anticipates the approach of a summer holiday; but that routine of his life is fundamentally unaltered. The countryman, on the other hand, intimately shares each pang and pleasure of this period of reconstruction. An aftermath of many months of careful planning, his activity is intense and purposeful. His disposition improves like that of his hens, who in exasperation attack one another and smashed their eggs before being given freedom to range. He is exhilarated by the abandon of young stock as they caper on the soft, warm turf. He senses the urgency of the nesting robin and of wild geese winging northwards. There is much to do and little time in which to do it, for summer cannot be put off once spring has made its stand.

Projects multiply endlessly. The days grow longer, though scarcely long enough, and the farmer is never busier or more contentedly occupied. He is not too involved, however, to contemplate, compare and discuss with his neighbors successive symbols of the elusive season: the bloom on the willow, the first snow-drops and crocus, expanding buds of lilac and apple, the increasing congregation of birds, the evensong of froes, or the increase of warmth and workability of the soil.

These and many other vernal experiences, thoughtfully savored or subconsciously assimilated, are among man's finest restoratives. This the countryman understands and thus we will accept next year's seasonal delay as he has done in the past, but as a matter of course, knowing that it is one occasion when waiting is worth while. For him, spring's advent signals in fact the new year.

After much persecution by Galerius, the eastern Christians found a champion defender in "George of Lydda". He appealed to the Emperor Diocletian, but all in vain. He himself was taken before Galerius and his nobles. The result was imprisonment and torture, but he persisted in proclaiming "I am a Christian".

The efforts of Galerius and his accomplices to induce him to recant were all in vain. While a guest of Galerius for a short time, he was the means of converting Alexandria, wife of Galerius. She was imprisoned for this, and consequently St. George was again imprisoned also. After further continued imprisonment and torture he still refused to recant. The ultimate result was sentence of death, and on the 23rd day of April in the year 304, Saint George the Patron Saint of England was beheaded by the orders of his former friend, Galerius.

One of the most interesting documents in connection with the martyrdom of St. George is to be found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England, the translation of which is in the British Museum. The original is in Greek which was made by his former body-servant Pasricates.

The Rose of Sharon was a badge of his family, and the Wars of the Roses are one of our national links with Palestine.

In the story of St. George, the incident of the dragon has a meaning all its own. The Fenragon of Wales is an outstanding example. The Welsh, who were the leading tribe in Celtic times, continue to display the dragon flag, and throughout Britain St. George and the Dragon had been painted on the walls of many parish churches and cathedrals. St. George's Dragon stood for evil, either real or imaginary.

At the Council of Arles, 314 A.D. which was convened by Constantine, the martyred George of Lydda was chosen as a model and an example of the young manhood of Christendom, and accordingly termed the "Champion Knight of Christendom". Three British names were affixed to the Council document as follows: Eborius,

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OUR YESTERDAYS

From The Guardian Files

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(April 28, 1931)

The consecration of the Right Rev. J. A. O'Sullivan, recently appointed Bishop of Charlottetown, will take place at Hamilton, Ontario on May 7 and his installation as Bishop at Charlottetown on May 18. It is expected several clergymen from the local diocese will attend the ceremonies at Hamilton.

The first car to travel the road between Montague and Charlottetown this spring was driven by Mr. Milton Mellish, who had occasion to visit the City on business yesterday. A car from Murray Harbor reached the city Saturday.

Almost all the managers of lobster factories of Murray Harbour and vicinity have betaken themselves to their positions. Mrs. W. Sencabaugh and Mrs. J. MacKinnon will manage the cook house for Miller and Butler's and Mrs. W. Graham will do the same at Condon's factory.

TEN YEARS AGO

(April 28, 1946)

Little Miss Marian Wright, six year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wright, Summerside, travelled by herself Thursday to Montague by plane to visit her aunt, Mrs. Robert Gordon.

During the week-end recess of the Dominion Provincial Conference, Premier Jones and his aides took occasion to meet and renew acquaintance with a number of former Prince Edward Islanders now holding important posts in Canada's capital.

A large and representative group of citizens of Georgetown met in the Town Hall on Thursday to discuss aspects of town planning. Mayor P. L. Boudreau presided and J. Waldon Lavers was appointed secretary for the meeting.

The Age Old Story

To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

Bishop of York, Resitutus, Bishop of London and Adolphus, Bishop of London-on-Usk.

Ancient Britain set her seal on the adoption of his name, as their Patron Saint.

Some historians claim that William of Normandy flew the standard of the Red Cross of St. George from the masthead of his ships when approaching the English coast in 1066.

When King Richard departed for the Holy Land in search of the Holy Grail, he, with the others, wore a ribbon below one knee. This was in keeping with the "Order of St. George and the Garter", as modelled by Edward III. "Saint George for England" was their battle-cry as they charged to victory again and again.

The "George Inn" at Glastonbury dates from the 15th century. Many in Sussex County date from the 16th century and in Kent over 60 are called after St. George. In all England there are more than 160 churches dedicated to him.

Victory with honour will surely follow our British flag founded upon the Cross of Saint George. "Dumbly their plumage fans the gale. With silent gold their steeds are shod. Who noiseless ride the mystic mail. The immortal chivalry of God. Each in his office is not slow. To wage the spiritual war. Nor least, where'er the English go. The Good Saint George goes on before.

"Let him deride whose soul with coarser sense is blurred. For England loves that unseen guide. Sent forth to work his master's word. Who sleeplessly by land and wave. Hath kept her, and shall keep her thus. Strong Servant of the God who gave. His Angels charge concerning us."

I am Sir, etc. G.A. CUDMORE, Charlottetown.

NOTES BY THE WAY

A road hog is always happy until he lands in an accident; then hear him squeal.—Oshawa Times

The United States has decided to market another 10,000,000 lbs. of surplus butter abroad. Canada still has a surplus and a fresh influx of butter supplies from spring production lies ahead. Possibly, in the long run, the only way to deal with the problem will be to put cows on a 40-hour week.—Ottawa Journal

Foreigners call all Americans Yankees. Southerners say that Yankees are northerners. Northerners say that Yankees are from the New England states. People in New England say it is the Vermonters who are Yankees. Vermonters reply that a Yankee is just someone who eats pie for breakfast.—Chicago Tribune

Believe it or not, to appreciate history truly a man needs a sense of humor, for in many ways history is a record of a chain of disappointments. It is the story of man's grasping for progress, only to come off second best so often. And so the man without the ability to laugh at himself may well live in despair and history will have for him a gloomy and warped countenance.—Smith Falls Record

The Royal Mile in Edinburgh is to get a "new look" this summer when roads and pavements will be relaid. This was stated by Mr. W.P. Haldane, Edinburgh city engineer, at a meeting of the corporation works committee. The pavement will be resurfaced with pre-cast concrete flagstones, some tinted to blend with the buildings next to them and replacing "a conglomeration of different types" of flagstones—natural stone, concrete and granolithic.—Edinburgh Scotsman

Why is it that learning to drive a car fast is so much easier than learning to drive it slowly?—London Free Press

You never have to wonder for long how much money a man has tied up in fishing equipment. He'll tell you.—Winnipeg Tribune

Singers stay at home when they have colds—but audiences bravely turn out at concerts when they have coughs.—Stratford Beacon Herald

A labor expert predicts that one-third of the working people of the United States 10 years hence will be women and girls. If the quota extends to politics the United States will be under petticoat government before the end of the century.—Stratford Beacon-Herald

All languages have their spelling and pronouncing miseries. Only artificial languages can be read perfectly but nobody uses them. The object lesson here is that we may reform our English spelling today and find it all out of kilter again in 100 years—because living languages insist on changing.—Vancouver Sun

Most of our abbreviations are formed by using a few letters taken from the English word, such as Ont. for Ontario or Ft. for foot. But when it comes to shortening the word "pound", the usual form isn't pd. but lb. Sometime in the distant past there was a mix-up in this abbreviation for pound. Poundweight is cwt. in its shortened form. It is a mixture of Latin and English. The c is derived from the Latin word centum, meaning 100, and wt. from weight.—Kitchener-Waterloo Record

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THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA Ottawa

By: BANK OF CANADA, Fiscal Agent.