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year. These concessions averted a crisis; but they by no means placed us on easy street. The Premier, in his statement at the reopening of the House this week, was careful not to give any such impression. He hoped for further consideration on the basis of the presentation made at Ottawa; but in the meantime, while other Provinces are enjoying a 20 per cent increase in revenue under the federal agreements, we in this Province—facing recurrent annual deficits of over two million dollars—have just been able, by the skin of our teeth, to peg our subsidy still without funds to meet the increases recommended in the Education Committee report, and with the prospect of having to retrench in other departments where heavy expenditures are involved.

In view of these circumstances we can only express amazement that the Legislature saw fit, in the dying hours of the session, to pass the salary boost of \$450 for each non-portfolio member which had been put through last year in a more surreptitious manner, through the Contingent Accounts Committee, of which the public was unaware until weeks after the House had adjourned. On this occasion the grab was made openly under estimated Legislative expenditures. The Opposition members voted against it, and have announced that they will refuse to accept the cheques. We commend them for doing so. As for the Liberal members, they made no attempt to defend the item; they simply carried it by weight of numbers. Already they enjoy \$1,000 indemnity plus \$300 tax-free "expenses"; and this extra \$450, earmarked "travelling expenses", is also presumably exempt from income tax.

Considering the state of the treasury, the salaries of our school teachers and other civil servants, how can such action be condoned? How will it be regarded at Ottawa, where we are seeking better terms on the basis of our extreme fiscal need? To our taxpayers, it is an act of irresponsibility for which there is no excuse whatever. It is not so much the amount that is criticised as the principle of the thing, the timing of it and the attitude underlying it. Our public men were elected to serve the interests of their constituents and Province. When they put their own selfish interests first they are playing a dangerous game. They could at least have waited for a more opportune occasion.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Bon voyage to the Empress of England, the largest liner built on the Clyde since 1939, now on her way across the Atlantic with a full complement of 1,000 passengers. The ship cost 5 million pounds to build.

Tracks of a wild animal thought to be a polar bear weighing at least 1000 pounds have been seen on different occasions in a Newfoundland outport. There seems to be always something exciting going on down that way. Not long ago a trapper reported seeing a moose wearing snowshoes.

Speaking before a New York audience the Indian Ambassador to the United States noted that India does not seek "charity or philanthropy" from the West but "understanding and sympathetic insight." In other and more forthright words, she needs "money" and lots of it.

Egyptian Army officers are complaining that soldiers of the U.N. Emergency Force are "falling for" pretty Israeli girl soldiers across the demarcation line. They are planning to bring the matter before the U.N. if it keeps up. What a discussion that will bring forth!

An American architect says he wants to build a modern dormitory at the Chicago School of Theology "that would win the admiration of the world." He would do well enough to build one that would win the unreserved admiration of the students in residence.

The Game and Fish Department of the State Government of Oklahoma is asking woodcutters to leave hollow trees standing. They point out that these trees which have no commercial value provide homes for some animals and food for others and thus are valuable aids to conservation.



EASTERSIDE with its wonderful promise of RESURRECTION THE JOY OF EASTER BE YOURS!

PUBLIC FORUM

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Sir.—Hi, everybody on this lovely Palm Sunday morning! The beautiful Lenten Season is almost over and Easter with its message of hope and cheer will be with us by the time this letter reaches my native and dearly beloved land.

It is indeed a glorious morning in this locale after a night of heavy rain—all the world washed clean and new! It bids fair to rival even the Sabbath of two weeks past when all the world within my vision was so lovely that I felt like shouting from the housetops: "Spring! Spring, at last is here!" With so much of God's handiwork all about, I wondered how any could doubt after witnessing the glory of the sunset, God's pageantry heralding in the new day, the beauty of "valley, grove and stream," to say nothing of the mountain heights!

From my vantage point as I write I see a rose trellis—a bit neglected and wild, as it is no longer part of my domain—covered with roses of many kinds from the humble pale pink climber to the large and larger of deeper and gorgeous hue. A cherry tree, blossom blown and fruit forming, but beauty of blossom lingers in my memory, a white lilac at the height of its white purity, and away towards the horizon the attractive homes of Crocker Highlands in their lovely setting of green; nearer enhancing the view of the symmetrical eucalyptus standing almost as a symbol of mortality—changing but unchanged by nature's moods, its branches waving wild and wide in the storms then calm and serene when the mist and fog, but always beautiful to me and most in this locale who have any love of beauty.

The sturdy oak all around, gnarled and old, symbols of strength—then the whispering pine lining the street, of fairly recent planting but seemingly fully grown. Although a bit out of my vision, in my mind's eye I see the Scotch broom across the street in sunshiny yellow—almost a bank of gold, while further up old brown two-storied shingle houses with their old world charm, altho in a realistic mood I know they aren't nearly as convenient as the modern stream-lined stucco bungalows on this side but much more picturesque. And over all God's spacious firmament of eternal blue with the fleeciest clouds floating about. We should have a gorgeous sunset this evening.

So much for beauty, I did not write of the things that mar the beauty of God's design as I choose to look above and beyond the flaws and imperfections of nature as they should in humanity. We see in others for the most part what we look for—often a reflection of ourselves. Perhaps never in the history of mankind has there been greater need for tolerance and understanding of others unlike ourselves as to heritage and culture. Already this a.m. I've listened to a service coming from Los Angeles from St. James Episcopal (Protestant) Church, topic "Paul's Viewing Palm Sunday" from this side of the Cross as we do today—an inspiring message.

Also I heard Rabbi Stern delivering the Passover message. He is respected and liked by Jew and Gentile alike—in fact all who are fortunate enough to know him or hear him on the air. At 11 a.m. I'll listen in to my very favorite service coming from the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, Dr. Loper's Lenten sermons are entitled, "God Forever At The Center." Believe me, they have been to-date rare spiritual and intellectual treats, almost as fine as Dr. Robert MacCracken's of Riverside Church, New York, who delivered the "Earl Foundation" lectures at the "Pacific School of Religion"—an interdenominational college, the only one of its kind in this fair land, my daughter informs me.

Also disappointed are what I called last week the "upper working class"—the \$2800 to \$3000 a year man. His tax is virtually untouched, although his wife may have a few shillings in the reduction of purchase tax on kites, utensils and other furniture. Bigger slices of the cake go to the middle classes. Where a \$28,000-a-year man with a child had to hand over no less than \$17,922 to the tax man, his levy now is \$15,397. This \$28 a week he will save will be enough to clothe the child and send him to one of Britain's best public schools. "CHEER UP!"

Despite these disappointments, it seems that the general view is that for the overtaxed British this is not a bad budget at all. It points the way to greater incentive. It will make the lower high-executive quite happy about seeking more promotion. That is the view that commentators on both sides of the political fence are taking. In fact, the leftish "Daily Mirror" and the Rightish "Evening Standard" used the same heading for their lead stories: "A Cheer-Up Budget."

The last letter I had from my sister in Charlottetown said the same as the above lines in different words. She sends me some of the Kirk's Church Bulletin—perhaps she'll send the "Palm Sunday" one and "Easter," I noted last Christmas one said: "It is a time for anthems and not arguments." Then recently I noted via The Guardian church notices that the evening Meditation was on "The Eleventh Commandment,"—I should have liked to have heard that one, as I feel it about takes in the whole Gospel. Christianly to my way of thinking, rightly or wrongly, is no a form or a creed—although that's part of it, more for some than others—but a way of life. Long ago as a little girl—when our Sunday reading was restricted—I read Charles M. Sheldon's, "What Would Jesus Do?" Then even I thought it a bit impractical, but not so today, as all Christians should take God into account every day in every walk of life.

When I started this missive, I meant to write about L.M. Montgomery's Biography, by Hilda M. Ridley. It was a gift of a niece who loves the little "Inch"—especially the North Shore—although she no longer sojourns in the Garden of the Gulf. However she's going back during vacation this summer. LUCKY niece! I almost envy her, but try to keep away from any negativism for health's sake if for nothing else. Needless to say, I did not need L.M.'s life story to unloose a chain of memories. How simple life was in those days in the Garden Province and elsewhere! I learned some items I hadn't known about her early life but I wasn't the first to enjoy my book. Christmas forenoon some of my family came over to be with me opening my gifts as it is no fun doing it alone. Among the number, a little eleven year old granddaughter—pardon personal references—who lost all interest in my other gifts as soon as she got her hands on my late cousin's biography—by the time we were ready to go on to another of the clan's homes for dinner, Donna had reached page sixty-three, so I thought it a shame not to let her finish it, especially as I knew I'd be busy writing "thank you's" for

many weeks after the holidays. To make a long story short, Donna loved the book and now another little girl is well launched on the perusal of L.M.'s children's classics. Evidently the "Anne books" are as popular here as in Canada as my daughter could only find one left in the library yesterday.

Around the holidays, an old friend sent me a snap of L.M.'s grandmother's kitchen—the old stove so much like the one we had in our home when I was a little tot before we got the beautiful—to me—shiny "Enterprise Monarch." I always moved the old stove to the back porch in the spring to make the kitchen cool for dining in the summer. In winter we would let the fire go out in the kitchen Saturday evening after the sitting room was heated so the stove could be shined to the nth degree for Sunday. The kitchen floor in the winter was scrubbed twice also, in the morn and the evening as no work was done on the Sabbath except of necessity and mercy—that holds true today I assume.

Many a time I was in Maud's grandmother's kitchen when I'd go for the mail with L.M.'s young cousin and that door neighbor. It was always the essence of neatness as was her grandmother—the cutest little old lady—I recall her coming into Cavendish Church—she sat a little behind us, family pew on the opposite side—and she was always a little late. Naturally youngster heads turned to view. She was always in heavy mourning in our home, we called it. I do not recall L.M.'s grandfather. Even the cat was in the snap my friend sent me, always part of L.M.'s life where'er she sojourned—she surely loved her pets.

My favorite service is now on, so I must devote my full time to it in order to get anything out of it—part of my inspiration to put my best to all on my Native Isle! It was always the essence of neatness as was her grandmother—the cutest little old lady—I recall her coming into Cavendish Church—she sat a little behind us, family pew on the opposite side—and she was always a little late. Naturally youngster heads turned to view. She was always in heavy mourning in our home, we called it. I do not recall L.M.'s grandfather. Even the cat was in the snap my friend sent me, always part of L.M.'s life where'er she sojourned—she surely loved her pets.

I am Sir, etc., G. S. GORDON (MRS. D. J.) Oakland, California, April 14th.

UNITED KINGDOM OPINION

Comments On The Budget

By "Onlooker" of the London, England Bureau of Thomson Newspapers

Main topic over here in the British Parliament and the British pubs (where you can often hear the best sense spoken) has been money.

Usually the filthy stuff takes up quite a percentage of the conversation, but right now it threatens to monopolise all the talk. The reason? After just 90 days in the driver's seat, Mr. Macmillan's government has produced its first budget.

Medically Speaking

By Herman N. Sundesen, M.D.

KEEP CHILD AMUSE WHILE CONVALESCING

It's a great relief to learn that your ill youngster is on the road to recovery. But convalescence may take a long time.

Taking care of a convalescent child, especially one who is confined to bed, can be a real chore. Such a youngster, you see, is easily upset, tired—and easily bored.

It's up to you to see that he gets enough rest when he needs it and to keep him occupied when he is not. Get your doctor's advice on just what your child can and can't do while recovering from an illness or injury.

Interests of a young convalescent change quickly. Of course, there's always television, radio and phonograph records to help pass the time. But he'll tire of these things eventually.

All kids like vacations. And if your child is at all interested in adventure, he'll probably get a kick out of looking through travel folders. You can get them easily from travel agents, railroads and most newspapers.

Let your child help with simple household tasks like finding places where clothing needs to be mended and chopping nuts or shredding vegetables to help.

The best time for you to do your own housework is in the morning. Not only do you feel more like working during these hours, but your bedridden youngster is fresh enough to amuse himself for quite a while without your help.

PLEASANT BUT FIRM Be pleasant but firm when it is time for him to eat or to nap. Bedtime in the evening might be made more pleasant if it includes a warm bath and maybe a gentle rubdown.

The youngster probably will find it more relaxing and more pleasant if Daddy takes over for these final chores of the day. I think mother will enjoy the few moments' rest, too.

QUESTION AND ANSWER H.L.: Will massaging the eyeball cause the formation of cataracts? Answer: We know of no evidence that massaging the eyeballs will cause cataracts.

The Poet's Corner

HE HAD COME EARLY. Every other bird still left in southern warmth, a-greed the act. Was what they might expect of him—absorb—He'd always favored fancy more than fact.

There was late snow, but there were crumbs to eat. And every day gave cause for him to sing! His feathered fellows did not guess how sweet He found the first green tracery of spring!

—Lee Avery, in the Christian Science Monitor

The Age Old Story

These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life.

OUR YESTERDAYS

From the Guardian Files TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (April 18, 1932)

News of the attempt of potato dealers in United States to evade duty payments in disposing of prime quality P.E.I. potatoes in storage in bonded warehouses came as a complete surprise to potato dealers and growers in this province. Mr. J. W. Boulter, Secretary of the Potato Growers Association, said last evening.

The Queen Hotel at O'Leary was destroyed by fire at midnight Saturday. It is believed the fire started from the kitchen stove. Mrs. John MacKinnon, proprietress, discovered the fire after it had gained considerable headway. The damage is estimated to be about \$4,000.

TEN YEARS AGO

(April 18, 1922) A resolution dealing with potato floor prices and limitations of potato acreage caused a lengthy discussion in the Legislature yesterday and was finally left in committee after progress had been reported. Mr. Barbour maintained that there is presently a floor price of 60 cents, and the Deputy Minister of Agriculture was on his way to Ottawa to discuss these matters with the price board.

The City of Charlottetown lost out to the rural members of the Legislature yesterday on the question of imposing a non-resident fee on transient workers in the city, and of taxing goods in transit. Both measures were discussed, and Hon. Mr. Horace Wright maintained that the city was evidently trying to "get all" the farmers by taxing their fertilizer, potato bags and other supplies.

MAXIMS

A father establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.

—cloakrooms, refreshment facilities at reasonable prices, decent seats for the three-times-the-cinema-price you pay for them—are purely incidental. They might have been once, but not in these days of widespread television to provide a hefty counter-attraction. Now the tax abolition could mean that the theatremen may get their house (in the physical sense) in order at last. (Continued on page 3)

NOTES BY THE WAY

Love-making is a lost art, a writer assures us. In these days it has probably become a science.—Chatham News

Maybe the law recognizes the husband as the head of the house, but the neighbors could often tell a different story.—Calgary Herald

We felt sorry for the new Canadian who was trying hard to learn our language. Attending a dance one night he figured out how he could tell his partner that she looked so cool, while the dance hall was so warm and stuffy. He's still wondering about the black look he got, after he said, "You don't look so hot!"—Deloraine (Man.) Times

Dogs may be nuisances, but how would you like a herd of hippopotami rising out of the Sound of the Clyde at night and coming ashore in search of nice green vegetable gardens or wheat fields? That is a problem people of Uganda have to face. One hippo alone could tell a whole neighborhood pack of dogs by just one romp through a street of gardens.—Owen Sound Sun-Times

An indigenous South African emblem of rank with the historic Dutch castle in Cape Town as the basis will in future be used by the South African Defence Force in place of the Crown. A major-general will wear one castle and crossed swords; a lieutenant-general two castles and crossed swords; and the commandant-general (top defence officer) three castles and crossed swords.—South Africa Today

I think the thing that gave me most satisfaction in three years living in Canada was thumping the head of a fidgety child in front of me at the movies with a rolled up newspaper. The disinterest of his father and mother was typical of the abysmal lack of parental control that struck me as one of the most disturbing features of Canadian life.—Desmond Burridge in the Capetown, S. A. Cape Argus

New Brunswick potatoes are now bringing their growers the depressingly low price of \$1.50 a barrel. This is a full dollar below the cost of production. What can we at home do to support our growers and to bolster an industry which is an essential adjunct to our economy? We can eat more potatoes; we can publicize their importance to our health and taste; we can attack the fallacy that potatoes are fattening.—Frederic Gleaser

Stay At The Cornwallis Hotel. 80115 ST., HALIFAX, N.S. Just two minutes walk from Railway Station. Steamship Piers, Business and Theatrical District. REASONABLE DAILY RATES Single Rooms from \$2.50 to \$4.00 Double Rooms from \$4.00 to \$5.50 Single with bath \$4.50 to \$5.50 Double with bath \$6.00 to \$8.00 Weekly Rates Arranged For Our Guests Enjoyment TV Entertainment in our comfortable Lounge, a 100 Snack Bar, Magazines, Toilettries and Barber Shop in Hotel Building. FOR OUR GUESTS SAFETY Automatic Fire Sprinkler in every room for your protection. You will enjoy COMFORT with ECONOMY at the "CORNWALLIS HOTEL"