

THE GUARDIAN

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The Home Market

Necessity is proverbially the mother of invention and it also may take credit for improvements in efficiency and quality which might not otherwise be bothered about. This is proving true in the potato industry at the present time. Faced with heavy production both in this country and in the United States which can be expected to cut seriously into export markets, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island representatives of potato shipping and carrying interests are energetically tackling the problems of improving the quality of Maritime table stock potatoes upon arrival in the hands of consumers in Ontario and Quebec.

Much has already been done to assure that a high quality product will be produced and graded. Attention is now being directed particularly to the handling of the crop in transit. It is encouraging that representatives of stevedores as well as of the railways and shipping companies have pledged their co-operation in getting the potatoes to market in good condition.

Producers, shippers, handlers and railways all have a vital interest in maintaining the quality of the product. Even a very few shipments of bruised or otherwise inferior potatoes can seriously reduce the demand for the Maritime product and prove costly to all who depend upon it as a source of revenue.

The southern market for certified seed is, of course, the backbone of the industry in this Province. The sale of table stock on the Canadian market, however, particularly in a year of abundance, may well make the difference between a reasonably prosperous year for the industry and near disaster.

Towering Reminder

A cheese weighing more than five tons will be displayed at the Quebec Provincial Exhibition this month. Concocted by an aspiring cheesemaker of the Lac St. Jean countryside, the cheese required in the making, 100,000 pounds of milk—the equivalent daily production of 4,000 cows and 442 man-hours of work.

A cheese so huge, remarks the Sydney Post-Record, obviously was designed to attract attention, with hope it will inspire not only respect but a yen as well for cheese on the daily menu. Its chief purpose is to remind Canadians and the people of other lands, that excellent cheese is made in Canada and a proper recognition of a wholesome and nutritious product would be to eat more of it.

If cheese figured as importantly in the Canadian diet as it certainly does in meals served in such countries wise in the lore of cheese as the British Isles, France, Italy and indeed all European countries, the dairy industry of Canada would enjoy a new spurt of prosperity.

People who have lived or travelled abroad know from experience how pleasing a part of the dinner or supper menu is good cheese to top off a meal, how cheerfully a meal is rounded off with cheese, crisp biscuits, an apple or pear and a steaming cup of coffee or a comforting pot of tea on the side. It is eloquent evidence of our neglect of this fine product that a cheese weighing more than five tons is required to remind us that cheese exists in Canada. It is as though we were so unobservant of things in their proper sizes that something monstrous must be done for a special occasion.

Old Age Pensions

Month-end reports out of Ottawa have it that Canada's old age pension system still is running in the red. Contributions are not covering outgo, with the result that over a period of 19 months the government has had to provide temporary loans totalling \$116,340,000. As a piece of book-keeping, says the Windsor Star, this is interesting; but the practical value of all that accountancy is doubtful. Canada has a good old age pension system, stripped of the old stigma of a means test. It provides \$40 a month as a matter of right for all persons of 70 and over who can meet the residence requirements. At this stage the pensioners number about 700,000, and annual payments approximate \$300,000,000 a year.

The program is not really in debt to the government, and nothing can be gained by creating the impression that it is. It is a contributory pension system, with present

and future beneficiaries paying special security taxes. But no one has argued seriously that it would have to be self-supporting through those ear-marked contributions. It always was considered inevitable that supplementary assistance would have to be forthcoming from general federal revenues. There was no opportunity for the first beneficiaries under this plan to finance, through direct payments, the pensions they will receive.

The danger in a bookkeeping system like the present one, says the Star, is that it will load the pension program with a debt similar to the unreasonable one carried so long by the Canadian National Railways. Indeed, there is a school which feels the pensions should be wholly paid out of general revenues, as the family allowances are financed. They argue quite reasonably that funds raised in this way are in a strict sense contributory, for no one escapes the tax collector. Perhaps eventually that system will be adopted. It is virtually in effect now. The portions of sales, corporation and personal income taxes assigned to pension purposes actually are just monetary transfers from one federal pocket to another.

It can be argued, too, that the asserted debt, or loan, of \$116,340,000 is something less than accurate. It does not take into account, as it should, the unspecified but substantial recovery from pension payments through taxes. They are subject to income tax, if the beneficiary's income is of taxable proportions. When spent, pension money is subject to sales, excise, and all other hidden levies that are floating about.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Sunken ships once yielded treasure in the form of gold and precious stones. It is somehow unsatisfying to read of the salvage of \$85,000 and £5,000 in paper currency from the wreck of the Flying Enterprise. Intrinsically it is just so much waste paper and hardly worth the risk of life necessary for its recovery.

There was a time when such a statement as that of United States Secretary of State Dulles would have been regarded as an ultimatum, cautioning China that aggression against Korea or Indo-China would result in war. In this day and age it may, perhaps, be regarded as the conscientious pointing out of a fairly obvious fact.

If long-range weather forecasting were an exact science this Province would have enjoyed an unprecedented influx of tourists seeking relief from the current heat-wave in the comfort of our own sea-cooled breezes. The seventies and eighties experienced here would seem downright chilly to anyone fleeing from temperatures in the nineties and higher.

Canadians have more "energies" per capita than any other people, according to a recent statement. For those not familiar with recent developments in the language of electrical engineers, it may be said that an "energie" is the output of physical energy by an average working man in a year. This country now has 1,900,000,000 energies which represents a great deal of work indeed.

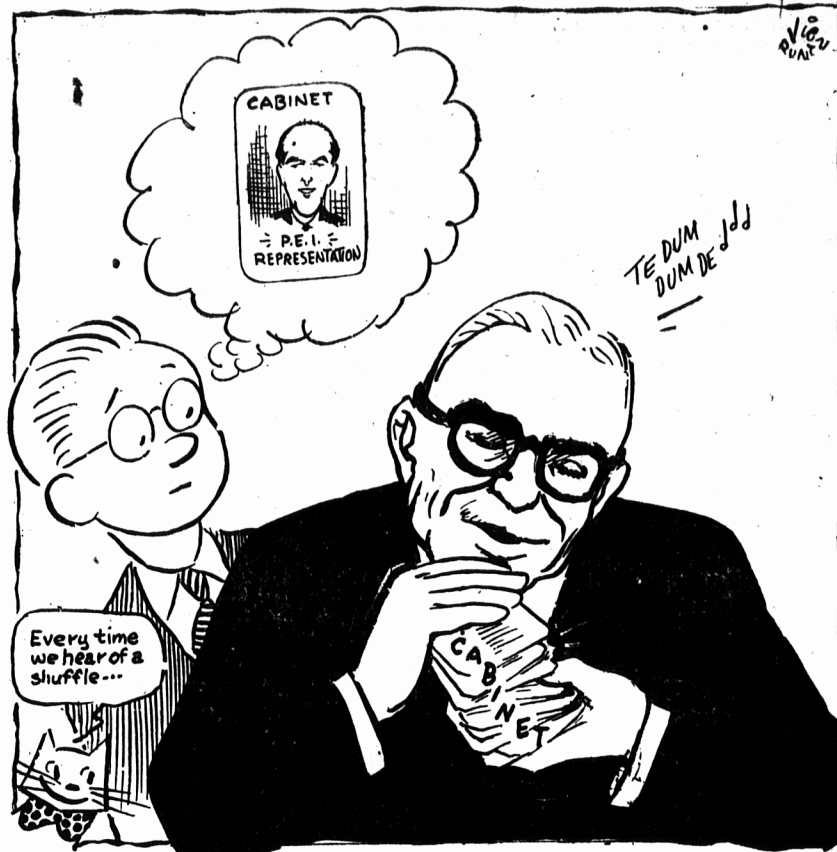
Edvard Hagerup Grieg, Norwegian composer and pianist, died this date 1907. He received his musical education in Germany. His music is intensely national in character and is mostly lyrical. He drew largely on traditional Norse folk-melodies for his songs. Two sonatas for the piano rank amongst his finest achievements, which include work in many different fields of music.

The Fall vacation should be abolished and all schools opened the first week of September according to a resolution passed at the teachers' convention at Souris. It is unsatisfactory, of course, that rural schools should be on a different footing from urban ones but it would probably do no harm if all school children were given an opportunity of helping out with the harvest, rather than just those who live on a farm.

The common conception of the free-spending American tourist is blasted by the cold figures of the Bureau of Statistics which indicate that while the average Canadian visiting the United States for more than 48 hours spends \$88, the American visiting this country spends only \$51. One remedy for the inequality which in our visitors could spend their money.

The 800th anniversary of the death of St. Bernard de Clairvaux is being observed this year with a series of special events in the region where he was born, near Dijon, France. St. Bernard has been proclaimed "Patron Saint of United Europe," as the famous monk acted as umpire in many international disputes of his time, smoothing out difficulties between sovereigns and states.

Turn-up Long Overdue



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.

THE UNION JACK

Sir—A friend of mine told me of an experience he had in the first Great War. He was in his trench one night, and restless. Keeping his head down he crept along the trench until he came to the end, and there, sticking in the clay, was a small Union Jack. Suddenly the whole British Empire was with him. That flag was a symbol of a power and glory that could never know defeat.

The Union Jack is a symbol of freedom. It assures the citizen that within the bounds of the Empire he is a free man, that he may expect the protection of just laws. India knows freedom today because since 1857 our flag waved over that land for her protection and her progress until 1947, and it is no wonder that India has remained within the Empire and is proud of her standing. I saw with pride the scales of justice held with even hand among coloured people. Fair play was taken for granted.

I should like to see our flag flying from every school in this Province and often saluted with understanding and pride. Every school day should be flag day. Patriotism is a noble virtue, cultivated through the ages by our greatest poets. No child should be allowed to forget that he belongs to a great country to which he owes a deep debt of gratitude and the flag reminds him of that debt. Let it wave every school day. I am, Sir, etc. W. I. GREEN. Stanley Bridge.

Lessons In Lingua

For those who like to uphold the merits of whodunit literature Mr. Francis A. Hardy, parliamentary librarian, has produced a new ally—and one who may well have a good point. Explaining why the stately Library of Parliament contains such a large stock of detective stories, Mr. Hardy told the Canadian Library Association conference that he always defended this choice by quoting a remark of the late Ernest Lapointe. Mr. Lapointe, an important figure in the cabinet of Prime Minister Mackenzie King, traced his good use of colloquial English to the reading of such literature.

The nuances of English—colloquial and otherwise—has been one of the fictional detective's best weapons. Sherlock Holmes, the sage of Baker Street, was fond of intellectual repartee. As he once told Watson in an intimate moment: "A man should keep his furniture as he keeps his mind, and the rest he can put away in the lumber-room of his library where he can get at it if he wants it." At another point, he airily described circumstantial evidence as "occasionally very convincing as when you find trout in the milk, to quote Thoreau's example."

Rex Stout's hulking Nero Wolfe, who seldom pushed his bulk out of an arm-chair, mixed erudition and straight-from-the-shoulder logic. "You regard my rule not to bark," Wolfe said, "as a business errand as one of the stubborn poses of a calculated eccentricity," he affirms. "It is no such luxury. It is merely a necessity for a tolerable existence." Minutes later, as an aide struggled to explain the situation, Wolfe snarled: "I'm here—talk."

Dapper Hercule Poirot, the precise sleuth of a dozen Agatha Christie epics, was gentler, infinitely more polite. "Voulez-vous," he said, "how clear, how marvellously clear?" Where did he get his "first glimmering of the truth?" "I was in church at the time singing a verse of a psalm. It spoke of a snare laid with cords."

Why We Say Canada

Thomas Dunbabin in the Montreal Gazette

Members of the Canadian Board of Geographical Names are too pressed by the present and pushed by the future to have much time for the problems of the past. They are officers of the geographical section of the Departments of Mines and Technical Surveys; the secretary of the Board is L. B. Skinner of the Topographic Survey. And Canada has more topography than any other country on earth except the Soviet.

Topography is the art or practice of graphic and exact delineation in minute detail, usually on maps or charts, of the physical features of any place or region. Canada has 3,845,000 miles of topography, a fifteenth of the land surface of the earth. And it is all being set out on new maps which will give everything from Point Pelee to the Pole and from Cape Race to Skidegate in the Queen Charlotte Islands. There are new names crowding on the maps day by day without worrying over the old ones.

Still the Board had to take time to dive back four centuries and more into history when a man in Winnipeg raised Cain about the revival in the United States of the old story that we call the voyage in 1534, and took to France. They had come to Gaspe to fish but their home was at or near the present site of Quebec. As Cartier understood them they called their own country Canada.

Cartier first heard of Canada from two Indians whom he picked up on the Gaspe coast on his first voyage in 1534, and took to France. They had come to Gaspe to fish but their home was at or near the present site of Quebec. As Cartier understood them they called their own country Canada.

When Cartier returned in 1535 he brought the two Indians along. On August 14th, 1535, he left the Bay of St. Lawrence on his way to Canada; on September he came to "the place where the land or province of Canada begins." This was at Gros Ile. Later in his account he notes that he left Canada. This was between Quebec and Three Rivers and he was on his way to Hochelaga, where Montreal now stands. Elsewhere he speaks of the "kingdoms" of Saguenay, Canada and Hochelaga.

All this is plain enough. Canada was a place name, like Saguenay or Hochelaga, used by the Indians. But Cartier notes that on October 13 the chief Donnacona invited him to visit Canada. In this case it seems to mean the Indian village under Cape Diamond, later known as Stadacona. And in the "Vocabulary of Hochelaga and Canada" which Cartier added to the account of his second voyage he gives Canada as meaning a town.

When Pierre Roy in 1906 published his book, in French, on the place names of Quebec he accepted this meaning of Canada. He stated that in the Iroquois tongue of today a word variously spelt Kanada, kanata, Kanatac and Kanadani still means town, village or camp.

Without being dogmatic about it the Board inclines to accept this view and to think that Canada originally meant a village. And may be the two Indians caught at Gaspe were only trying to tell Cartier where their village or camp was. Incidentally Cartier named the St. Lawrence the River of Canada.

Were the Indians that Cartier saw at "Canada" and Hochelaga Iroquois at all? H. P. Biggar, a former Dominion Archivist who edited Cartier's accounts, inclined to think they were Hurons or Wyandots. He notes that the Wyandot word for village is Yandlat. Maybe we are lucky not to

Song Of The Whetstone

(Ottawa Journal)

There are men and women in city offices, in town and village homes, who can look down the corridor of years to the 1900 era and still hear the hollow-clanging but pleasantly musical note of a whetstone against a scythe blade. When men used scythes and around trees, and to mow wire sawle grass for bedding, they paused periodically in their rhythmic, swinging motion to put a sharper cutting edge on the blade.

Grandfather was a master craftsman with scythe and snath. He used the grindstone, of course, to put a thin edge on the scythe. But when he was mowing, the instant he felt the edge was turned he stopped his work, stood the snath on end, reached unthinkingly into his overall pocket and pulled out the long slender whetstone. With seeming nonchalance, but with a born of a half-century's practice, he alternately stroked the sides of the scythe with the stone.

Notes By The Way

The pioneers blazed trails—and their descendants burn up the roads.—Hamilton Spectator. There was a time when "Are you converted?" didn't refer to 60-cycle.—Hamilton Spectator. While hamburgs and hot dogs still wait their delicate aroma skyward over the midway at Ottawa's exhibition, they must give elbow room to a new rival: the Chinese egg roll. Appearance of the egg roll at the fair underscores the growing importance of this dish although it does nothing to clear up the mystery of how truly great science to be keeping more and more people alive into old age, while our economic science keeps forcing more and more people out of production while still in or near their prime.—Toronto Globe and Mail.

Obviously our conception and technique of retirement have to be overhauled if we are to make the best use of our human stock. It makes little sense for medical science to be keeping more and more people alive into old age, while our economic science keeps forcing more and more people out of production while still in or near their prime.—Toronto Globe and Mail. If you have been speaking quietly, suddenly raise your voice; if loudly, then lower it. This is one of the tips which the Standard Oil Company of New York gives its executives in a pamphlet on "making after-dinner speeches. Even try a few seconds of complete silence." Conversely, if you are an audience wonder whether you are going to be able to go on.—Vancouver News Herald.

Small fry aren't the only people interested in space-travel. This is illustrated in the report from New York that more than 30,000 people of both sexes have already filled out "application forms" for inclusion in the first trips to the moon. The forms are available at the Hayden Planetarium in New York City. The Planetarium, incidentally, hasn't bothered to wait until space ships are developed. It has nearly side-stepped all that fuss and bother and "conducted" space tours every day for years. A highly complicated projector—which has a control as simple as a space ship—fills the great dome of the planetarium with stars. As the amphitheatre darkens and sound effects fill out the illusion, the audience, led by Narrator or pilot Catherine Barry, finds itself whirling through space on trips to the moon or Mars or Venus.—Amherst News and Sentinel.

The well-known fact that the diet of most of mankind is poor has been confirmed once again by the studies of the American Geographical Society's medical geographers. Speaking in terms of broad averages, about one-third of humankind has an adequate diet, both in terms of total caloric intake and qualitatively in terms of protein, vitamin and mineral consumption; the diet of the remaining two-thirds of mankind is deficient in caloric intake, protective foods, or both. This, of course, is not the same thing as saying that two-thirds of mankind is rapidly starving to death, but lack of balanced diet does contribute much to disease and shortness of life. Conversely, of course we should not forget that in this country obesity, born of overeating, is a

major medical problem, also cutting lives short.—New York Times. There was a time when "Are you converted?" didn't refer to 60-cycle.—Hamilton Spectator. While hamburgs and hot dogs still wait their delicate aroma skyward over the midway at Ottawa's exhibition, they must give elbow room to a new rival: the Chinese egg roll. Appearance of the egg roll at the fair underscores the growing importance of this dish although it does nothing to clear up the mystery of how truly great science to be keeping more and more people alive into old age, while our economic science keeps forcing more and more people out of production while still in or near their prime.—Toronto Globe and Mail. If you have been speaking quietly, suddenly raise your voice; if loudly, then lower it. This is one of the tips which the Standard Oil Company of New York gives its executives in a pamphlet on "making after-dinner speeches. Even try a few seconds of complete silence." Conversely, if you are an audience wonder whether you are going to be able to go on.—Vancouver News Herald.

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Seek for solitude among Places of the greenest tongue. Where communications find, Soundlessly, the waiting mind. Quest in bracken, in the glade By the lichens' ragged shade. Where the moss is deep and cool, Joined in silence by the pool. If you find it it will hail You as friend, and make wassail With a loaf from stillness' grain, None shall taste but wish again. And a beaker from the prime Herbs found in unhurried time. Blended with high skill and care For the thirsty who walk there. —Edward D. Garner in the New York Herald Tribune.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

AN ISLAND INVENTOR Mr. J. C. Stead, a native of Covehead and a near relative of Messrs. George and David Lawson, of this city, was lately on a visit to the Island. Mr. Stead has been several years in the United States, and has, by his energy, his enterprise, and his ingenuity, gained for himself there both reputation and wealth. He is another of our successful Islanders. He has invented a circulating generator for steam boilers which bears his name, and which has brought him both fame and money. Mr. Stead is still quite a young man and has, we trust, a brilliant career before him. —The Examiner, Sept. 23, 1879.

The Age Old Story

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God and he shall be my son.

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