

THE GUARDIAN

Published every week-day morning at 136 Prince Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I., by The Thomson Company Limited
"Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew"
Editor, Frank Walker
General Manager, Ian A. Burnett
Branch offices at Summerside, Montague and Alberton. Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa.
By Carrier: Charlottetown, Summerside \$15.00 per annum. Elsewhere in P.E.I. \$9.00. Other Provinces and U.S. \$12.00 per annum
"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."
MONDAY, MAY 30, 1955

Important Conference

Political news has tended to overshadow the conference at Ottawa last week, where problems of highway safety were discussed for the first time on a truly national basis. A permanent Canadian Highway Safety Conference has been formed, the first president being former Defense Minister Brooke Claxton, now head of the Canadian Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The new organization will consist of representatives of various national, provincial, municipal and private bodies and the objective will be "to carry on the work of promoting highway safety in all parts of Canada."

In line with this objective, the conference adopted a resolution calling, among other things, for standardization of provincial motor vehicles legislation. All Provinces, says the resolution, should endeavour to achieve uniformity in this direction, particularly in laws relating to rules of the road, vehicle equipment requirements and driver examination and licensing. There should also be uniform provincial statistics on motor vehicle accidents across Canada, and means found to co-ordinate suspensions of drivers' licenses between the different Provinces.

Regulations of this kind should prove of tremendous value in cutting down the toll of highway accidents; but they will require full public support, involving an intensive program of publicity carried on all during the year and not merely for a week or two at the beginning of the heavy traffic season. There is no more urgent challenge facing every Province today than that of co-operating 100 per cent in the work of this much-needed organization.

No More Barnacles

If the scientists keep on in their meddlesome ways there soon will be nothing about ships and the sea at which a sailor can grumble in the vigorous time-honoured fashion. A year or so ago they made war on the cockroaches which, as everybody knows, have enjoyed rights and privileges in everything afloat from fishing smacks to men-of-war from time immemorial. It all started when some busy-body in a college laboratory discovered a sweet smelling potion that entices the bold and friendly insects to their ruin. A drop here and there in fore-castle and galley and, almost overnight, the ship is free of the marauders.

Now, according to a report from London, it is the barnacles' turn to fall back before the march of science. These clinging creatures have caused a lot of trouble to ship owners and masters. They have even been known to drag ships, whose masters were lacking in vigilance, to the bottom of the ocean. Ordinarily, however, they have been more bothersome than criminal in their habits. For centuries they have wasted driving power, delayed commerce, and, in some instances, lost battles, for the ships they attacked in silent but relentless enmity. But no more. The scientists have discovered their weakness: dislike of vibration and sound. If the hull of a ship can be made to hum and tremble, even so slightly that the most sensitive ear cannot detect the noise, barnacles will leave instantly and be no more heard from. What is more, stray barnacles out for a swim will give the trembling ship a wide berth. The device, needless to say, is a complicated electronic affair, operated very simply by the turn of a switch. And it works. Owners and masters will, of course, be jubilant. Whether deck hands will share the same feeling remains to be seen; but they will miss the few days ashore they used to have while scrapers went to work on the barnacles.

Back To The Old Method

We heard much about voting reform a few years ago, but the tide seems to have turned now in favour of more conservative methods. Recently a committee of the Manitoba Legislature, appointed to study the workings of such systems, has noted one salient fact—that the existing Manitoba system embodies two directly conflicting ideas. Proportional representation, used in the multi-member seats in Winnipeg, is designed to give representation to minorities. On the other hand, the single transferable ballot, used in one-member constituencies, ensures that the candidate ultimately elected has a majority of the votes no matter what may have been the first preference of the voters. In

actual practice, neither system has lived up to expectations.

Proportional representation has been found cumbersome, and has favored the occasional election extremist candidates, such as Communists. On the other hand, the single transferable ballot has not been used to a sufficient extent to change many of the final results: and it has been found that many voters persisted in marking a first and only choice, rather than preferences.

Accordingly, the redistribution committee has unanimously recommended that both P. R. and the transferable ballot be abolished and that Manitoba revert to the plan of awarding a seat to the candidate obtaining the most ballots, even if he does not secure a clear majority.

Not long ago, British Columbia after a brief experiment with these advanced methods of voting, also reverted to the old system, which has been consistently in use throughout the eastern provinces, and in the federal elections.

New Transportation Method

Long before the first airship was built, perhaps even before it was considered a future possibility, imaginative and ingenious individuals in various parts of the world were devising all sorts of contraptions to give wings to the human body. For some reason man has always associated the flying of the birds with freedom and peace. Hence the wish of the Psalmist: "O that I had the wings of a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest!"

From time to time someone seemed to be nearing success in the intriguing quest, only to find on further experimentation that the coveted achievement was out of reach. It looks now, however, as if the ancient dream is to become a reality. A German inventor by the name of Budig is now putting the finishing touches on wings that flap with sufficient energy to carry a man aloft and propel him forward at a speed of ten miles an hour. The flight will be started by a small one-horse-power motor; as soon as the flyer is in the air he will sail along gracefully on flapping wings operated by foot pedals. Herr Budig says it is safe, pleasant and not at all arduous. He himself has used the gadget without mishap or discomfort many times; but, to be on the safe side, it is being given a series of tests by a large aeronautical concern.

Reports say that the new invention is passing all requirements with "flying" colours. The one little thing that will have to be changed, for psychological reasons, is the shape of the shoulder attachments which, at present, resemble buzzard's wings; and that will never do. It ought not to be too difficult to make them look like the wings of an eagle, for strength, or of the dove, for gentleness. Yes, although it is much too early for an enthusiast to send in an order for personal wings, there is the possibility that a new method of transportation is just around the corner.

Electrification In Manitoba

A good forward step has been taken in rural electrification in Prince Edward Island, but we have still a long way to go before we can compare with Manitoba, which is the most completely electrified province in Western Canada. The project is all the more impressive because the province is not densely occupied—there being only 1 1/3 farms to the mile.

Nine years ago fewer than 1,000 Manitoba farms were supplied with electricity. Today the Power Commission, a provincial government agent, has extended service to more than 42,000 farms. This means that it serves four out of every five farms in the province. The network, with more than 30,000 miles of transmission lines, runs from the Ontario to Saskatchewan borders and from the United States boundary to the 53rd parallel.

According to the 1951 figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, which are the latest figures available, the average annual consumption of a Manitoba farm this year amounted to 2,475 kilowatt hours while the average annual consumption of a farm for the whole of Canada was only 2,085. Average annual consumption for all domestic customers in Manitoba in 1951 was 4,813 kilowatt hours, while the average annual consumption by domestic customers for the whole of Canada was only 2,617 kilowatt hours. The fact that Manitoba's domestic customers use 83 per cent more electricity than the Canadian average is due partly, according to the Commission, to the "attractive rates prevailing in Manitoba."

EDITORIAL NOTES

In downtown Vancouver parking lot poaching has reached such a pass that firms with parking lots have banded together and set up patrols. When these patrols find unauthorized cars on lots, the cars are towed away to a central lot. Here they are chained until the owner pays both towing charges and parking fees.



Recurring Problem

PUBLIC FORUM

MORE HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Sir—, Here I am again much sooner than I would otherwise be, but for the fact that I note my subscription is about to expire, and I cannot let that occur without mentioning some interesting happenings in my native "Isle" this year—more than ever with the Charlottetown Centennial.

How very fortunate are the children of today in their schooling! despite the opinions of some pessimists that teaching is mostly bad, and children in general are much worse than their immediate predecessors. No doubt there is some ground for criticism re the lack of emphasis on the three "R's" in favor of the many facets of modern education in trying to turn out well-rounded citizens. In this scientific age perhaps too much stress is laid on scientific subjects and not enough on the humanities.

I have read with much interest all about the Music Festival in The Guardian, and enjoyed seeing the pictures of those attractive children who were competing. What a thrill it must have been for the little competitors to be apart from the benefit each child received personally from such preparatory instruction! Music and art were not on the curriculum (at least in country schools) in my day, and how I wished they were! especially art, as I loved to draw and spent many winter days drawing on the walls of my school.

However, without instruction we were required to draw maps, and some with their sand lines—around the different continents—or countries as the case might be—were works of art in their own fashion, and the mountains we were required to insert in the drawing of the rivers added to the general appearance of the drawing. Botany was a subject I drew very much also—apart from the study of plants and flowers which I loved, we were allowed to make drawings of leaves, flowers, etc., which I enjoyed even more than the actual study of plants.

What I miss from a text-book and no field trips as today. Hence my feeling that children now have such wonderful opportunities compared with a generation ago. The idea today is that all children can be taught to sing in group—if not solo—when trained from kindergarten age; and what's more the general idea is that all except the retarded can learn to play some musical instrument—even if they are not proficient enough to play in a school orchestra. So here's to all that's fine in modern teaching methods!

The other evening I was privileged to hear a half-hour program put on by the Music Festival of the Sacramento schools—a thousand voices. Apart from the pleasure one received from the perfect rendering and volume of the singing, and instrumental renditions—the prize-winning essay (national) in the high-school contest of 1954, was beautifully read and enunciated—accompanied by soft music. I was fortunate to hear and see Elizabeth Ellen Evans on television (while in Berkeley at my daughter's when she was heard on a national program on "I am an American: I Speak for Democracy"). For a sixteen-year-old it was something of a masterpiece. As I listened I thought what a future girl like that had educationally and culturally; and what a lesson many an old and older person might learn in tolerance from such youths who seem absolutely unbiased in their attitudes to those of other races and creeds.

The "Shopper's Soliloquy", which appeared in The Guardian of recent issue, was certainly very clever. It took me back to other days when I worked at Moore & McLeod's when there was no time off Wednesdays or any other week day. Working hours started at Monday morning 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. with one hour off at noon which enabled most if not all in those days to walk to their respective places of residence—whether home or boarding house—for the noon dinner, which was customary at that period, with reasonable time for an unburied rest and back to work within the hour. Saturday's working time was till 9 a.m.

night with of course the extra hour for supper; my work was better paid than some of the clerks as I was "cashier" on the first floor before the days of cash carriers, and I received exactly \$14.00 per month for my efforts. I would be considered a pittance today, but doubtless was a fair wage for that day. After my board was taken care of I had the large sum of \$4.75 for clothes, etc. The et ceteras were almost nil from necessity, but somehow I managed to have several changes for office and one new best dress—also the finest in a winter hat which I remember so clearly; it set me back \$7.50 less the 20% which was a great boon to all employees. As I look back I wonder how I ever made change without serious mistakes, especially on market days when the shoppers literally surrounded my desk, (it was in the center of the floor) several tiers deep. There was no time to think almost automatically the correct change had to be handed out. The office manager—who was also my boss— informed me that the cash never quite balanced in that locale and was always off a penny one way or another which was a troubling factor; although my bookkeeping instructors had always stressed complete accuracy. While the pennies worried me, it was nothing compared to the day I found my accounts \$10.00 out—the errand boy had borrowed and forgotten to return it. Of course I should have made a note of it, but being the rush hours, to do so during the rush hours.

Moore & McLeod's I thought a very fine departmental store even in the old days, but it has been improved and remodeled many times since—according to report—and today is on a par with any in the largest cities. Mr. J. P. Gordon, who was office manager then, is still in I believe, has probably forgotten that I ever worked in that fine firm, but I have never forgotten the encouragement he gave me while I was employed there! nor the helpfulness of the head bookkeeper who has now passed on, I believe. The only reference I ever needed to present when seeking employment—Mid-West—was at the Pacific Coast, was the one Mr. Gordon gave me; although I had many others including a character reference from the minister who was pastor at my old home church at the time of my leaving my native Province.

I have many pleasant memories of my sojourn in Charlottetown school and one working I flatter myself that I made many fine friends who helped me to overcome an inferiority complex, and sent me forth to unknown lands in the West with a measure of self assurance. It is good to go off on one's own among strangers and have to either sink or swim; although the old idea was to protect and "shelter" a sensitive child.

April was a cold and rainy month for the most part here, but the rain was badly needed, as—for two years—we lacked our quota. However, since May came in we are being blessed with real summer weather—a bit previous, but it often happens that way. May is generally nicer than July or August, the latter months are inclined to be rather foggy especially in the a.m.s. Spring should be at its height now in the Garden of the Gulf which means much of beauty everywhere, in the city and throughout the countryside. As children we liked all the wild flowers, even the dandelion—bane of lawn-lovers—the buttercup next in humility, also loved by little tots; then the violets, purple and white were considered quite special. But none could hold a candle to the Mayflower with its delicate, pastel flowers and fine fragrance. I never found Mayflowers anywhere except on the Island, and I'm not sure that any other locale is so blessed.

I can say the same about blueberries although I'm aware they grow in New Brunswick and Maine, and maybe Nova Scotia, and some of the other New Eng-

Costly Bargain

(St. Catharines Standard)

Democracy isn't a bargain basement special. You can't buy it cut-rate merely by elbowing a sufficient number of ribs and squashing every toe between you and the bargain counter. It is something, says "Industry," a publication of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, you purchase with a maximum of sacrifice and a minimum of trumpeting. Above all, you can't buy it unless you recognize it.

Perhaps too many of us are shopping these days for a slashed-price democracy, only to find that when we want to use it, it isn't really what we need. True democracy has two essential ingredients. They may be called "freedom from" and "freedom for." And they do depend on each other that one can't work without the other.

Briefly, "freedom from" ensures unanimity from intolerance, from totalitarian government, unjust working conditions and fear of all the evils that can enchain the human spirit. A little logic, however, will convince us there's no sense in being free "from" something unless we're free "for" something else. And it is just this extra step in reasoning that means the difference between a sham, non-durable democracy and the real product that costs only a little more, but carries a lifetime guarantee.

Maybe it's time we quit thinking only in terms of "freedom from" and gave a little more effort to our "freedom for." Perhaps it's time we realized that once we're free, we must buckle down to the things we're free to do.

The biggest danger in shopping for democracy in the bargain basement lies, after all, in the other cheap items on sale at adjoining counters. A few of them: disinterest in civic affairs; failure to vote; overdependence on government handouts; discouragement. If the temptation to buy these becomes too compelling, we may end up with more than we bargained for.

The Age Old Story

And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

land States. I ate the first blueberry pie I've ever tasted, since leaving the little "Isle, on Mother's Day last, especially made for me by my daughter said. Of course the berries were canned and the crust made from a mix, but it was nonetheless delicious. How easy cooking is for amateurs today with so many mixes, canned and frozen foods! We, also, get the blueberry muffin mixes here now which I indulge in when I attend my family's luncheons; although invariably I pay an indignation price, but it is worth it.

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

IT HITS TWICE

VENOSTA, Que. (CP)—Lightning does strike twice in the same place. A bolt Friday night hit the barn of J. B. McLaughlin on a farm near this village 40 miles north of Ottawa with loss estimated at \$8,000. Seven years ago, at the same time of year, seven cows were killed when lightning struck the McLaughlin farm.

SATURDAY CLOSING

Following the lead of the Government, the Banks, the Railways and Packing Houses, etc., the undernoted Wholesale Houses will close all day Saturday, commencing June 4th.

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Medically Speaking

Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.
NEW DRUG PROVES CURE FOR PINWORM INFECTION

An Air Force study has confirmed the results of earlier tests which showed that the use of piperazine hexahydrate is effective in treating pinworm infection. This is important to you parents because pinworms infest about 45 per cent of school-age children—and sometimes entire families.

Can Cause Insomnia

Pinworms live in the upper part of the large intestine and occasionally are found in the female genital organs. Very rarely are they found in the nostrils and the ears. These small white worms cause intense itching around the rectum and frequently in the nose. Restlessness and insomnia can sometimes be blamed on pinworms, too.

The Air Force tests were conducted by Lt. Virgil M. Howie at Langley Field. Over a ten-day period, fifty-eight pinworm victims—whose ages ranged from 11 months to 33 years—were given piperazine. The drug was taken in liquid form in equal doses two or three times a day.

Tests Are Successful

The test proved the drug to be 84 per cent effective, Dr. Howie reports in a recent issue of the American Journal of Diseases of Children, falling in only nine cases. Five patients showed what appeared to be toxic symptoms while taking the preparation. These symptoms disappeared, however, when the treatment was stopped.

General Treatment

General treatment of pinworm consists of frequent enemas of soap and water or salt and water to wash the invested regions. Also keep your child's fingernails short. Pinworms frequently get under the nails and can be carried to his mouth or nose. Make him wash his hands thoroughly before eating and after going to the toilet. Have him sleep in cotton underpants and cotton gloves.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

F. T. R.: What is meant by a "piloid cyst?" Is it cancerous?
Answer: This is a condition often present at birth, which occurs at the end of the spine. At first there may be a small swelling like a boil, which eventually breaks and drains, but leaves the area very sensitive. However, the infection does not heal like a boil, but keeps recurring. Operation is the only known means of treatment. The condition is not cancerous.

The Poets Corner

LEGACY
Sometime when you will call my name and I
Not answer; and you go from room to room
Not finding me, do not, my love, assume
That I am shut forever from the sky;
For I have sought out ways that I might live
Though this my body, is no more
To me.
Watch the wide ocean: suddenly you'll see
Wings flashing—That same song I used to give
To perishable paper is now writ
In stinging spray, is heard within the wave
And listen in the night to that long sighing
Of sea wind in the eaves my soul is knit
Somehow with wind—Oh do not seed or save
Mute fragments of me: watch the wild gulls flying.
—Willis Eberman in Poetry Digest.

DIES IN COLLISION

MONTREAL (CP)—Roger Thiboutot, 35, of suburban Ville St. Laurent, died in hospital Saturday afternoon after his car collided with a transport van. His death brought the number of fatalities in Montreal and area during the past seven days to 18.

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Creatures Of The Depths

(National Geographic Society)

The Chesapeake Bay's murky depths hide millions of swarming creatures, among them a horned shell. The cautious little fish peers fish that looks like a gnomie, jumps like a grasshopper and lives in an oxygen shell.

Naturalist Gilbert C. Klingel describes the remarkable horned blenny and other Bay life in the current issue of the National Geographic Magazine. Most of the Chesapeake's creatures have been classified, but few persons have explored its teeming floor. Mr. Klingel and National Geographic photographer Willard R. Culver made repeated dives in a strange chamber, the "Aquascope," to observe and photograph marine life. Specially constructed for their expedition based at Gwynn Island, Virginia, the 1 1/2-ton steel device resembles a large, misshapen lobster. Steel and Plexiglas "claws" house powerful lights for color cameras.

The expedition represented one of the first successful attempts to photograph fish and other organisms in North American waters.

SEEKING NOT QUITE BELIEVING
"Not one Chesapeake fisherman in a hundred has heard of horned blennies—whose ages ranged from 11 months to 33 years—were given piperazine. The drug was taken in liquid form in equal doses two or three times a day."
The fish has a humanlike face, gnarled and wrinkled with protruding brow. Its eyes stare fixedly. From the margin of each eye, however, juts a pronged antler that serves as a sensory organ. "As if these peculiarities were not enough the blennies have taken to hopping as a means of getting about, although they can swim quite well if they wish to," the author says. "They skitter about the bottom like grasshoppers."

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