

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. Editor and Managing Director, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink". CHARLOTTETOWN TUESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1953

Back To The Town

For those people with children and for many others Labour Day marks the end of the season for living in the summer cottage. Fine week-ends will continue to tempt them to the shore but the time has come to take up again the work-a-day life which was largely broken up by the institution of school holidays.

Forgotten are the problems of house-keeping in camps and cottages, the battle with flies and mosquitoes, the rainy days which inevitably came when some special outdoor activity had been planned, the time spent by father commuting from his job to the shore. Now the task is to pack up what must be carried back to town and to make secure what must be left behind. Each year the problem is faced and usually a slightly different solution reached. Whether to store everything including the front steps inside or try to keep the place reasonably usable must again be decided.

It is quite a temptation to think of all the fine days that lie ahead and of how nice it would be to merely unlock the door and find everything conveniently placed. The temptation is not all one way, however, and it is apt to be more prudent to practically hermetically seal the premises.

It used to be fairly general to make cottages do double duty, acting as hunting lodges in the Fall, but today hunters are more likely to drive directly from their homes to the haunts of ducks, geese, pheasant or partridge.

In any case there will probably be ambitious plans for next year when that landing stage or extra veranda will certainly be built and the family will make an earlier start and enjoy the good weather that was missed this year.

More Blood Donors Needed

Three times a year Prince Edward Islanders are given an opportunity to replace the blood used in our local hospitals day in and day out at the rate of about 250 bottles per month. By this time almost every family in the Province must have had some member who has received one or more of the over 10,000 transfusions given through this free Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service and must realize the tremendous benefits it provides. Blood of the right type carefully cross-matched in the Red Cross blood transfusion lab. by expert technicians is available immediately for victims of serious accidents; for emergency operations and replacement of the blood supply of babies who are born severely jaundiced as the result of a peculiar RH factor; for operations such as are performed on chest cases in the Sanatorium which could not be attempted without several bottles of blood; to build up patients for operations and for other conditions too numerous to mention.

Surely this should not all be taken for granted by the majority of our citizens. The giving of less than a pint of blood at one of the clinics to be visited by the Mobile Team this week—at O'Leary, Alberton, Tignish, Wellington, the R. C. A. F. Station, Crapaud, Eldon or Montague—is easy and painless for the healthy individual between 18 and 65 years of age, and all in this category have an opportunity of registering and contributing to the blood required each day by so many. 350 donors must be registered by the time the Clinics finish up on Thursday evening to provide the blood needed to continue this service for the next three months. It is to be hoped the response will be prompt and satisfactory.

Future Home Market

In a recent economic review the Bank of Nova Scotia makes some highly interesting calculations based on Canada's future population, especially with respect to the consumption of farm products. A two-thirds gain in Canadian consumers, it points out, would afford a new market capable of absorbing more than twice the beef and cattle we have ever exported to the United States in our best years; as much pork as we shipped to Britain during the war peak; and 50% more eggs, poultry, and egg products than we are producing now. In other words, Canadian farmers would have a high price market right at home for far more of these products than we are having very considerable difficulty in getting rid of today.

Commenting on the bank review, the Financial Post points out that in our major farm export, wheat, we could hardly expect another 10 million domestic consumers to eat all that; but to keep them in milk, eggs, meat, cheese and butter we would either have to feed a lot of our wheat to livestock or else grow more coarse grains in the place of wheat. And either switch we could easily make.

And foods are only part of the picture. Ten million more people would require other things too—houses, cars, household appliances, services, and so on.

"No matter how we look at it," says the Post, "the long term picture for Canada is mighty favorable. The only thing we have to do is to keep growing. For such a vast empty country as ours that should not be difficult."

Pointing The Moral

Commenting on Viscount Montgomery's recent speech emphasizing the importance of long-term planning for global defense, the Montreal Gazette says that one of the principal threats to freedom is the West's incurable optimism. Optimism is good and necessary, but it must be tempered with common sense. The current "peace offensive" by Moscow is having excellent results—from the Moscow point of view. There is a clamor in Britain for resuming trade with the Red bloc; France has had a lengthy, crippling strike; a unified European army seems indefinitely postponed. The old issue of national sovereignty seems once again to be gaining ground over the need for collective security.

"The truth," says The Gazette, "is that it was the very growth of NATO and the threat of a unified European army which caused much of Russia's present 'soft' attitudes. There are two ways in which the Kremlin can produce a world on which she can impose her will without great cost. The first is by lulling the West into a sense of false security, and a consequent letdown in defence organization; the second would be to frighten the West into an all-out arms drive that would leave her economy exhausted and her arms—within a few years—obsolete.

"The West must strike a sensible, vigilant balance between these two extremes. This is not easy, particularly for people who are used to getting at things and 'getting them over with.' The Russians, to whom time means nothing, are counting on the West's impatience. There is nothing dramatic about patience, but it is vital to the long-term planning that is required."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Many congratulations were tendered yesterday to His Honour Lieutenant Governor Prowse, on the occasion of his 65th birthday anniversary.

It is understandable that released Prisoners-of-War should want to forget that it ever happened. The rest of us, however, are far more in need of being reminded that it did happen and may well happen again.

Too little and too late, is the complaint of some visitors about the heat wave. The escape from the big-city heat should not be taken too seriously. Most holiday-makers want to escape from hot pavements to hot beaches.

Tradition, particularly family tradition, is of great value to a nation. The money being invested in the education of the children of veterans is only justice to the families concerned and at the same time will help to provide this country with its finest citizens of the future.

You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs and road-making cannot well be carried on without inconvenience to travellers and those who live along the sections under construction. The time, however, during which a farmer's entrance is blocked should be reduced to a minimum.

Some thirty families will be hearing a good deal of nautical language with the return of Charlottetown Sea Cadets from their annual camp. Perhaps the Navy League or Sea Cadets could provide parents with a glossary of sea terms in the interest of family understanding.

William Wymark Jacobs, English author, died this date 1843. Son of a wharf manager, he was early familiar with the types of longshoremen and sailors whose idiosyncrasies he exploited in his humorous stories. He worked in the Post Office Savings Bank and contributed humorous articles to the "Idler", "Today", and "Strand Magazine". His first volume of short stories was "Many Cargoes", followed by "The Skipper's Wooling" and "Sea Urchins," after which he lived entirely by writing. His gruesome play "The Monkey's Paw" is in marked contrast to his other works.

A Long Shore Line



(A room has been made available in the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown to store some of these historic articles).

The Poet's Corner

SUMMER

Summer is a yellow rose nodding where the river flows. Summer is a shadow deep where the white sheep lie asleep. Summer is a wave of light dimming all the stars of night. Summer is a magic bell hung above a golden well. Summer is a hidden pool, deep and quiet and very cool. Where the drifting coins of sun filter slowly one by one. Summer is a waking bird saying softly morning's word. Summer is the music lost between the budding and the frost.

—Sara Van Alstyne Allen, in New York Herald Tribune.

The Age Old Story

After these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia! Salvation and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God. . . . And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Mr. Gordon On Criticism

Out in Saskatoon this week Donald Gordon, who has a job with the CNR, faced an audience of Canadian weekly newspapermen and had a whale of a time with them. And the main reason why Mr. Gordon seems to have got along so well—the title of his address was "How would you run the Railroad?"—was that he took a sound, understanding attitude towards criticism, talked like a public servant instead of a public boss.

There was an old newspaperman, Gordon began, about everybody in the world having two businesses—his own and the railroad business. "Not a single day goes by without a reference being made to the railways or railroaders in some Canadian newspaper."

"But this is a healthy thing. Sound criticism is the art of judging well the excellencies and defects of human effort and of making a detached inquiry into the origin, integrity and value of the thing being judged. The newspapers of Canada have certainly not permitted the art of criticism in this sense to wither on the vine, in so far as the railroads are concerned."

"I can say with all sincerity that your published criticisms are investigated promptly and that it is not infrequent for us to find your knowledge of local conditions a guide to corrective action. That is a public service for all concerned."

A good thing it would be if more of our administrators of public utilities, and perhaps more of our public men, could meet criticism in this wholesome, democratic way. For all too many of them seem to think that their jobs as heads of public utilities or administrators of public business, must be done in the dark, so far as the public is concerned, and that questions asked of them or criticisms made of them are practically lese majesty; presumptuous and irreverent.

About 150,000 persons annually visit the Martyr's Shrine at Fort Ste. Marie, near Midland, Ont.

Notes By The Way

A jet Comet airliner touched down at London airport just 51 minutes after taking off from Paris. They're practically twin cities now. —Ottawa Journal.

Professor Picard, the Swiss scientist, is determined to add a new dimension to exploration. He used to go up in a balloon to have a look at the stratosphere, but is now more interested in deep-sea diving—likely because if you've seen one piece of stratosphere, you've seen it all. In any event, he has developed a steel, hollow ball which he calls a bathyscaphe, in which he descended the other day to 3,608 feet in the sea off the Isle of Capri. Having made this initial dive successfully, he hopes to do it again, this time to a depth of two miles, or well over 10,000 feet, near Sardinia. —Evening Citizen.

Lord Boyd Orr, former director-general of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization, has a knack of expressing large ideas in simple phrases that seize the imagination. At a Copenhagen conference the other day he said this: "If the hungry peoples of the world were offered the choice between all our freedoms and four sandwiches, they would choose the sandwiches." Few will challenge this statement. When a people have enough calories they may be ready to listen to talk about democracy, but until then the subject is likely to sound academic in their ears. —Evening Citizen.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. L.) FIRST HOSPITAL NUNS

"Four sisters of the Order of Charity, and two lay sisters, arrived here last night, and were met at the railway station by a large concourse of persons. They were driven to their convent, the former residence of our Bishop, on Dorchester Street, which has been thoroughly repaired and fitted up for their reception. They will devote themselves to the care of the sick. A portion of the building they occupy has been fitted up as a hospital. This is the first attempt made in Charlottetown towards the establishment of an institution of this kind, and to Bishop McIntyre and his clergy is due the glory of leading the way in so praiseworthy an undertaking." —Colonial Herald, Sept. 10, 1879.

(The site of this first Charlottetown Hospital was about where the vestry of St. Dunstan's Basilica now stands. The Sisters of Charity, better known as the Grey Nuns, came from Quebec under their superior, Mother St. Thomas. The first medical staff of the hospital comprised Doctors Hobkirk, Johnson, Canning, MacLeod, Taylor, Beer and Conroy, the last named being appointed house surgeon. The first patient admitted was James Flynn, aged 60, on October 9, 1879. During the year 1880, 60 patients were admitted, 100 visits were made to the sick in homes and 190 persons treated at the dispensary.)

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AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE

The Passing Scene

By Observer SOME EARLY-SEPTEMBER THOUGHTS

The summer is over and gone. There will be many warm days, of course, but the trend is toward the autumn, that great leveller of plant and flower—and man.

It was in September that the myth lovers of ancient times came to the crescendo of their devotion. It was then that great Jupiter held high court to which the faithful came to do homage and greatest of the gods' made himself known in the playful patter of the rain, the heavy battering of the thunder, the quick dart of the lightning. To certain favoured ones he sent signs and portents of things that must come to pass.

His daughter, Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, also belongs to September. Her specialties were agriculture, commerce, and the household arts. All peaceful pursuits, it will be noted, with no sympathy for war and violence. Indeed, it is noteworthy that in the chronicles of myth Minerva and Mars are represented as being virtual strangers to each other. Which thing is an allegory signifying that to the heathen who trusted in their myths war and wisdom were not compatible. It was a pure coincidence, of course, that as mythology gave place to rational philosophy and primitive instincts to scientific affirmations, the art of warfare was allowed to lie hidden in vaults that were seldom opened. A coincidence, however, that has had more than a few tragic sidelights.

Jupiter has long since followed into exile the myths that gave him life and power, but the month of his festival continues to present to all who will look and listen to the signs and portents that once were shown only to the elite. In different forms, of course, but in no less intriguing ones. There are thousands of signs these days to show that "like a slowly dying ember fades the summer past its glory." The flowers on the lawn look very much as they did a month ago. Indeed, some of them appear to be even more robust. And there are a few specimens that wait for September to guide them into maturity. In most instances this look of physical well-being is an illusion that will not bear the test of criticism.

Look below the many-hued surface and you will see unmistakable evidences of decay. Listen intently and you will hear low whispering telling of the imminent dissolution of "Nature's fair and brave". There are those who say that in order to have a good and satisfying social structure there should be uniformity in thought and deed. What is more, we should strive for uniformity in social action and customs. In the past, more clearly I think than any other month, shows to a searching eye that equality of opportunity (a most laudable social tenet) does not necessarily bring equality of achievement. In May two bulbs were planted side by side. They came from the same package and, presumably, had equal birth status. In the ground no discrimination was practised against one or the other. Sunshine, rain, and chemical food were distributed in equal amounts. Growth, however, varied in noticeable measure. One of the natured two weeks ahead of the other, gave a much bigger display, and lasted longer. In the orchard some apples survived the strong winds and some did not. Yes, Nature is lavish with her bounties in September. One tells of the things that enrich another. One has to do with things that are equal, another with things that are unequal. One tells a story of growth, another of decay, and oftentimes one is puzzled with the other.

LONDON. (CP)—London county council wants someone to complete the task of a detailed history for each of its 28 boroughs, a job half completed and now going begging at a salary of £1,750 a year. Wanting is a fast worker who can finish the job before the turn of the century.

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