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Forty Years Since Peace

Forty years is nearly two generations in the conventional calculation so that we are today two generations away from a world in which peace was the normal condition

That, however, is looking into the past. It may well be that the generation now attaining manhood and womanhood will never be faced with the complete disruption of life which was the common lot of their elders.

The First World War which broke out August 4, 1914, was deliberately and callously planned by men who had been brought up in a military tradition inherited from the past.

The madmen who brought about the Second World War had learned nothing but that the initial blow must be harder; that "blitzkrieg" should annihilate the defences of nation after nation before effective aid could be brought in support.

Today we face a world in which the means of destruction exceed by far anything that was dreamed of in 1914. Korea was fought in a more or less primitive fashion, but a war which directly threatened the existence of any great power would inevitably become one of mass destruction.

Consolidated Schools

The report that the Macdonald Consolidated School in the Kingston peninsula of New Brunswick is to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary on the 14th of this month recalls a well-known Islander who was vitally interested in education both in his native Province and elsewhere.

He acquired a fortune in the tobacco industry and devoted a very substantial portion of it to the cause of education. He planned and financed four such consolidated schools as that at Kingston, as a model for the consolidation of school districts.

The point is, of course, that he was not exceptional as an Islander in taking an interest in furthering the cause of education. His wealth, however, was decidedly exceptional and enabled him to do of his own accord much that the rest of us are apt to dismiss as being impossible.

It was, in fact, a disadvantage to Sir William Macdonald that he was not able to gather great community effort behind his plans. The rest of us, less blessed with this world's goods, can accomplish all that he proposed and more through general and sustained effort.

The Gold Coast Today

Many of the four million inhabitants of Africa's Gold Coast came face to face with a ballot box recently for the first time in history. In an election extending through mid-June, a new state made up of Ashanti, the Northern Territories, Togoland and Gold Coast Colony adopted a constitution, named an all-native legislative assembly

and became the first self-governing state in colonial Africa. By 1956 at the latest, the Gold Coast expects to become the ninth member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, with dominion status.

Exploited for hundreds of years by many nations trading in gold, ivory, pepper and human slaves, the tribesmen of the Gold Coast have worked peacefully with their British rulers since about 1900. This period has been marked by improvement in health and economic conditions.

Fifteen century Portuguese traders gave the name Gold Coast to a narrow strip of West African coastline just north of the Equator. Later the name was extended to an area roughly 300 miles wide and extending 400 miles northward, embracing the four divisions. Half of the 4,000,000 inhabitants, notes a National Geographic Society bulletin, are concentrated in Gold Coast Colony, where they engage in farming, mining, fishing and shipping activities.

Behind the coastal strip in the northern part of Gold Coast Colony and the southern half of Ashanti is the "closed forest"—a humid region with high annual rainfall and traversed by many rivers. Here gold, diamond, manganese and bauxite mining, as well as rubber, coconut and cocoa farming, and lumbering tap much of the country's resources.

The Gold Coast's new government is headed by Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, whose Convention People's Party won 71 of the 104 seats in the legislative assembly. Five other parties and 17 independents won representation in the election.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Birthday of H. M. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.

The successful revolt of cadets in Guatemala and their achievement in compelling President Armas to agree to disband his army of liberation indicates that the anti-Communist government is none too secure. It is to be hoped that the example does not give cadets elsewhere grandiose ideas.

Russia, according to NATO's top naval commander, is working around the clock to build fighting ships and is rapidly expanding her merchant marine almost wholly by construction in countries other than Russia. In his opinion, and it is an informed one, Russia is challenging the traditional superiority of Western nations for the control of the seas.

In Ottawa Governor-General Vincent Massey stood aside to permit the Duke of Edinburgh to enter the car first but the Duke bowed His Excellency in ahead. Etiquette experts have been commenting that the Duke was right and that in Canada the Governor-General has precedence. It is otherwise when the occasion is that of entering a boat. In that case the senior enters last, a matter of last in, first out.

Britain declared war on Germany this date 1914. On Aug. 2 German troops had entered Luxembourg whose neutrality had been guaranteed by France and Germany. The same day Germany presented an ultimatum to Belgium. On the 3rd there had been crossings of the French border and Britain delivered an ultimatum to Germany to expire at midnight. In the war that followed the total killed exceeded 10,000,000.

The announcement today that the Bank of Nova Scotia will be opening a branch at Crapaud in the near future is an indication of the bank's confidence in the future prosperity and development of that part of the Province. It has nothing to do with the bank's decision, but Crapaud enjoys the advantage of being on the boundary between two lobster areas and perhaps profits from revenue of both groups of fishermen in their respective seasons.



Windows For The Blind

Eva Clare in the Winnipeg Free Press

We have all heard of the Braille system, and realize it has revolutionized the life of the blind. How many of us know that he was a distinguished organist, who gave a concert in Paris at the age of 25, acclaimed by the greatest musicians in Europe; that he also played the violin, and composed?

One of my great privileges, the last fifteen years, has been to have for a pupil, a blind woman. She had excellent training previously, in both Ontario and Saskatchewan, and is a fine teacher. I often think she should figure in the series "The most unforgettable character I have known."

She recently presented me with a copy of the book "Louis Braille" by J. Alvin Kugelmann, subtitled "Windows for the Blind." Last month she and her sisters bought a charming new home. Later, she described it to me, the trees, shrubs and flowers in the garden, the color effects of the interior. I thought of the cry of Louis Braille: "What is pink? In God's name I repeat, what is pink?"

In his stiff archaic Norman-French he sets out his dilemma, his crisis. The letters are troubled, weave this way and that, like the problems he posed. They are tall and sharp pointed like his impatient.

It was the tragedy of this super-intelligent, super-sensitive boy, Louis Braille, blinded in 1812 at the age of three, who died of tuberculosis in a tiny attic room, at the age of 42, after a lifetime of toil, is touching. It was a life of peaks of enthusiasm, interspersed with depths of despair. He was desperately lonely. He had a few loyal pupils, and friends, but was always surrounded by unbelievable jealousy and lack of understanding.

Mr. Kugelmann's research on the material took him to major and obscure libraries in almost every capital in Europe. As the only biography of the blind genius, it is a book to own, one of important and lasting value. In his interesting background, we are given glimpses of the Paris of 1812.

From Louis Braille's diary, his anguish and despair may be felt: "Well, we have no eyes. How terribly ridiculous it is for us to travel on paths laid out for the seeing. It is stupid. The solution rests with a device, that has nothing to do with the eyes. Shall it be the ears? Are words the answer? How can I manage to see? How is it possible to read what has been set down by the seeing? In short, how is it possible, for me, a blind person, to take my place in the world, as part of the world?"

"How is it possible for me to be able to read what is written, not long after it is written so that I am not too long behind the happening? How conceited are I blind to try and use the same alphabet as the seeing? We have no eyes. The solution then rests with a device that has nothing to do with the eyes. Shall it be the ears? Our ears are as keen as the ears of the hearing, some say even quicker. To smell the answer? Our smell is also said to be sharper than that of the hearing. Shall some kind of incense slowly waft words to us? It is funny, but why not? Is touching the answer? We shall come back to this. Perhaps it may be the sense of taste. Shall we taste words? This is funny. Why should taste, smell and hearing be a funny way to read, when touch is not? You tell me

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The Poets Corner FROM THE TASK Knowledge and wisdom, far from being out, Have oftimes no connection. Knowledge dwells In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass, The mere materials with which wisdom builds Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place, Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich. Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more. —William Cowper.

Old Charlottetown and P. E. I. ISLAND HOMESPUN "Probably there is not a district of equal extent in the western hemisphere better adapted to the raising of wool than Prince Edward Island. Sheep are the hardest of Island stock. They have absolutely no diseases and multiply with great regularity. Except in the immediate vicinity of towns they have no care and cost nothing except a supply of hay in the stockyard when they return home in winter. In summer the great bulk of them forage for themselves on the commons and along the edge of woodlands. With the little attention they receive it is not to be wondered at that the wool is generally coarse and that no large quantity is exported.

Bringing Home The Bacon (Winnipeg Tribune) Canadians returning from the U. S. have become used to many of the irritations of Canada's tight-wad customs regulations. Most of them are aware that they are permitted to bring only \$100 worth of goods with them without having to pay duty, and that members of families are not allowed to pool their \$100 exemptions.

The Age Old Story Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. . . . Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

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NOTES BY THE WAY Nothing annoys the average teenager today more than having a disobedient parent. —Toronto Star. Those Miss Universe contests will never measure up until Miss Mars appears, with an over-sized head having a cute antenna growing out of the top of it. —Windsor Daily Star. And then there was the dub golfer who came in from a round in the high 90's and remarked: "I achieved one ambition today of shot the temperature." —Hamilton Spectator. The rate at which engineers are leveling off hills and filling in valleys, we suspect they won't be satisfied until the earth is perfectly smooth and covered with concrete. —Stratford Beacon-Herald. "Women in slacks, most of them tourists, were refused admission to the murder trial at Perce, in Quebec until they had changed into less informal attire. They will have more respect for the dignity of Canadian justice as a result of this reminder that our courts are not places of entertainment." —Ottawa Journal. Remember when: The nags wore fly nets and straw hats, the Thames was crystal clear, there was no income tax, wars were a long way away and brass bands played the boys off, the street car platform was the poor man's club, Saturday night was bath night, and on Monday morning we were just hounding to get to work? —London Free Press. Sunday evening on the Toronto-Barrie Highway 3,600 automobiles moved south every hour, one every six seconds. Cars moved through Langstaff at the rate of 1,500 every hour. Ontario provincial police checking the movement of weekend traffic report an alltime record. Traffic of such density indicates the urgent need for more highways in Ontario. —London Free Press. An English physician claims to have discovered that people with wide feet have more chance to succeed in life than those with narrow feet. This runs counter to the oftheard complaint, from editorial writers, ditch diggers, coal passers and other downtrodden, that it's being so narrow between the eyes and broad across the toes that condemns them to a life of toil. —Winnipeg Tribune. Dr. Morton C. Kahn, bacteriologist and parasitologist of Cornell University Medical College, New York City, has come up with a new and deadly weapon against the mosquito. It's simple—he plays recordings of sounds which have an unusual fascination for mosquitoes and which send whole battalions of them plunging to their doom against electrically charged screens. —American Magazine. On landing in England recently Sir Winston Churchill carried some unusual baggage, purchased in Canada. It included "two cases" of Canadian apples, a large drum of old Canadian cheddar cheese and a cardboard box marked "Stetson Hats" and adorned with pictures of bucking bronchos and cowboys. Since he was in Canada only a day or two and never west of the Ottawa river, the British Prime Minister has managed to take home with him a pretty comprehensive cross-section of Canadian life. —Winnipeg Free Press. The Eskimo, and particularly the subject of more learned attention than possibly ever before. It is now five years since the first large quantity of Eskimo sculpture came out of the Arctic, in the form of rock, ivory and bone work, and during those five years more than twenty thousand pieces of such work have been sent to museums and galleries across the continent. And at present two collections of these objects of Eskimo art are touring the United States, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. But the cultural life of the Eskimo, which is now receiving attention, is not limited to the field of art. A member of the Oblate Order, Father Arthur Thibert, who

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