

Dominion Day

September 1st will be the 90th anniversary of the meeting in Charlottetown of the "Fathers of Confederation". Tomorrow will be the 87th birthday of this country which became "one Dominion under the name of Canada" in 1867 and the 81st anniversary of Prince Edward Island joining the confederation.

In 1848 Mexico had given up all claims to Texas and ceded the territories of New Mexico and California to the United States. Expansionist feeling was strong in the Republic but remained in abeyance during the early, 1860's because of the Civil War. It was very largely to face the rapidly growing United States on reasonably equal terms that the widely separated colonies created the new Dominion of the north.

As the plaque in the Confederation Chamber expresses it: "Providence being their guide, they builded better than they knew." The warlike temper of the Republic soon changed to one of firm friendship and these two North American nations, exemplifying democracy in a republic and in a constitutional monarchy, have had frequent reason to be thankful for their neighbour.

Canada, whose constituent Provinces had already enjoyed responsible government before Confederation, developed a new kind of sovereignty. A sovereignty divided between Parliament at Ottawa and the Legislatures of the Provinces. It enabled peoples of different language and culture to preserve the best of their own way of life while maintaining unity in the face of the world. Canada also developed the new concept of the British Commonwealth of Nations, a concept which today permits even republics to be members and makes no distinction of race or creed.

Wealth we have in plenty. Dominion Day, however, is not an occasion to boast of its possession but to be thankful and consider seriously whether we are making the best use of the material blessings which Providence has bestowed.

Woman And Marriage

Up to the age of 20 there is a preponderance of males in Canada, according to the 1951 census tables. This preponderance is greatest in the first group—birth to four years—and steadily diminishes in each following five-year period. From 20 to 34—the most important marrying ages—females preponderate. From the 35 age group males again lead until 80 when females once again take over.

It is obvious from these statistics, says the Hamilton Spectator, that a woman's chances of marrying increase with every year and that society will have to face and solve the growing social problems created by more married women returning to work immediately their children no longer depend on them, or before, if other arrangements can be made. The traditionalist in the future may not find it easy to accept as an everyday fact almost every woman having a husband, children and a career.

Even today in such professions as science, medicine, education, law and some branches of business, the training is so long and expensive that many women do not feel justified in sacrificing it entirely for the home and children. Nor do they see the necessity for it. As society advances into a new era this attitude is certain to become more common and it will bring with it social problems—new divisions of responsibility for child welfare between parents and state and, inevitably, a different attitude toward the home and its maintenance.

French Premier's Prospects

Whatever hope M. Pierre Mendes-France may have of curing his country's ills, he possesses at least one good political asset—shrewdness. At the very outset of his Premiership he made it known that, rather than cling to office by means of Communist support in the Assembly, he would step down there and then. This was not very flattering to the Communist deputies, who were the first to express confidence in the new Premier, but it served to bring to his side members of other parties who did not want to be allied with the Communists, even temporarily. As they saw it, that was too high a price to pay for promise of political stability. Although the 96 Communist votes did

go to the new Premier, the final result showed that M. Mendes-France could have done very nicely without them; and, if he had not disavowed Communist sympathy, it is more than likely that the other parties would have lined up against him. Now, whatever may happen in the future, the Communists will not be able to say that they gave the Premier his start, nor will members of other factions be able to say that he started out by being "all things to all men."

M. Mendes-France will stand or fall on the success or failure of his efforts to bring peace to Indo-China within a month. That pledge appealed so strongly to the French people that for four weeks the National Assembly will disregard all other matters. It is possible, of course; one sure way to honour the pledge would be to surrender unconditionally to Communist demands. That, however, is not what the new Premier has in mind; nor would the various parties, with the single exception of the Communists, tolerate any such solution to the problem. If honourable peace is M. Mendes-France's goal, and there is no reason to think otherwise, the chances of his remaining in office after the month is up do not look very bright. He may be able to bring it about, but the mathematical probabilities are not in his favour. If one may judge by Communist tactics and diplomatic ways in other fields, it is fair to predict that M. Mendes-France will be Premier for four weeks, no longer. Even at that he will have done better than some of his predecessors.

Royal Horseshoes

If there be anything to the old belief that a horseshoe brings good luck, then Oakham Castle in Oakham, England, must be the luckiest house in the world. For more than 800 years the castle dwellers have been collecting the shoes, and royal ones at that. A grandson of William the Conqueror's Master of the Horse, Walkelyn de Ferrers by name, was the castle's original owner. Evidently he was a man of some authority and importance for, according to tradition, every royal personage or peer riding through the village for the first time was obliged to pay a tax of one horseshoe.

There has been such a long procession of kings, queens, princes, princesses, peers, peeresses, to the village and castle that at the present time many hundreds of horseshoes hang from the storied walls. They are of all makes and descriptions—gold, silver, bronze, brass, iron, and even wood. Some are large and ornamental, some are like miniature toys, many are just as they came from the horses' feet. The largest and most elaborate was presented by King George the Fourth. The first Elizabeth paid the tax, and so did Queen Victoria. The latest was donated by the late King George the Sixth in 1944.

The hope in Oakham now is that the reigning Sovereign will soon pay the village and castle a visit and bring a shoe from one of the royal steeds to be added to the historic collection. It can be taken for granted that the villagers will not be disappointed.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, Dominion Day. This morning, total eclipse of the sun, seen as a partial eclipse in this Province. The strawberry season is with us again. It does not last long but to many it is the very essence of summer. Toronto's mayor is going underground. At least Mayor Allan A. Lamport has resigned as mayor in order to stand for appointment to the Toronto Transport Commission. The five commissioners elect their own chairman.

Manchester is an important clothing centre so that it is highly proper that the Manchester Guardian should have solved the question of why shirt buttonholes are vertical and pyjama buttonholes horizontal. The trade explanation is that pyjamas must "give" to allow for tossing in one's sleep, while shirt edges must be kept straight.

The Tower Bridge, the only bridge over the Thames below London Bridge, was opened this date 1894. It was designed by Sir Horace Jones and Sir J. Wolfe Barry. It has two Gothic towers 200 feet apart and is connected with either bank by single-span suspension bridges. The centre span or draw can be raised in 90 seconds.

A one dollar reward is being offered by the Fisheries Department for the return of tags from any of the 16,000-codfish which will be tagged this summer to determine cod migration in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. By learning the date, method and area of capture of a substantial number of the fish a good deal is expected to be learned of its habits.



Something To Celebrate

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 SOUTH SHORE ROAD

Sir:—There are two groups of people who are complaining, and rightly so, about the condition of the Shore Road, the main highway between Wood Islands ferry and Murray River or directly through to Murray Harbor.

The first group is made up of the farmers who own the land, who cultivate it and see it covered with tons of fine, red, powdered silt stirred up by the dozens of cars on their way to and from the Northumberland Ferries. Even the animals refuse to eat the hay-crusted product which grows in the fields along the ribbon of dust. Housewives shudder as they take in their pastel-shaded wash from the pinkish line. Painters see their good white exteriors turn to a sunrise rose after one procession of cars and trucks passes along the main artery. No need to bother with a clock just watch the approach of the billowy clouds of dust and one knows that the Ferry is in! Earth, sky and sea are obliterated as the dust rises to heights unmeasured.

Church attendance has dwindled because of the dangers encountered by walkers concealed by dust clouds, to say nothing of damage to Sunday suits and tempers. The church by the side of the road, as well as the house thereby, groans with the powdery dust that worms its way into the smallest crevices and settles contentedly everywhere without regard to appropriateness.

The second group to complain consists of the tourists who have been enticed by flowery folders to drive along our south shore to the east to enjoy the unspoiled seascapes and landscapes, but the only "escape" they can enjoy is to escape from the clouds of dust stirred up by their own cars and those of passing cars. Danger and tragedy lurk nearby when buses and trucks speed on their way. This is the condition at the very beginning of the summer—will we survive until August, when the flux of the tourist boom reaches us? Can't something be done by the Highway Department to alleviate this danger and nuisance? Can't there be any salt or oil or dust-settler of some kind available until the Shore Road is paved? Truly we can say of this part of our Isle, "every prospect pleases"—only the dust is vile.

In the interest of better roads for the "Garden of the Gulf"—I am, Sir, etc. (Mrs.) MARY DONALD DEANS Little Sands, Lot 64.

THE WHEAT PROBLEM

Sir:—In a Canadian Press interview with Dr. J. W. T. Spinks, head of the University of Saskatchewan's chemistry department, it was indicated that "detectives with geiger counters" (presumably research workers) "are stripping destructive insects of their private lives; learning the secrets that will help destroy them."

My interest in the above picture is not so much with the problem itself, so much as with the baffling inability or apparent inability of these same tireless workers in the research laboratories, to come up with a practical and economic mechanism which would help us to "sotoseek" ourselves out of the "wheat bog" in which we find ourselves badly mired at the present hour.

I know of no other major industry which would stand by and allow the 15 per cent of its annual global productivity—i.e., the portion of the breadgrain which moves annually into the international market, from the home fields—to destroy valuations for the remaining 85 per cent of this vital stuff, consumed within the nation's borders. Obviously, this latter ratio does not apply to specific surplus producers, such as our own country, where the percentages are precisely reversed. Nevertheless, in an overall or glo-

OTTAWA REPORT

West Coast Commandos

By Patrick Nicholson

There is something rotten in the state of our Reserve Army, if I may misapply a phrase of Shakespeare; and all parties in the House of Commons seem agreed that we should, as Shakespeare also wrote, mutter impatiently "O, reform it, altogether!" However, British Columbia may have offered the best solution.

Opposition spokesmen gave a rough ride to Hon. Brooke Claxton when he introduced the estimates of his Defence Department. Mr. Drew charged that the Reserve Army was at its lowest ebb in 50 years Mr. Harkness of Calgary, another of the Conservative Colonels, said that in Canada's so-called biggest peacetime manoeuvres, four regiments were only able to muster 100 officers and men in place of their paper strength of 3,200.

Mr. Claxton later announced desirable re-organization of the Reserve Army. His points included changing its name to the Militia; encouraging bands in dress uniforms and blowing new instruments; and deducting income tax at source from Reserve Army—excuse me, from Militia—pay. The only point not covered was how the Militia can be raised to the essential minimum size from the dangerous and incredible runt to which it has shrivelled.

The trouble appears to be that the Reserve Army, short of bands, short of guns and above all, short of ideas, has taken the fun out of soldiering.

The answer has been found by a group of enthusiastic individuals in Vancouver Island, who have shown that week-end soldiering can be fun. The organizing genius is a poultry breeder at Duncan, James Flynn. This former Lieutenant Commander in the R. C. N. has been trying for four years to get "the officials" to organize a naval reserve unit in his district. This loyal effort to help protect our comparatively wide open Pacific Coast made exactly no progress. So Flynn then took matters into his own hands, and raised his private army, which he called the Cowichan Commandos, and which General George Peakes, V. C., dubbed Her Majesty's Loyal Communist Army.

He has collected ex-officers, ex-commandos, enthusiastic non-servicemen and refugees from the northern Reserve Army. In a few weeks he has mustered a force of 112 men, which now not only acts as "the enemy" when the local Reserve Army units have an exercise, but actually outnumber the two Reserve Units, ridicules and outwits them by its unorthodox guerrilla tactics, and on one occasion—shame of shames—actually captured the Reservists' beer supply according to reliable reports.

The really significant thing about

hal sense, the 15-85 per cent ratio will hold its factual ground. I quote from an advertising message by the Pulp & Paper Industry of Canada, speaking for 131 mills, small and large, from coast to coast; for the reason that its opening paragraph articulates my thought: "Wood is one of the most complex substances known to man. Science has made it the raw material of a vast range of products including paper, textiles, alcohol, explosives, turpentine, photofilm, sponges and plastics. And the search for the secrets of wood goes on!"

It is my conviction that no one, in the above sense, is searching for the secrets of the wheat-kerne! I have been forced to conclude that, apparently, it would be antisocial to discover new, industrial, non-edible uses for the breadgrain—which would gobble up the so-called "surplus" by 100-100 last. The question in this reader's mind is simply this: Why should the wheat farmer have to suffer the consequences of our almost sacred attitude toward his grain—in every sense but price? I am, Sir, etc. VETERAN (17), Toronto, Ont.

Old Charlottetown

and P. E. I. CHURCH CLOCKS

"A Sabbath or two ago some of the aged of Rose Valley after entering the church and being composed in their seats were not a little incommoded by what naturally seemed to be none other than the tick of an ill-omened 'death watch', but by a slight torsion of the neck, to the relief and joy of their minds, they found it to be the gentle click of an active and beautiful clock fixed on the end gallery, the gift of Samuel Kennedy, Esq., Breadalbane.

"The Hartsville people were better prepared, because for weeks before they heard that a handsome new clock was to constitute one of the chief ornaments of their new church, and on opening the same on the 2nd inst., found the rumor realized through the liberality of Mr. MacLean, of MacLean & Bros., North Wilshire. Both clocks are identical and were supplied by Mr. Wellner, Charlottetown.

—The Presbyterian, Nov. 13, 1884.

The Poet's Corner

NIGHT DRIVING

Along the blackness of the night, Onrushing auto headlights burn. We hug the curving line of white And trust each one will make the turn.

On faith alone we live, and must, Or, stepping on the gas, we feel Our lives are hanging on the trust Of every man behind the wheel.

Unseen, in darkness in our seat, All of our destinies we owe To strangers we shall never greet. To strangers we shall never know.

—Louis Ginsberg in the New York Herald Tribune.

Nearly half of all workers engaged in agriculture in Britain are women or girls.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Accidents can take the most improbable form. In Toronto a woman of 85 crossing a street was knocked down by a truck, her head struck the curb, her hat-pin was thrust into her brain, and she died of the injury.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Tokyo citizens flocked to the zoo to celebrate the national day of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Unfortunately the next day the director of the establishment reported in a note to the press that "a giraffe, three monkeys, a swan and a bear cub died of indigestion."—Pour Tous, Lausanne, Switzerland.

A recent news item said a Montreal doctor of philosophy intended to climb a haunted hill in Quebec and prove or disprove the existence of Loup Garou, the werewolf of French-Canadian folklore. The doctor of philosophy is battling in a minor league; he's playing in the saloons of modern ghostliness. Loup Garou may have been a worthy adversary in an earlier era. But a mere werewolf is the least of our troubles today. A generation that must cope with the hydrogen bomb, with supersonic missiles, with colic, with assorted horrors out of the laboratory can't waste much time being afraid of Loup Garou. Who bothers slapping mosquitoes when he's facing a grizzly.—Victoria Times.

The latest feminine fad in hairdos—short styles such as the parakeet cut, the gamin cut and the Italian hair-do—are partly responsible for the recent pick-up in costume jewelry sales. That, at least, is the view of the Jewelry Industry Council, a trade group here that advises manufacturers and retailers on fashions and merchandising. The council says the short hair-dos have increased demand for earrings, longer and bigger ones, to decorate the denuded area left by the barber's trim. It says these short hair styles have only recently caught on in a "manly" way, and their popularity has been further boosted by the approach of Summer. The council also says the recent trend toward sleeveless dress, both Summer and Winter, has helped send demand for bracelets up. The women are shopping for their arms, as well as for necklaces, the council's fashion director, Wall Street Journal.

What style of penmanship did you learn in school? For an older generation, the choice usually lay between "vertical" or "slanting," Spencerian or whatever was the proper name for the other. In this selection individual bent was followed, and the prescribed copy-books duly filled. This imitating of model scripts probably made for better handwriting, but resulted in little uniformity of style within each category. Individualism, and varying degrees of illegibility, were the end products. If the child's favorite grip on a pen was tight-fisted and inflexible, it usually remained with him for the rest of his life. Now an American education department is specializing on what is called "manuscript" writing, which consists of individually formed letters, in contrast to the linked characters of "cursive" script. It hopes better penmanship will be the result, and certainly this system yielded an enormous amount of writing matter in the centuries before printing was invented. A will show how well or badly it works in these modern times.—Windsor Star.

In the old days they used to say that hard work never killed any one. Now they're advising men to start taking things easy at the age of 40, lest they succumb to coronary thrombosis. It looks as if either the human race is getting weaker, or people's can't stand prosperity. In the good old days that people like to talk about, working hours were nearly half as long again as they are today. Without the benefit of labour-saving devices, most of the work was heavier, too. In the good old days, everybody worked like a navy in and to "overwork." Automobiles, oil furnaces and power lawn mowers have changed all that, and nowadays, a ditch-digger is a mechanical gadget, not a perspiring human. In spite of all, people continue to drop off at the age of 40 or 50, from heart trouble due, we are told, to "overwork." And others, who have never done a tap of physical labour in their life, are told to take it easy.—Wingham Advance-Times.

In a speech the other day the principal of McGill University, Dr. F. Cyril James, spoke of "the inalienable rights of life and liberty" but said he was omitting the third of the rights set out in the American Declaration of Independence—"the pursuit of happiness"—because happiness cannot be pursued. Here is an idea that deserves a good deal of thought by every young person who is considering the pattern of the adult life he or she intends to lead. There is no precise, sure-fire formula of a bit of this and a pinch of that; but in general the most complete individual is the happiest. The complete individual has wisdom, understanding of the present and past of the world he lives in and ideals for its future, a sense of belonging to humanity that makes him treat his fellows with consideration and compassion, interests broad enough to keep him always occupied in mind or body, a sense of wonder that makes each experience fresh and a philosophy that gives him serenity. Those qualities cannot be pursued. They must be achieved by each individual for himself, inside himself.—From an editorial for young people, Hamilton Spectator.

The Age Old Story

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

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