

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink."

CHARLOTTETOWN SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1950

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow the 12th Sunday after Trinity.

H. R. H. Prince Richard Alexander Walter George, second son of H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester, born this date 1944.

Today will probably be the last opportunity for the settlement of the Railway strike before Parliament meets on Tuesday.

Another "First" for the Province is Mr. R. L. Cotton's irrigation system at Southport Memorial Nursery. It is practical, efficient and cheap.

Maritime Central Airways is certainly pulling its weight both in maintaining civil communications and in "Operation Airlift" to speed the movement of recruits.

Navy men have been carrying their heads a little higher since the landing party from the Athabaskan launched this country's first land attacks in the Korean campaign.

On Monday, unless a settlement is reached, the United States as well as Canada will find itself involved in a country-wide railway (or rather railroad) strike. The tourists who fled this country may not even be able to travel about their own.

The committee of attorneys-general seems to have reached considerable agreement on amending procedures for the constitution. It augurs well for the success of the general Dominion-Provincial constitutional conference in Quebec next September 25th.

A free one-way passage to Canada from Glasgow was recently advertised by the North Country Cheviot Sheep Society. The only condition was that the successful applicant must be "able and willing to look after 34 North Country Cheviot sheep en route, from Glasgow to Quebec."

When the Government's White Paper on defence is made public we should have the official views on the military situation and concrete proposals for meeting this country's international commitments. Discussion should thereafter be much more to the point than is yet possible.

Northumberland Ferries have demonstrated the incalculable service they can render in time of labour trouble, off and on the Island. The management, officers and crew are deserving of the highest praise for the magnificent service they have rendered the Province at this critical period.

Requests for adjustments in the cost-of-living bonus and for inclusion within the city-operated pension plan were received by the Saint John board of school trustees from a delegation representing employees of the board. A committee to be named by Mr. Stanley F. Jamieson, chairman of the board, will examine and report on the requests.

The Lord Mayor of London's National Thanksgiving Fund is growing at the rate of \$1,000 (more than \$3,000) a day. Chief aim of this Fund is to build a centre in London for students from the British Commonwealth and the United States, as a gesture of gratitude for Canadian hospitality to children war guests, and for gift parcels, of an estimated value of \$80 million, sent to Britain from these countries, during and since the war.

Canned luncheon meat, once thought of as a pantry extra, has in the past decade developed into the main course of a meal in Canada and a multi-million-dollar business besides. Given a great impetus by the demands of the armed services during the war, canned meats sky-rocketed in volume from 1940 to 1946, according to a review of production figures made recently by the Canadian Division of the American Can Company. The output in 1949 was 46,419,000 pounds, approximately five times the average annual pre-war volume.

Eleven years ago, on August 26, 1939, a number of units of Canada's Non-Permanent Active Militia received an urgent call to arms. Approximately 100 units and formations were affected by the order which constituted this country's first major step in preparedness in anticipation of war. The majority of the men was immediately assigned to guard duty on armouries and military buildings throughout the Dominion. Less than a week later on September 1, 1939, the calling out on active service and the organization of the 1st and 2nd Canadian Divisions as the Canadian Active Service Force, was authorized. The war entailed immediate mobilization, equipping and training of thousands of men, although war was not officially declared until September 10, 1939.

The Once Over Treatment



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.

DEMOCRACY AT CROSSROADS

Sir,—To strike or not to strike! That is the question. Once again democracy is at the cross roads. Who governs the country, Parliament or the Labor Union? For that question we have no answer. For the past hundred years we have been watching the gradual transfer of power from the hands of the few to the hands of the many. Today the final court of appeal is the Labor Union.

Shall the work of the world proceed in its usual channels? Parliament says "Yes"; and the Union says "No"; and through the agency of the general strike the Union can bring the wheels of trade and commerce to a standstill. Through strike pressure the people of the United States have accepted the principle that the worker is entitled to a \$200 a month retiring allowance after he has worked 30 or 40 years, and that the hours of labor may gradually be reduced to the vanishing point. Today in Canada we have been asked whether we are ready to accept the principle of the 40-hour week, and complete paralysis of industry is the penalty if we answer in the negative.

Just consider for a moment what a 40-hour week means. There are still 168 hours in a week, and the railway must operate 24 hours a day. That means that four complete gangs of men must be trained and paid for moving a complete unit from Halifax to Vancouver every week. As the work week shortens the cost of doing business goes up. But transportation is only one of the many concerns of the Government. Supposing the primary producer, the man who cultivates the soil, should draw all his voting and striking power together and demand \$3.00 a day, and a 40-hour week and a retiring allowance of \$200 a month, and four weeks holiday a year with pay, and set October 1st as the striking date. Nonsense, you will say. But that is just the situation that Parliament in a democratic state confronts every hour of the day, every day of the year. Parliament never knows what group of workers may go on strike, nor what their demands may be.

It has been apparent for many months that the costs of transportation are too high. Just why they should be added to in the middle of a world war is not easy to understand. What is really needed is some person or persons in charge of our transportation system who can show us how to lessen the cost. It would seem that longer hours, lower wages, and more efficient service, would be steps in the right direction. It is just possible that the railway as a means of transportation is becoming obsolete. It is just possible that when the force contained in the atom is released and harnessed we may have a power that will transport commodities twenty times as fast as on a twentieth of the cost.

It is difficult to see what value calling Parliament together at the present moment can have except to increase the cost of Government, which at present is much too high. If the Government would declare a national emergency, establish a military dictatorship and order the railway workers back to work we would have the feeling, "now, we are beginning to live".

The political atmosphere in which we have been living for the past few years has become increasingly depressing. If the Government 25 years ago, just at the time that the labor unions were becoming physically powerful and mentally weak, had met and outlawed the general strike instead of handing out citizenship papers, and designing national flags and abolishing appeals to the Privy Council, we would have no strike on our hands today. A general strike of our transportation workers just at the time when the products of the earth are ready to move, seems to be economically the most senseless procedure ever submitted to the people for their approval. Just at a time when social security seems to be our greatest need the whole fabric of social security seems to

The Age-Old Story

All the ends of the earth shall remember, and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindred of the nations shall worship before Thee.

For the Kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the governor among the nations. That is the question. Once again democracy is at the cross roads. Who governs the country, Parliament or the Labor Union? For that question we have no answer. For the past hundred years we have been watching the gradual transfer of power from the hands of the few to the hands of the many. Today the final court of appeal is the Labor Union.

I am, Sir, etc., VERNON CROCKETT, Little York, P. E. I.

PICTURES

Sir,—So many pictures accumulated to be a joy in quiet moments! There was the day at Murren, Switzerland. We had come up by funicular from Lauterbrunnen to the plateau that hangs above the Lauterbrunnen valley, travelled through the small town of wooden chalets, shops, and hotels, and emerged on to the flowery Alps beyond. Around us was spread a carpet of lovely Alpine flowers embedded in brilliant green. Every step taken, trod underfoot jewels of wonderful colour. Ahead stretched the long range of the Bernese Alps, glittering and glistening white in the sun, against a deep blue sky. Silence, sunshine, vivid colour, air crisp and clean; and glowing, icy Alpine magnificence — it was no wonder that heart and mind were filled with a sense of humility and adoration.

There was the single street village in Luxembourg on the road from Errebruck to Clairvaux. Rome's army, and then the Americans had been through two years before us. Two houses at the end of the street had escaped with minor damage to roofs, and walls pitted with shrapnel. The remaining houses were either heaps of ruins, or had the ground floor inhabited, although barely habitable. The ground floor rooms of the end houses had been converted into shops of which one window exhibited for sale rich pastries, the electric washers, stoves and suchlike. There should be a moral to that picture, but only an economist, philosopher or psychologist would be likely to find it.

There was the early evening in summer at Stanley Bridge in Prince Edward Island, when we looked across the river to the richly wooded slopes at the opposite side. There was serenity, a rich loveliness and peace in the picture, with its greens blending from light to the sharp upstanding darkness of the clumps of spruce, the brilliant greens of the fields, and the glancing ripple and broken reflections of the water, that gave comfort to a mind tired of the greeds and hatreds that seem to be rocking civilization to its foundations.

There was the evening in Maten, near Interlaken, when I set off to walk across the Hohematte to the Kursaal. The way led through an overhanging avenue of lime trees, the scent of which was sweet and nostalgic in the darkness. At the end of the long tunnel of foliage shone the lights of the Kursaal, and, as I walked slowly and alone, the opening bars of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony stole out from the concert room and blended with the night and stars and lime perfume to make a picture and an experience I shall never forget.

These, and so many more pictures can make for us all, the reassurance that in the midst of so much strife and ugliness there is a beauty that is eternal, and a wisdom there for the seeking.

'And oft when on my couch I lie, In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye, Which is the bliss of solitude.' I am Sir, etc., RUTH SILLITOE

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

MILITARY FORCE REMOVED

Excerpt from an address of the Legislative Assembly to the Colonial Secretary, September, 1864: "Although we have long since been made acquainted with the intention of Her Majesty's Government in regard to the final removal of the small military force stationed in this Colony, we cannot avoid regarding that occurrence with sincere regret. It has been the opinion of former Houses of Assembly, as it is unquestionably the opinion of the present one, that this Colony possesses peculiar claims to the fostering care and protection of the mother country; because, at the time of its first settlement, the government of England thought proper to bestow all the land in the Colony upon some few individuals, thereby leaving the means at the disposal of the local government, for supporting a military as well as a civil establishment. "The other Colonies have extensive tracts of valuable lands, from which a large revenue is derived, but this Colony is suffering from the disposal of its soil, and yet Her Majesty's Government have not only provided for a considerable military force in each of those Colonies, but have allowed such force to a certain extent, to remain stationed there. "From the position of this Island—great numbers, often amounting to thousands, of the fishermen of the neighboring Republic having recourse to our shores during the summer season — a military force would seem to be required for the preservation of tranquillity more so than in any of Her Majesty's North American provinces. But from the well known loyalty of the people of this country, we apprehend no interruption to the public tranquillity from the withdrawal of the Troops. Nevertheless, we shall make such provision as may in some measure supply their place, so far as the means at our disposal will warrant us in doing — trusting that when the circumstances which required the removal of the military have ceased to exist, this Island will be placed on an equal footing, as regards this matter, with the other Colonies."

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Growlands, North River Road, Charlottetown.

Notes By The Way

Britishers laugh off the expectation of tougher times. A cartoon in a London newspaper shows a sharp-featured Englishwoman reading a paper whose headline blares: "Out-loud — Austerity". Her husband stands in a corner, clothed only in a barrel. Snaps the wife: "Oh, Alastair, don't be so dramatic!" — Wall Street Journal.

Miss Rosebud Yellow Robe is the daughter of a Sioux Indian chief and director of an American Indian recreational camp on Long Island. She has heard and read the word "Ugh!" in enough films and stories of American life to make her pronounce it with a long and shuddering inflection. "Why," she asks, "does everyone expect Indians to say 'Ugh!' in the movies? They can speak perfectly good English." Even allowing for a certain number of uninitiated grunts in aboriginal conversation, we have long suspected that a more literal rendition of the red man's meaning would be conveyed by "Humph!" rather than "Ugh!" We are aware that this item in philology will come as a heavy blow to many young followers of Hopalong Cassidy or the Lone Ranger who may or may not have heard of Kit Carson and Daniel Boone. Nevertheless, for us, Miss Yellow Robe has spoken. How! — Christian Science Monitor.

As a tip to Calgary police, we report that in Toronto the police force is cracking down on wedding parties "which speed around the city in cars, tooting horns and causing a hazard to normal traffic". The traffic inspector says "We won't spare any sympathy for newlyweds who go around the city in cars like crazy". The noise they make is illegal there just as it is in Calgary and citizens there are demanding that it be stopped. Occasionally Calgary policemen do write tickets for offending wedding motorists but the word hasn't got around yet to put a stop to the unbearable honking and disgraceful road-hogging. A few stiff penalties might impress on newlyweds and their friends that their bliss isn't a good enough excuse for making other people miserable. — Calgary Albertan.

The Poet's Corner

STRANGE GLORY Because for miles among the hard-ripped hills, Bright, spiky trees have cracked to their death, This sunset brings a dripping brush that spills The drops of light which redden summer's breath. Where once was innocence of farmland smoke, Where once, but simple haze where shore line lay And heard calm words the cool, gray ripples spoke, Now comes strange glory to the Not grave cool gray, Not stranger could be sword-Excalibur Than glow half seen, beyond a point of land Reminding of the scarlet death of fir, As sunset fires each ripple into brand, Sudden and indescribable upon the lake— Are brands that human hand may never take. —Elizabeth Crawford Yates

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