

"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."

The Potato Plebiscite

The intense interest in the future of potato marketing in this Province is evidenced by packed houses at the meetings sponsored by the Prince Edward Island Federation of Agriculture. The subject, indeed, is a vital one to the Island and to its leading industry. The plebiscite of registered potato growers being taken by the Prince Edward Island Marketing Board will presumably be a guide to policy.

The only question which it is proposed shall be put to the growers is, "Are you in favour of continued operation of the Potato Marketing Board?" The assumption is that growers will understand that a Board with powers to operate an exclusive centralized selling agency is implied. That assumption, however, may not be justified. The term "Marketing Board" may mean many things to many people and surely it should be made perfectly clear to the growers what they are voting for.

The time is certainly propitious for a vote of confidence in the Board, including the central selling agency, for without it the past season would likely have been disastrous. It is most unlikely that without the government guaranteed minimum price any substantial amount of potatoes would have been moved from this Province. What did move would in all probability have brought little more than the cost of handling.

It does not necessarily follow, however, that the system is the best over a period of years or that it is the one that the farmers want. On that point the farmers must speak for themselves. The plebiscite is one way in which they express their views but, as has been pointed out before, the method is by no means an ideal means of sounding popular opinion. Supplemented, however, by full discussion it may give a reasonably clear indication of how farmers generally regard the question.

Boll-Weevil, Benefactor

For many years the farmers of Alabama put all their economic faith in cotton. Then along came the boll-weevil walking briskly on all six legs across the hot fields and causing havoc to owners and share-croppers alike. So devastating was the onslaught that the farmers, finding cotton to be an uncertain source of cash income, turned to diversified crops with consequent betterment of their economic status. In their delight at finding a new and better way of making a living the farmers of Enterprise, a small town in the heart of the Land of Cotton, erected a monument to the boll-weevil. For some reason as yet unknown thieves stole the monument shortly after it had been unveiled; this, too, proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the original figure had been given only four legs instead of the six with which all normal weevils are fitted at birth. Now, a new one is being built with all the legs and arms and other standard equipment to which the insect is entitled.

There is nothing in all this to indicate that the farmers of Enterprise are encouraging the weevil in its mischievous and destructive ways; on the contrary, they are waging war against it with all the means which science has placed at their disposal. At the same time they are showing in time-honoured fashion that they are not ungrateful for the insect's harsh way of teaching them a lesson that they very much needed to learn and which, but for the weevil's invasion, they probably would have continued to neglect. Doing evil that good may come is not generally considered to be philosophically feasible for men, but apparently it is quite alright for weevils.

Like Mephistopheles

Sounding a hopeful note in a survey of the possibilities of the dreadful hydrogen bomb, the Manchester Guardian says the situation may resolve itself into a "ghoulish paradox". Once the atomic bomb was invented it was as well that the hydrogen bomb should be invented also. For terrible as it is, the atomic bomb was perhaps not quite destructive enough to cause Governments to avoid war; the hydrogen bomb may be enough to make them pause. One danger of war breaking out lies now, perhaps, in the belief that agreements can be made, whether formal or tacit, for war to be fought without using the hydrogen bomb. This might still embolden one side or the other to begin fighting. Gas and germs were not used in the last war; a rash Government might gamble that it could fight

a new one without bringing into use the dreadful instruments stored in its arsenals. This is delusion; pledges not to use the bomb are of no avail. War might begin with conventional weapons; even the decisive actions might be fought with them; but when one side was faced with certain defeat, and when the enemy forces were at the gates of its capital, would it not drop the bomb on its victorious opponent?

One of the most fortunate accidents in history, says the Manchester paper, is that Hitler's war happened when it did and not later, when he would probably have had the bomb. The best guarantee of peace today is that none of the major Governments has the same suicidal or mad tendency as the Nazis; and nothing will so effectively increase their caution as that there should be a supply of hydrogen and cobalt bombs at its rival's disposal.

Whatever the complications, there is perhaps a case for revising some of the current instinctive ideas about the bomb. What has been the history of the past four thousand years, during which man has possessed the mechanical knowledge which has enabled him to destroy dangerously but not to destroy devastatingly? There has been almost continuous war. There is no reason at all to think that the history of the next four thousand years would have been any different if scientific knowledge had not made its recent advances. All past attempts to end war by political means — by leagues or international institutions or rational persuasion — have failed and would probably fail in the future also. But the bomb may succeed.

"At present," says The Guardian, "perhaps the wisest guide to thought is a poet like Goethe. Against all expectations Faust worked his salvation by his pursuit of knowledge, energy, and inventiveness. The spirit of evil, which was the necessary concomitant of his activities, was made to work to ultimate good in spite of all the intentions of Mephistopheles to the contrary. The scientists, who, in the obstinate belief that science in the end cannot harm mankind, have with heavy heart invented and manufactured the bomb, may live to see their faith justified and their misgivings confounded."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The proposal of the Defence Department to spend approximately 25 per cent of the defence budget for seven years on aircraft indicates recognition of the outstandingly major role of the air arm in a full-scale war. It also indicates that this country, or at any rate its sky, might well be the "little Belgium" in case of such a disaster.

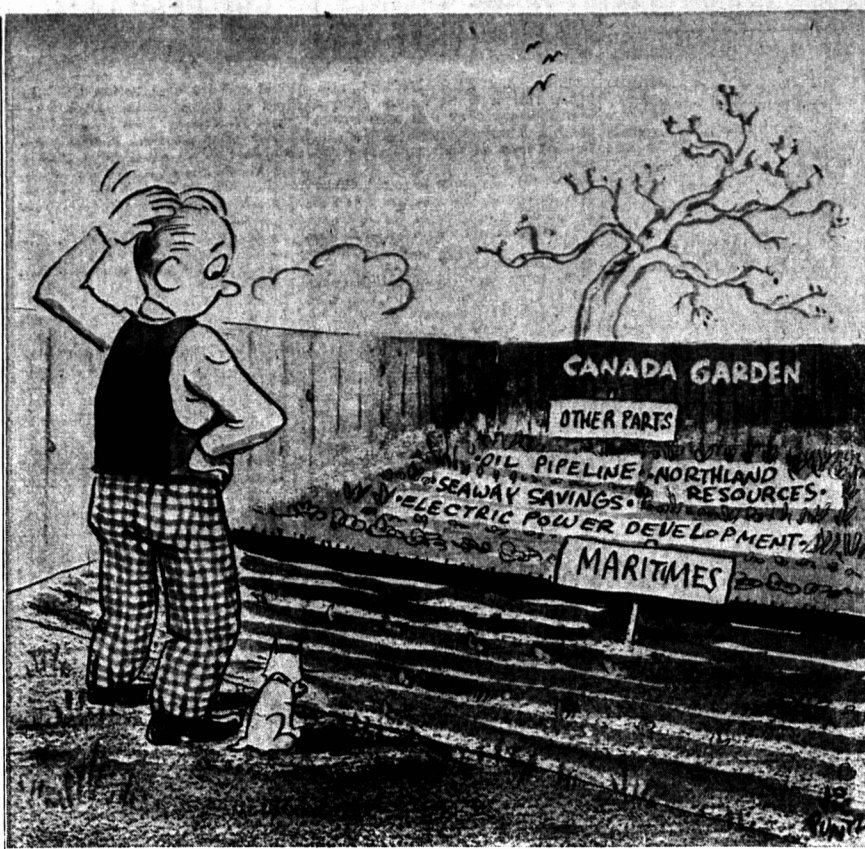
The dispute about capital punishment may be solved in this country by an inability to replace the present hangman. The joint committee of Parliament has been told by Sheriff J. D. Conover of Toronto that there is only one active hangman in the country and that it has not been possible to get an assistant who will continue after a single hanging.

The explanation given by the British Automobile Association for the "mystery mile" where more than 100 car windshields have been shattered is more disturbing than the mystery itself. Apparently 87 per cent of the smashed windshields were of curved, toughened glass instead of laminated safety-glass, a development which runs contrary to

Canadians are justifiably proud of the strength of the Canadian dollar in international exchange. From a practical point of view, however, the monthly review published by the Bank of Nova Scotia points out that "the most attractive way of softening the impact of mounting external competition on the Canadian economy might appear to be to reduce the rate of exchange on the Canadian dollar." Many cautionary provisos, nevertheless, accompany the suggestion.

The inventor of the linotype, Ottmar Mergenthaler, was born in Germany May 11, 1854. A clockmaker, he emigrated to America and worked on precision instruments. A court reporter interested him in the search for a machine for setting type but he had many failures before producing a machine that would line up a row of matrices and cast them in metal. When Whitelaw Reid, New York publisher, first saw Mergenthaler tapping away at the keys of his new machine he exclaimed: "Ottmar, you've done it. A line o' type."

the interests of highway safety. Sir Ronald Ross, British physician and poet, was born in India this date 1857. He entered the Indian Medical Service in 1881. It was he who discovered the life-history of malaria parasites in mosquitoes, though Ermin had already done much work on this subject. Ross's work confirmed the theory formulated by Sir Patrick Manson and earned him the Nobel prize in 1902. He was also a distinguished poet and wrote one novel.



How He Could Use A Green Thumb!

The Shadow Of Angus L

By Douglas Howe

For the first time in a quarter-century the Nova Scotian Liberal Party is in search of a new leader. A search that will end in a party convention later this year. In the first weeks after the death of Premier Angus L. Macdonald, it was developing into a quest of the wisest character, foraging through the Commons in Ottawa, the bench of the provincial cabinet and the political periphery from which Mr. Macdonald himself, an unknown law professor, was dragged and pushed — literally — into his public career. In the vacuum of his going, the Progressive Conservatives were shaking off the shock of finding that at long last their towering genius had gone and that glistening opportunity lay due ahead. The fact that it came just a year after an election in which a few hundred votes in the right places could have turned the tide indicated that the province is facing into a time of struggle in the stoutest traditions of political warfare.

In the flux of this situation, only one sovereign fact stood out — the shadow of Angus L. will hover over everything that happens. It will probably be years before it retreats finally into history to find its place.

What that place will be only time can know. Certainly it's true that quite remarkable line of premiers, for what province can outmatch a line that includes a Tupper, a Howe, a Sir John Thompson, a Fielding and an Angus L.?

To these may be added James Johnstone, a pre-confederation leader capable, some believe, of ranking with the best of them, and George Murray whose 27 years of rule (1896-1923) far outdistanced even Mackenzie King's record years as a Commonwealth prime minister.

Of all these predecessors of Angus L., it is Joe Howe who commands pre-eminence in provincial folklore today. Tupper brought Confederation but Nova Scotia still sits in judgment on that act. Howe first brought into practical being the responsible government which was to revolutionize the political structure of the British world.

On those monumental pegs, time will weigh these old enemies. It will probably find no comparable pegs for Angus L. His tangible monuments provincially are excellent paved roads and rural high schools and improved medical services. Like Howe, he went to Ottawa and was unhappy there. He fathered the new navy and was a pivotal factor in bringing conscription and he came happily home. Perhaps time will judge those years the highest. Or perhaps it will measure him as the champion of Maritime and provincial rights in a time of significance in the power alignments of the Canadian federal state. Or as a political philosopher, steeped in Liberal principles and Gladstone and constitutional law, in a land with too few political philosophers.

But it is by no means improbable that, above all, Nova Scotia eventually will rank Angus L., and Joe Howe close together and primarily because they both found Nova Scotia in their hearts and interpreted it superbly. Theirs were the golden, awakening voices that stirred the province most. They will live in folklore because they were folkleaders.

At a distinguished international dinner at St. Francis Xavier University's centennial last year, Angus L. presided in his finest form. Finally, Bishop John R. MacDonnell clapped him fondly on the back and exclaimed, an Angus L., you're the best of Nova Scotia." That's precisely the way the province felt about him. He personified the province at its best.

It's little realized elsewhere how complex that role can be. For here live the descendants of Scots, Loyalists, Yankees, Acadians, English, Irish and Germans and here flourish, various regional loyalties. Yet time has built over them all a transcendent and almost romantic love of the whole of Nova Scotia, which has no equivalent in

Canada save the habitant's mystic devotion to Quebec.

Actually the Scots predominate in only five of the 18 counties, and even there Angus L. was typical because the French and Irish contributed half his blood. But he was above all a Scot, full of the poetry of Burns and the pageantry of the kilts, and as he lay wounded in the German lines in 1918 he thought not of death but of the irony of the fact that he lay there shedding for the British crown the blood of people who had so long opposed it.

He came to be the Highland chief of this province of varied bloods and he was accepted as such and when he died they mourned and buried him as such and only the pipes could express the dimensions of their sorrow. As his body lay at his home, a humble man came one night and asked to see "our premier". He fell to his knees beside the bier, praying. He was an Acadian named Fougere who had come many miles to pay his homage. There were many, many like him for this was a beloved leader.

But he was a leader too who in many ways dwarfed his provincial stage. There will long lurk about his name the tantalizing speculation of what might have happened had the fates otherwise shaped his career. For there was a time when men talked of this as a future prime minister of Canada. It came to a rancid end when he fled in happiness home from Ottawa in '45. He disliked Ottawa, they said. But it is nearly forgotten now that it was to Ottawa, not Halifax, that he first sought to go politically.

That he ran for federal office in 1930 and was defeated five months before being chosen provincial leader. It was his one political defeat. Had he gone to Ottawa directly in 1930, unknown, instead of in drafted duty 10 years later, his reputation big enough to invite the jealousies of Mackenzie King, there is no telling what home-

Old Charlottetown and P. E. I.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

"The Bank of Prince Edward Island is now open for the transaction of business, at the office in the dwelling house of Wm. H. Pope, Esq. Grafton Street, Hours from 10 to 3. Discount days — Monday and Thursday in each week. William Cundall, Cashier." —Hazard's Gazette, Aug. 18 1856.

Mrs. Malaprop Gaining

(Atlantic Monthly)

The predominant fault of the bad English encountered today is not the crude fault of the untaught but the blithe irresponsibility of the taught. The language is no longer regarded as a common treasure to be hoarded and protected as far as possible. To give examples: The hotel clerk giving me a good room feels bound to mention the well known person whom "we last hospitalized in that room." Not to lag behind Joyce, the advertiser bids you "slip your feet into these easy-going leotards and breathe a sigh of real comfort."

The New Yorker spotted a movie theatre sign on which "adultery" was used to mean "adulthood." From an English periodical I learn that some new houses "affront the opposite side of the street."

If Mrs. Malaprop is going to become the patron saint of English, what is going to prevent "contentment" from meaning the same thing as "contentment" or the maker of woodcuts from being called a woodcutter?

age all Canada might be paying him today.

Certainly Canada never saw him at his best, as in the searing eloquence of his '33 campaign. (In fact, it's said Nova Scotia never did publicly either, that his greatest oratory emerged one night in a mock debate on a fishing trip.) Certainly the greatness was there to have done big things for Canada.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Visitors to the House of Assembly this session have noted with some amusement Premier Smallwood's habit of turning appealingly to the back benches on his side of the House, with some such phrase as, "We'll all vote for it, won't we?" or maybe, "We'll all vote it down!" They all do, too. — St. John's Telegram.

The cost means little in a present, except when it represents money that has been carefully saved for the purpose. It is the thought that matters. If we are honest with ourselves we must admit that the thought behind some of our gifts is as much for ourselves as for the person whose name is written on the label. Sometimes they are things that we should like to own ourselves, and we therefore enjoy buying

The Age Old Story

And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation. . . Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.

Advertisement for C-O-C-S (Crop-O-Protectant) featuring a large 'C-O-C-S' logo and text: 'Always - in all ways for field crop protection - potatoes, tomatoes and other vegetables. NIAGARA BRAND SPRAY CO. LIMITED BURLINGTON, ONT. NOW - Niagara Farm and Garden Brand for home gardens'

The Passing Scene

By Observer

1904 EDITORIALS

Should war develop between Russia and the West—which heaven forbid it will not come as any great surprise to anyone who has been reading the newspapers since 1914. Many times in the interim war has been considered, almost certainly, but each time the goal has been a realization of what modern war might do to the civilization, has kept it in check, at least up to the present.

While international Communism has seemed to be the open danger, there are other causes and conflicting interests which have contributed to the serious and war-provoking tensions. This is by no means a new story, as is evidenced by editorial articles in a leading American magazine in 1904 when the Russo-Japanese war was in progress. Some of these articles are of great interest in these days, since they show that there is little that is really new in national and international disputes which have in them the possibility of war.

Here is one such editorial: "This is not an accidental war which takes the world by surprise. It is an inevitable clash of great interests and race tendencies; and it brings to a focus a conflict of purposes that has been becoming more intense since the West began to touch the East."

There is universal hope these days—very dim at times—that out of the present tensions and conflicts there will emerge a satisfactory formula by means of which nations of different modes of government and social customs will be able to live together, if not in a friendly way, at least in a peaceful way. This is exactly the view that was prevalent in 1904. "Out of this war," the editorial writer went on to say, "there will come, let us hope, something like a final solution of the grave problems which have kept the great Powers busy for so many years building battle-ships. The clashing Asiatic ambitions, interests, and tendencies of the nations will now come up for adjustment; and that grave problem of civilization—the future of the Orient—will be taken seriously in hand."

Substitute "A and H Bombs" for "battle-ships", and that editorial might have been written this morning. It seems that the future of the Orient has been a grave "problem of civilization" ever since the eyes of the West began to look through the newly opened door of the East. In 1904, of course, the question was: "Which Powers shall have commercial control of Asia?" Now, commercial control doesn't seem quite as important, the question being: "Will Asia go Communist or stay with Western Democracy?" The two questions, however, are closely related.

In an article entitled "The Wonderful Japanese" the magazine writer expressed amazement over what he called the quick mastery by these people of what has been considered the very difficult and slowly learned science of modern warfare. The chief tool of this "modern" warfare was the torpedo, "which had never before been used with success", and which, because of its potentially destructive character, many American officials had hoped would not be used at all.

An interesting thought (which probably is in many minds at this moment) was expressed in these words: "Does modern practical achievement, in war or in peace, imply the degree of intelligence and training and experience and general superiority to men of preceding times, that we have thought? Perhaps we have developed no new ability, nor skill, nor courage, nor anything in modern times, but only new tools. It may be that our advance has been wholly mechanical."

One of the West's argument in the tensions of today—and it is a good one—is that Russian Communism is atheistic, wholly materialistic, and Godless. In 1904, however, Russia was a leading Christian nation, at least by profession. Their chief appeal to world opinion, when they were being handled roughly by the Japanese, was that they were a Christian people fighting against a heathen people. His-

'The Poet's Corner' TWO SPECIES Why does one ant, small as a grain of rice, Gallop along, an insect evildoer, And one, no larger, even though sweeter entice, Haltingly, slowly pick its way and grope? If we could answer, then we might discern Why the blown suns roll on in glittering fleets, And why one man is fireless, one may burn With the flame and splendor of a Brahma or Keats. —Stanton A. Coblenz in the New York Times

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