

Covers: Prince Edward Island Like The Dew
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Published every week day morning (except Sunday and statutory holidays) at 165 Prince Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I., by Thomson Newspapers Ltd. Branch offices at Summerside, Montserrat, Alberton and Souris.

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PAGE 4 TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1966

Those Offshore Rights

The federal-provincial dispute over who controls offshore mineral rights, and which is the competent authority to grant exploration permits, continues with no resolution in sight. Over the protests of several of the provinces, Ottawa has referred the dispute to the Supreme Court but no date has been set for the hearings because British Columbia, which is named in the reference, has as yet shown no sign of filing its own reference with the court.

Recently Jack Davis, parliamentary secretary of the federal minister of mines and technical surveys, confirmed that the federal government will proceed with the case whether B.C. files or not. The provinces concerned—the Maritimes, Quebec and B.C.—are still pressing to have the reference withdrawn and the matter settled on the political level at a federal-provincial conference.

Ottawa is basing its case on the International Convention on the Continental Shelf, which has the effect of recognizing the federal government as the sole owner of offshore rights. The provinces, however, contend that this constitutes a challenge to their constitutional control over natural resources. The federal government's lawyers counter that it is a question of boundaries and not resources, but this is an unconvincing argument. It's the resources undoubtedly that are at stake in this issue, and it is a very big stake indeed.

According to the Financial Times of Canada, the oil industry is talking about this summer's offshore activity in boom terms. More than \$20 million is to be spent by 27 companies to investigate the 173 million acres of claims off the Atlantic, Pacific and Arctic coasts and in the Hudson Bay. Two companies alone will have spent nearly \$7 million by the time the summer is over, in drilling test holes on a 30 million acre claim southwest of Newfoundland. Other companies are planning seismic work over millions of acres in the same area. Another project involves exploration over 2.5 million acres off Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island.

These costly projects are being undertaken because there are billions of dollars in untapped oil resources in this Atlantic area—an area that is admittedly in need of more wealth and industry to bring it into line with the rest of Canada. Federal sources claim that even if they win their case in the Supreme Court, the federal government will probably offer the provinces an arrangement to share in the revenue from this source; but this hasn't been accepted as a sound reason for plunging what is basically a matter for political settlement into litigation.

Mr. Pearson's Dilemma

Before the year is out the Pearson government will have consolidated itself or consigned the Liberal party to the wilderness in the next election. This is the view expressed by Canada's top-ranking Liberal commentator, Bruce Hutchison, in an article in the Winnipeg Free Press in which he predicts that the ultimate test for Mr. Pearson and his colleagues will come with the federal-provincial meeting in June.

The government, as Hutchison sees it, hasn't any time to waste in meeting "three wrenching tests, all of them interdependent, that loom like mountain peaks above the rubble of ordinary public business." The first has been met already in a preliminary fashion, by the government's refusal to raise old age pensions at the price of demoralizing the national budget. But will the government back down later under pressure, with some

suitable face-saving device? The answer to that and many other questions will come in the second test of the April budget, which must involve not merely expenditures and taxes but the whole direction of the national economy.

If these financial problems look daunting, says the Liberal pundit, they are quite simple beside the third test, the supreme problem of Quebec. And in the present year that problem must be faced as it never has been faced since the conscription crisis of 1944. Nothing less than the federal government's sovereignty, its right to govern, will be at stake when it meets the provincial governments in June, and, for a fiscal confrontation, in the autumn.

Quebec is demanding a far larger share of the nation's basic revenues than Ottawa can possibly grant and still perform its function. Moreover, Quebec insists that any revenues transferred to it from the federal treasury for a specific purpose like education can be spent for any other purpose, at the provincial government's pleasure. Thus the right of the national government to spend its own money for national purposes is directly challenged.

If these demands were confined to Quebec they might be manageable. But they will be pressed by other provinces, perhaps by all, in greater or less degree. If they were to succeed, the results would be disastrous to the nation. Ottawa's spending commitments are so gigantic now that it will need every cent of revenue it can collect, quite possibly with higher tax rates, in the forthcoming budget.

Mr. Pearson's attitude to Quebec, notes Hutchison, has definitely hardened in recent weeks. Now confronting the old paramount problem of all Canadian prime ministers in a new guise, he evidently realizes the risks before him—the risks to his government, to his own place in history and, far more important, the risks to the nation if Quebec turns angry and intransigent.

Will Mr. Pearson measure up to the ultimate test of his career, or will he equivocate and make the worst of all possible worlds? The Free Press writer doesn't profess to have the answer. But he has stated the problem in stark terms, giving us all something to think about as Canadians.

Brave New World

It's a brave new world we're living in. We get reminders of this even from such an unlikely source as the "Dictionary of Occupational Titles," a compilation of the United States labor department about which we confess we hadn't heard before, but which has been called to our attention in a bulletin listing some of the tidbits in the 36,000 job classifications with which the work deals.

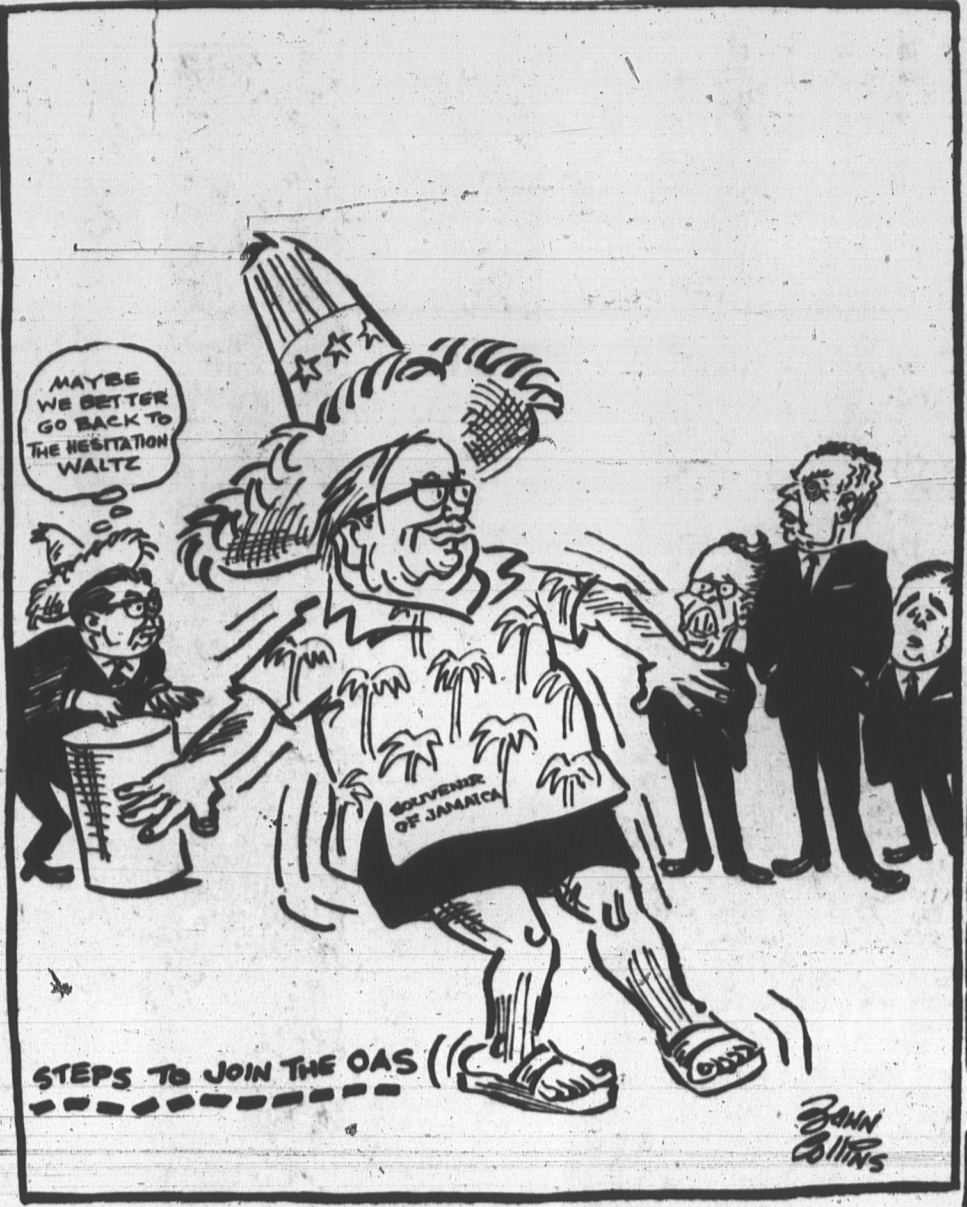
The department found that since its last job dictionary was published in 1949 a large number of occupations have become obsolete, such as "beach comb" and "rumble seat assembler." But we are amply compensated by the emergence of a galaxy of new nomenclatures in keeping with the technological trend of the times. Altogether, some 6,000 new job classifications are included from the technical world, such as "nuclear medical technician," "gamma facilities operator" and "radiation monitor."

Other examples carry us farther afield. Who, for instance, would guess what a "mud man" was if he didn't know something about the chap who reclaims rubber particles from the sludge of the rubber industry? But that's an easy one compared to "kiss setter," which turns out to be the person who shapes candy kisses. There is also the "shake, rattle and leak man," a specialized automobile mechanic, and the "cat doctor" who repairs—not feline disorders as in our ignorance we should have thought—but caterpillar tractors in the logging industry.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A 38-year-old Manchester motorist, after pleading guilty to his latest driving offense, was informed by the court that he could not drive a car again in Britain until the year 2011. By that time he'll be 83, and probably won't care.

A new device has been developed to combat forest fires in Canada. It consists of an infra-red detector mounted under an aircraft which is sensitive to the slightest heat radiation from the ground. As well as operating a warning device in the aircraft, the detector produces a thermal record of the area traversed, indicating the exact location even of barbecue fires.



PICKED UP ON THE ISLANDS

ELECTION EXPENSES

No Excuse for Political Arrogance

One of the very questionable aspects of our system of conducting elections is the method—or methods—by which political parties and candidates acquire election funds. The electorate does not know, to put it mildly, the sources of much of these funds. The suspicion must arise that at least some of them are provided by individuals or institutions with special axes to grind; and a number of recent events—including the Dorion inquiry—have done nothing to dull this suspicion. It is therefore evidence of considerable arrogance when some of our elected representatives—including a member of the Cabinet—prove themselves unprepared to take seriously even those slight legal requirements concerning openness on the subject that are now imposed upon them. These provide that the official agent of every candidate in a federal election shall within two months of a candidate's being declared elected file a statement of his candidate's expenses with his returning officer, that elected candidates shall within 10 weeks after return of the writs file declarations swearing to the truth of these statements of expenses, and that a statement shall be published in a local newspaper by the returning officer. The two Acts of Parliament involved provide that citizens may sue a member who sits or votes without having filed his expenses, and establish fines for the offenses. MR. NIELSON'S CHARGE Erik Nielson (P.C. Yukon) charged in the House this week that Jean Berger (L. Mon-

Our Yesterdays

From The Guardian Files TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (March 1, 1941) Walter Lawlor's Intermediate Aegwiteit hockey team scored a second shut-out over the New Waterford All Stars here when they defeated the Cape Breton team 6-0 in the final game for the Prince Edward Island Cape Breton title. The win gave the Abbies the round 18-0. British planes shot down more than 30 Italian warplanes over the southern Albanian battle front without a single loss to themselves. TEN YEARS AGO (March 1, 1956) In a brief but memorable ceremony carried out in the presence of Premier A.W. Matheson and members of the Legislature at the Provincial Vocational School, Mrs. Lincoln Dewar unveiled a tablet in memory of her father, the late Senator J. Walter Jones, who, when Premier, founded the School.

Of Things Unfinished

Montreal Gazette When Charles Dickens died in 1870 there appeared the famous drawing of "The Empty Chair." It pictures the summer house, or chalet, at Gad's Hill, where Dickens had been writing his novel, "Edwin Drood." The chair is drawn back slightly from the desk, and on the desk itself lies the last manuscript, abruptly unfinished. "Edwin Drood" was a mystery story. In it Dickens had created the greatest suspense of all. But it is a story that will never have an ending. Many an ingenious writer has since tried to provide one. But what ending Dickens had in his own successful mind will never be known. It has become merged in the mysterious unfulfillments of life itself. CAN'T BE DONE The awe in things unfinished lies in the truth that no man can complete what another has left. He may carry out the work, but only in his own way, and it is not the way it would have been. The individuality, the distinctiveness in anyone's life lies just in the fact that he goes and takes his touch and manner with him. When Nathaniel Hawthorne died, leaving his last novel without an ending, Longfellow, as his friend, wrote of the finality of the uncompleted book: "Ah who shall lift that wand of magic power, And the lost clue regain? The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower Unfinished must remain!" There is a strange fascination to all unfinished things. As works of art they almost seem to zap something for not being finished. The promise is never destroyed; the might have been is left to linger for ever. Max Beerbohm suggested that there should be a museum for unfinished works of art. It would not be a mere gathering of scraps and fragments. It would be the dwelling-place of things from which the dream had not been driven. THOSE BLANK SPACES It was not merely by some fault of temperament, he believes, that Michaelangelo left so many great things unfinished. It was, rather, "a certain high cunning." Is it reasonable, he asks, that the world should regret so much those years that Michaelangelo spent in the process of just going to begin Pope Julius' tomb, or the fact that he left so many blank spaces for his pictures and bare pedestals for his statuary in the Baptistery of San Lorenzo? It is the open-endedness of things magnificently unfinished that may best represent the creative talent. It narrows the meaning of any man to say that he had said all he had to say, done all he could ever have done, so that his dying is of no consequence, and might even be a blessing. Anyone is dignified by the chance that he had far more within him all unexpressed—that in his going, he took the secret projects with him, leaving wonder behind.

GRANT A FATHER

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Actor Gary Grant, 62, became a father for the first time Saturday night. His actress wife, formerly Dyan Cannon, 28, gave premature birth to a 4½-pound girl. The Grants were secretly married in July, 1965, in Nevada. The marriage was his fourth.

Palsy Of The Face

By Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen The facial nerves control the muscles of the face including those that close the eye, wrinkle the forehead, open and close the lips, and support the cheeks. Bell's palsy, the most common affliction of the nerve, leads to a condition in which one side of the face sags. Best results are obtained when an all-out effort is made to save the stricken nerve.

The individual may go to bed feeling fine and upon awakening is astonished to find that one side of the face is drooping and motionless. In the typical case the muscles on one-half the face are paralyzed. The victim is unable to wrinkle his forehead, frown, or close the eye on the affected side. When attempting to smile, the corner of the mouth on the good side goes up whereas the other remains down. It is impossible to draw up the muscles of the mouth to whistle, smile, or show the teeth.

The facial nerve originates in the brain and passes through a small opening in the skull to reach the muscles of the face. Something happens to the circulation of the nerve causing the fibers within its tough sheath to swell. Most of the damage occurs where the nerve is constricted as it passes through the nonyielding bony canal. The quicker pressure is relieved the better the outcome.

Best results are obtained with a cortisone-type hormone that reduces inflammation. Intravenous procaine also is useful. Electrical tests can be done to determine the condition of the nerve and the possibility of recovery. Ingenious plastic surgery may help when the victim is left with noticeable sagging of one side of the face.

What is the prognosis for recovery? There is a better than 50-50 chance of spontaneous and satisfactory cure. But the nerve is made up of thousands of fine strands and the chance is slim that all will again function normally. As a result, many are left with telltale residues of the palsy.

FRAZZLED NERVES M. K. writes: I would like to know if anything can be done to stop palpitation of the heart. Would bourbon or brandy help? It is due to nervousness, not heart disease. This diagnosis was made after an electrocardiogram.

REPLY Anything that calms your nerves should help. The list includes sedatives, tranquilizers, psychiatric care, or a little common sense. Alcohol is not advisable, because it may aggravate the palpitation.

DELUDED N. B. writes: At times I suddenly feel as though I were in strange surroundings. Does this sensation call for treatment?

REPLY If this is a hypnagogic state, no treatment is required unless you decide to stay in this strange place and talk with friends you meet there. This sensation is common when falling asleep or coming to.

THIN SKINNED S. C. writes: Could you tell me why some people are affected by unsightly exposed surface capillaries?

REPLY These changes are most likely of hereditary origin involving the texture of the skin. In some instances they are related to circulatory disorders, cirrhosis of the liver, or damage to the skin by ultraviolet or X-ray.

FIBROIDS Mrs. A.M. writes: Do fibroid tumors of the uterus cause sterility?

REPLY These growths may prevent conception. TODAY'S HEALTH HINT—Severe anxiety demands medical attention.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Many an election is won by the side which spends the most campaign money accusing the other side of spending too much campaign money.— Calgary Herald.

Next time, Vancouver should wear a face guard. That way any more slap shots from the National Hockey League won't hurt quite as much and the rest of the country won't be able to see the silly look on Vancouver's face.— Winnipeg Tribune.

Woodland Ballet

Ottawa Journal winter dance. The countryman has seen it once and the memory of the scene has remained. On a moon-bright, starlit night it happens. In a peaceful glade in woodland or tree-studded swamp, the rabbits stage their vivid through the years. Grandfather had described the dance and a lad resolved to see it. It was quiet and still as one watched from the protection of a clump of spruces in the swamp. A big orange-yellow moon sailed among the stars. No sound came through the crisp air except the tolling of the bell from an old church clock. No breeze was stirring. It was a world of winter silence. Suddenly, it happened, a moment before the snow-covered glade was just a small opening deep in the swamp. Then the space was filled with leaping, twisting, jumping bodies. There may have been a dozen or perhaps it was twice that number. One could not tell, so fast moving were the rabbits as they staged their woodland ballet. One listened but could hear no sound. The rabbits dashed from side to side; back and forth they leaped. Sometimes a rabbit leaped high and twisted in midair. They chased each other in circles. The flashing bodies were sometimes bunched and sometimes spaced over the glade. It was a picture of eerie motion in silent gracefulness. As suddenly as the ballet began, the woodland opening was quiet. The big moon sailed serenely on; bright stars twinkled against the blue-black velvet. And the glade was just a white open space—a peaceful spot in a pasture swamp.

One-Upmanship

Christian Science Monitor How much maturer the Russians would have been had they congratulated and not abused the British for scooping them with the pictures of the moon taken by Luna 9! And it should have been easy for them to do. After all, if people here or there insist on seeing getting to the moon as a moon race, Britain simply is a non-starter. The British these days are properly inclined to cut their coats according to their cloth. Consequently, they are willing to leave the race to the Americans and the Russians. Yet there was a touch of the unflappable and unquenchable British finesse (alias one-upmanship) in the way in which Sir Bernard Lovell picked up the beeps and dots and dashes from Luna 9's cameras, fed them through a relatively elementary machine, and thus gave Britain a vicarious first in at least one aspect of securing the most sensational pictures ever taken of the moon. We congratulate Sir Bernard and all those working with him at Jodrell Bank. And we do this now not to lessen the warmth of our earlier congratulations to the Russians but to place on record our recognition that the British have lost none of the inventiveness, intelligence and flair which were always theirs.

Seen A Hagfish?

Montreal Star The differences between sea and land environment are reflected in some very queer-to-us land creatures—things in the set. Few, if any, more so than the hagfish, the subject of a fascinating article in Scientific American for February. Hagfishes live on the muddy—not sandy—ocean bottom, at quite a range of depth, from 60 feet to 1,800, in the case of the one described. They are eel-like in form, being related to the lamprey, and the oceans in temperate regions are full of them. One of their remarkable features is their way of slipping away from captors. When it is bothered, the hagfish exudes a substance from rows of glands along its sides which turns into the world's slipperiest slime. Equally remarkable is its way of stripping itself of the slimy coating later. It ties itself into a knot, a half-hitch, and pulls itself through it. It uses the knot-trick to pull itself out of a clutching hand if the slime alone does not work. It uses it for leverage when it is trying to wrench a mouthful of food off some tough host, possibly still alive. Its teeth are on its tongue. Another oddity is the fact that hagfish have four hearts, a main

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The Poets Corner HAVE HOPE I never knew a night so long That was not broken by a dawn. I never knew a race well run That left no record in the sun. I never knew an open mind That could not good in others find. I never knew a storm whose wrath Did not give way to sunshine's path. As through this world we blindly grope Remember this: Have hope, have hope! —F.H. MacArthur