

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. Editor and Managing Director, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink". CHARLOTTETOWN WEDNESDAY, AUG. 12, 1953

Politics in Britain

On the basis of party prospects, it appears that now is a favorable time for the Conservatives to go to the country in the United Kingdom, not merely to seek a renewal of their tenure of office, but even more importantly to gain a fully adequate working majority, such as their party has not enjoyed since it came into power after the last general election two years ago.

There is also the consideration that Sir Winston Churchill, because of age and health may not much longer be active with them and that the time in which they may enjoy the advantage of his prestige with the voters is limited.

Whenever the time comes for the Prime Minister to ask for dissolution, the determining factor, The Economist says, will doubtless be the advantage of the Conservatives. In that approach, there would be nothing in the least improper as it is inherent in the British system. Particularly, since no party likes to face the charge of flouting the public interest.

But, lest it go by default in these politicians' calculations, The Economist points to another argument that is worth restating. This is the argument that the public interest is not merely something that negatively should not be harmed by a party decision; the public interest positively requires a dissolution, if there is a chance of its producing a firmer basis for decisive government.

The period of near political deadlock in Britain has now lasted for nearly three and one-half years. "There is a real risk," says The Economist, "that the country will get used to it, and that it will become the general assumption that nothing much can ever be accomplished under the British Parliamentary system. But if ever there was a country that needed a government capable of making decisions, it is this crowded island, with its precariously balanced position in the world. Surely the national interest requires that no opportunity of securing an effective, purposeful government should be neglected.

"It is but a simple recognition of obvious fact to say that the only chance of such a government for some years to come is for the Tories to get a working majority. If, in the autumn, the Prime Minister thinks an election would have that result, it will be his duty to advise a dissolution before the unpredictable march of events removes the opportunity."

Troubles in East German

The evident dilemma in which the East German government was placed by the great trek of its subjects to West Berlin for food parcels is yet another example of what Marxists would call the fundamental contradictions of the system, writes W. N. Ewer, of the United Kingdom Information Office. When, on July 10, President Eisenhower offered \$15 million worth of foodstuffs to relieve the shortages (especially of fats and milk) in the Soviet Zone, nobody can have foreseen the results. The East German government and the Soviet government both immediately rejected the offer as unnecessary and even "insulting."

There was no shortage. If there were, the Soviet government would give all the help needed. And, since this would hardly carry conviction to the people of the Zone, promises were made of an immediate increase in the supply of meat, margarine and cooking fat.

That seemed the end of the matter. For, though the U. S. government at once decided that the food should nevertheless be sent to Western Germany and placed at the disposal of the West German government, it could not be sent to the East Germans if the East German authorities would not admit it.

It was the mayor of the West Berlin suburb of Kreuzberg, on the edge of the Soviet Zone, who made the next move. With money raised by private subscription, he opened a market on the border to sell milk and fruit at cheap prices to anybody coming from the East to fetch it. 5,000 came on the first day.

That small beginning started a sort of chain reaction throughout Western Germany. First other districts, then the West Berlin municipality itself went into action. The sequel was startling. East Germans began to arrive not in thousands but in tens of thousands. On some days as many

as 200,000 parcels were distributed. Men and women came, by rail or road, long journeys, more in some cases than 100 miles, to collect a few pounds of foodstuffs. It was dramatic evidence of the harsh reality of their need.

The East German government, taken by surprise, and, not unnaturally alarmed, hesitated between threats and promises. It told its people that the whole thing was a Fascist provocation, and that nobody conniving at it could hope to be regarded as an "honest worker". It announced that 90,000 tons of food were being rushed from the Soviet Union. But neither threats nor promises had any effect.

Then, on August 1st, it took an extraordinary step. It dislocated the passenger traffic of its own railways. Rail travel to Berlin was forbidden, except with special permission or for Berlin residents, from the whole Soviet Zone. Road traffic was placed under control. And people returning from the West were stopped by members of Communist organizations and "induced" to give up their food parcels. But this "blockade" brought new troubles. There were clashes and demonstrations when the parcels were seized. Angry women fought with the Communists in defence of the milk they were taking home to their children. The hunger march had been stopped. But only at the price of still further infuriating the frustrated and near-hungry workers.

Here, then, is the dilemma. The Communist government, and the Soviet authorities, are afraid to allow the hunger march to continue. It is, for one thing, a dismaying revelation to all the outer world of the realities of life for the workers under Communist rule. For another, it would be clearly dangerous if the East Germans were to be allowed to defy government threats and government warnings with complete immunity. Were it not for the Soviet tanks in the background, the Communist regime would founder in twenty-four hours in a wave of popular fury.

Highway Toll

The latest Bureau of Statistics report on motor vehicle accidents presents a grim picture of a rising toll in dead and injured on Canada's highways. In 1952, motor vehicle accidents claimed 1,842 lives excluding the provinces of Quebec and Newfoundland outside of St. John's—an increase of more than 5 per cent over the 1951 figure. The number of persons injured climbed by more than 9 per cent and the number of accidents by 10 per cent.

There were occasional bright spots such as Alberta, where fatalities actually dropped from a total of 182 in 1951 to 139 last year, and the city of St. John's, where the total deaths fell from 11 to 2.

But generally, the statistics were forbidding. They emphasized more than words can tell how vital is the need for drivers to exercise even more care and common sense on today's crowded roadways.

EDITORIAL NOTES

This should be the big day of Old Home Week. Those who have Wednesday afternoon off will be added to the usual throng whose time is more easily made to suit attendance.

An Alberta Government publication devotes nearly two pages to telling how they acquired 35 constables from Northern Ireland last year. It is not mentioned that the men were recruited from the already short-handed force without the police authorities there being even informed of what was proposed.

Now that an Islander, Mr. W. R. Brennan, has been appointed to the committee on engineering and vehicle inspection of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, it may be possible to have a standard elevation for motor vehicle bumpers.

Thomas Bewick, English wood-engraver, was born this date 1753. Showing small aptitude for learning, but a decided talent for art, he was apprenticed to a Newcastle engraver with whom he later went into partnership. He published many woodcuts in his "Select Fables" and "Quadrupeds". His self-taught genius and virile humour, however, are most conspicuous in his "History of British Birds".

The seemingly unnecessary "S" curve on the North River Road just inside the city limits is at last to be straightened out. Three branches of government, the School Board, City Council and Provincial Government have got together on the project. To prevent motorists from taking advantage of the change to speed past the proposed junior high school, however, it might be prudent to have bumps built-in on the new section which would cause the cars of speeders to become air-borne.

Time Out!



Public Forum

WORLD FOOD PRODUCTION

Sir,—I would appreciate the privilege of making the following contribution (a brace of quotes from my recent readings) to what is termed, in your "Science and The Farmer" editorial, one of the major problems of our era: "the fact that world food production has increased only ten per cent since 1937, while industrial production has increased by 75 per cent. An increase in world population of 35 per cent during the same period makes these figures a warning of coming danger." (Guardian of July 25).

(1)—Naum Jessny, Russian authority at Stanford University, estimates Russian grain production has risen 20 per cent since 1928, while the population has increased by 35 per cent. (G.T.A. Digest, St. Paul, Minn.). and: (2)—My farm paper this week includes the following revealing figures estimating the world's total population, also agricultural population, by the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) of the United Nations. Apparently the U.S.S.R. does not supply its data, for the U.S.S.R. figures are excluded in all totals:

Table with 3 columns: Region, Total (1951), Agricultural. Rows include Europe, North America, Central America, South America, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and World (ex. USSR).

The above figures may say different things to different readers. To me, they make crystal clear why the ancient game of "farming the farmer" and ruining his buying-power, is a stupid enterprise for urban workers to indulge in. I am, Sir, etc., X. Y. Z.

The Poet's Corner

TREASURE

Home again as evening chimes Our sunlit expedition climbs And safe upon the bookcase stores Its treasure from the out-of-doors; Driftwood delicate as bone, A snail horn with a tidal tone, Sea plant from gardens of a whale, A wreck-rejected fossil nail, A polished stone which well may be A star-crumb of infinity, And sand as old as earth, and salt, Life's first flavor, without fault, And all the windows of the mind Open with the day's last find: A city room whose space is blent With specimens of the firmament.

—Charles Malam in the New York Times.

The Lazy Bee

(St. Thomas Times-Journal). Man is constantly inventing ways of improving upon nature, and a Michigan man has produced a plastic honeycomb for bees. As nature devised the life of the bee the insect makes its own comb and proceeds to fill it with honey. The inventor's idea is that if ready-made combs are placed in the hives they will save a lot of time, and the time thus saved will be devoted to producing more combs of honey.

While it has a reputation for being busy, we doubt that the bee will care much about this innovation to make it produce more. It is said that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and we do not think that even a young bee could be taught to use the plastic combs. From time immemorial its ancestors have made their own honeycombs, and as instinct developed and continued to custom down through the ages, it is incredible that the bee of today will suddenly hail the plastic comb as a device to save a lot of trouble. If it did, we should have to scrap the old poem written by Isaac Watts, the British hymn writer, who died in 1748:

"How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour, And gather honey all the day From every opening flower."

Besides, the commercial and chemical worlds would lose a valuable constituent known as beeswax which is much used in polishing substances, and it is also the base of certain kinds of ointments.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.) SELKIRK'S GENEROSITY

From a letter signed "O.C.", appearing in the Daily Examiner of July 16, 1979:

"The Earl of Selkirk was a generous and grateful man. A Balfaster who is now no more was offered for carrying his Lordship ashore on his back, 100 acres of land, but his Highland pride revolted against a gratuity; he could pay rent as well as the rest. The warmth of Earl Selkirk's friendship was of the Highland stamp, although he was a Lowlander."

"The father of the present Postmaster, (Hon. A. MacDonald) came to this Island with Selkirk, and was offered by his Lordship ten square miles of land on the Red River, if he would only go to the North-West; he did not accept this offer, however. His Lordship tented that night at Flat River, on the farm of Donald MacKenzie—where Donald MacMillan has his steam saw mill—and the Earl spoke in complimentary terms of the little brook. The tent, which he called a 'whiz wam' was his castle for the night, and the water he saw was good. If the Earl were here today I think he would favour the widening, straightening and macadamizing of the road from Holiday's to the brush wharf to the central highway."

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

Notes By The Way

If there's any immutable law of nature it's the one about things balancing out in the end. One of the coldest and wettest springs in memory ended the day before the Calgary Stampede started, and then the weather was perhaps the sunniest and driest, for Stampede Week, in memory. Weather-wise it was a perfect week, utterly perfect. Calgary has had similar spells of fine weather. In fact they used to be the rule rather than the exception. So it was not the weather that intrigued us so much, but the timing of it. —Calgary Albertan.

Two trends which have come to attention in the New Brunswick agricultural picture help to brighten a season in which erratic weather has discouraged hopes of an all-around bumper harvest. One is the disclosure that New Brunswick of the 1953 Festival in Four Centuries of the Violin, with a pair of that great theme, the celebration of the tercentenary of the birth of Corelli, and of the bicentenary of the birth of Vivaldi, two composers who made notable contributions to the development of violin playing. Therefore the spotlight is likely to fall most brightly upon three violinists whose names are household words among music-lovers the world over—Yehudi Menuhin, Giondona de Vito, and Isaac Stern.—Winnipeg Free Press.

In New York, the department of sanitation has been waging a battle against the "litterbug." This specie, not new, takes in the kind of person who leaves a trail of "litter" wherever he goes. He is the chap who flips the empty cigarette box into the gutter, who spits the wad of gum to the pavement. She is the type who leaves half the garbage hanging out at the edges, who empties the vacuum sweeping to the four winds. In the first three weeks of its campaign, the department issued 6,971 summonses for improper handling of rubbish and garbage.—Regina Leader Post.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sudbury Daily Star.

Ninety-nine years old, he walked up the steps and into a TCA plane at the Port William Airport last week. The gentleman flew to Toronto, to Montreal, and from there across the Atlantic to London, England. The last leg of his journey was from London to Athens. This man has been a resident of Port William some time. But in his 99th year he wanted to be in his native country when he died—Greece. In his pocket he carried a note, addressed "To whom it may concern." Here was the instruction that should he die en route, his body was to be forwarded to Greece for burial.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, "Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" —Fort William Times-Journal.

We notice greeting cards follow a growing practice of glorifying slang for its own sake. That is the only way to put it, because some "slang" certainly the adoption of colorfully descriptive expressions in everyday speech—enriches and enlivens a language. We have all kinds of words in the modern dictionary taken from the other races. Troops come in them in war; new techniques of science foster others. Language would be pale and tired without them. This is not what we mean by slang for the sake of slang. We are speaking of sloppy speech, which is as revealing as sloppiness of dress. Sloppy thinking, which is sloppy language. It is hard to see why we should have to tell some one by way of a card that we hope he is "gonna" get better, or "goin'" to have a happy birthday. There is nothing rich or colorful about it; simply slovenliness. There is no more virtue in dropping a "r" than there is in leaving the hair uncombed or a suit unpressed or shoes unbrushed.—Hamilton Spectator.

An aircraft designed by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, in co-operation with designers from the de Havilland Air-

craft Co., is winning new laurels in many parts of the world. The Beaver was specifically designed as a "work-horse" for the bush pilot, based on experience of forestry pilots in Northern Ontario and its versatility has proved of great value in landings and take-offs on small bodies of water, as well as the carrying of assorted cargoes of freight and equipment. The Ontario-designed plane was sold to the United States Army where it was put to varied uses and its fame gradually spread to other countries. In New Zealand, the Beaver has been extensively used in agricultural operations, not only in spreading fertilizer over wide areas of farm land, but also in the delivering of fence posts and farm equipment to the rural areas. The Ontario Department of Lands and Forests is well entitled to look in the reflected glory of a plane that has become internationally famous. —Sud