

Road Material Wanted

OTTAWA, March 25 — Do you want to make a fortune? Just invest a paving material that will be non-slip in wet weather, will not cause undue tire wear and will not create excessive vibration to the vehicle using it.

That's the tip given by J. D. Millar, Deputy Minister of Highways for Ontario, whose article, "Making Highways Safe", prepared for the Canadian Geographical Society, appears in the current issue of the Society's monthly publication, the Canadian Geographical Journal.

Mr. Millar, who traces the history of highway development in Ontario, deprecates the excessively high rate of road fatalities caused by motor accidents. Judging from the yearly accident toll in North America, he questions whether the benefits gained from cheap and convenient transportation haven't been purchased at too high a price.

"The number of lives sacrificed by carelessness on the highways is a sad commentary on our modern way of life", Mr. Millar states.

The bombs that fell on London, on Berlin, on Hiroshima, left records of dead and injured at which the whole civilized world was aghast. Yet today the continued slaughter of innocent victims is accepted complacently as part of our daily life.

Mr. Millar believes that Highway accidents can be reduced, but this requires whole-hearted public support and drivers must be convinced that they face a grave responsibility to society every moment they are behind the wheels of cars.

Education and the enforcement of traffic laws can reduce the great majority of traffic accidents, he claims. But while praising the work being done by safety organizations, police, service clubs and the press to check the rising death toll, he adds that there still remains a large percentage of accidents caused by deficiencies of machines and roadways. The good work being done by mechanical engineers is a direct challenge to highway engineers.

Mr. Millar says that one solution of the auto-transportation problem is to relieve congestion. This is being accomplished by "controlled access" highways, the installation of clover-leaf interchanges and the creation of bridges and subways. Wide right-of-ways, gentle curves and easy gradients are among the aids that are being incorporated into trunk roads to ensure safe driving. Other improvements are wide shoulders and shallow ditches. In addition, snow-clearing, sanding and the use of ice-dissolvents combine to provide safe surfaces for winter driving in Ontario.

In support of improved construction of the King's Highway and the maintenance of subsidiary roads, Mr. Millar also advocates such aids to greater safety as some markers, symbol signs, guide rails, reflecting paint, traffic lights and control of advertising signs.

Island Odds And Ends

In any community like Charlottetown, with dozens of trout fishermen — amateur and skilled — incidents worth the telling occur, as certainly as spring follows winter. There's no predicting what fishing jaunts will be productive of exciting moments, which a fisherman can tuck away in his memory to digest in the long off-season.

Usually the most cherished recollections have to do with the landing of a large fish or perhaps a large catch. For instance Mr. J. F. Fraser, manager of the Telegraph Office, will hardly forget the night at Black River that he and a friend caught eleven trout all over four pounds. This by the way, was before the present bag limit of 12 pounds became law. Black River was at one time, perhaps the habitat of more big fish than any place, at least in Queen's County. A few years ago the dam went out — and is still unrepaired — and the congregation point for the big fellows was spoiled. The mecca of fishermen who frequent Black River was a spot about one hundred yards downstream from the dam. When the trout came in from the sea there didn't seem to be anything under a pound in the stream. It was night fishing, and they went after a sunken fly.

Another Black River experience that Mr. Fraser recalls, is tangling with a 3 pound 8 ounce trout, which he happened to hook by the black fin. Unable to see the fish, which with its head free, was unusually combative, he thought for some minutes that he had a large salmon in tow.

Another occasion Mr. Fraser looks back to, with pleasure, was his catch one evening of ten two pound trout in the Hillsboro River just this side of Falconwood.

Another telegrapher who has carried home many a well-filled basket, is "Ernie" Anderson. At Morell Bridge, some time back in mid spring, he caught one "for the rubber boot," it was about long enough to fill a wader. Lured by a "gudgeon" the fish weighed 5 pounds 2 ounces. Showing the trout to a friend Ernie remarked "take a good look, you won't see another like it for a long time."

Next day he repeated at Morell Bridge and carried home a 5 pound 12 ounce trout, 10 ounces heavier than the first one.

"Reg" Cox for many years an employee of the Maritime Electric, who passed away recently, liked to even the picnic table and roadside park play their part by giving the motorist rest and relaxation from the strain of driving.

"A relaxed driver", Mr. Millar believes, is a safe driver. A tired and exasperated driver can be a hazard to every one on the road. Remove the cause of fatigue by attractive, tree-bordered, smooth and gently curving roadways and you reduce the possibility of another grim figure being added to the accident statistics.

talk about the big ones at East Lake, where he fished every year from Spring to Autumn. Sitting in his boat a few springs ago ago, he saw a farmer in a nearby boat haul in a trout, which when weighed, scaled over 8 pounds. "You won't get another like that he shouted to the farmer."

"Oh I don't know was the answer, have a look," and the farmer held up the trout he had just caught and another of the same size.

But the daddy of them all so far as size goes, was the 8 3/4 pound sea trout taken at Schooner Pond just before the last war. Mr. Ernest Lord of the Palmer Electric Company, came home with this specimen, and promptly turned him over to Mr. Calder, Charlottetown taxidermist. Mr. Calder was kept so busy showing the trout he hardly had time to mount him.

Tales with a comic twist are as plentiful as the big fish story, they contribute a great deal to make fishing — fishing.

The air was slightly sulphurous one morning at Sturgeon around 8 a. m. after Bruce Wonnacott had carefully played two fish into his basket. Elated with hooking a pair with one cast, he took no chances as he coaxed them into shoal water just below Sturgeon Bridge. But what would any fisherman say if he hooked two nice fish and found net marks all over them. You can't show this kind of fish to wise-cracking friends. Bruce said it.

The same gentleman got a surprise one day at Grand River below Bridgetown. A particularly lively specimen took his fly and was soon on shore. It was a rainbow trout tipping two pounds, which had evidently escaped from the rearing pond at Cardigan and grown to quite a size in salt water.

A very hardy wielder of rod and line, not to speak of guns, is Lloyd Wonnacott brother of Bruce. Lloyd can yarn all day about fishing or shooting, and he specializes in the unusual. Just one sample from his well-stocked unwritten library will indicate his style. Accompanied by "Mack" McCourt the typewriter expert, Lloyd was fishing in the marshy country which covers a large area seawards from Brazil's Bridge, on the South side of the Hillsboro River. It's a tricky place to fish and only those who know it will venture very far out on the marsh, when the tide starts rolling in, which it does at quite a rate in the narrow stream. Patiently whipping the water Lloyd spotted a large trout floating past, apparently dead. With a little manoeuvring he brought the fish ashore and found that it was only stunned, and had quite a kick left in it. Several cranes were doing some fishing on their own, and Lloyd deduced that one of them had struck the trout with his long beak, but found him too big to handle.

Ex-Chief Birtwistle would camp on a trout stream for the summer if he could arrange it, and if there is anything he likes better than landing a trout, it is carrying it home. Allison MacLeod the car dealer, has often joined the ex-chief and his son Ken (now in the Navy) on fishing excursions. They tried their skill on the Morell River near the Indian Bridge one night, and had a nice mess of trout. Ken Birtwistle was top-liner with the biggest sea-trout of the evening. In good spirits they returned to Charlottetown, and stopped at a store to weigh the big one. Then they discovered that the catch had been left behind on the bank by the Morell River. Back they went the whole 27 miles but the fish were gone. A few days later they received a letter explaining that the writer had found the evening's catch and some fishing equipment. He and his family had eaten the fish, but were glad to return the fishing tackle.

Charlie Earle is perhaps better known as a singer, but there are a few places in the Province where he is known as a fishing line. One place he has no faith in at all is Fortune.

One holiday morning during the last war he was eloquently derisive when he heard that many Charlottetown people planned to fish Fortune, when the tide (low) was right in the afternoon. Meeting an acquaintance he held forth this wise "There are more trout off Victoria Park roadway than at Fortune and if the Park was 40 miles from Charlottetown you wouldn't get elbow room there today."

His acquaintance didn't agree with this opinion and Charlie suggested proving it then and there. The two drove to the park and Charlie's friend, all rigged up to head for Fortune, soon had a rod together. The tide was high and on the third cast the skeptical one hooked a pair of trout.

It was the perfect background for the use of the soul-satisfying words "I told you so," Mr. Earle did not miss his cue.

Back in 1943 I was winning races consistently. Gradually the idea took root that I was good enough to produce whenever I wanted to. This attitude alone was enough to take the edge off my will to win and prepare me for a licking.

It happened at the Milrose range. Running the mile, I had led most of the way, was in front on the home stretch, and prepared for that pleasing sensation of finish cord breaking against my chest. Then out of nowhere came a runner to flash by and nip me at the tape.

"An accident, I thought to myself, after recovering from the first shock of surprise and dismay. But in the next race I finished third and was beaten most of the way. This brought me up with a jolt. I took stock of myself. Then I realized that my attitude was much to blame. I had forgotten the Lord and was running for Gil Dodds.

Prayed and Won

Before the next race I trained carefully, with humility, praying that I might run my best. I did and won.

This victory restored my waning confidence, but unfortunately it also restored some of my old arrogance and conceit. It just seemed that my other two defeats were accidents after all. The lesson had not been completely learned — yet. Then came the Nationals and Knights of Columbus' meet, and I lost the mile in both.

These defeats conclusively taught me one of the most important lessons I have ever learned. I can never do my best without a proper mental attitude, and this proper mental attitude depends on humility before God. Two Bible passages describe this perfectly: "Without Me ye can do nothing," and

Lenten Guideposts

Personal Messages of Inspiration and Faith
Edited by Norman Vincent Peale

DOING THE LORD'S WORK — IN TRACK PANTS
By Gil Dodds

Unbeaten on the track since 1948, holder of the world's indoor record for the mile run, Gil Dodds is one of the greatest athletic champions of his age. Gil discloses here his spiritual formula — and that of many other great athletes — which can make the difference between a good performer and a champion.

Many people think that religion is for sissies — and the weak, the sick, the aged, and the desperate. But those who take the trouble to look closely will discover that religion and faith have always produced the greatest examples of courage and heroism.

If these skeptics refuse to be impressed with the courage of our religious forefathers, however, they will be impressed by the actions and the beliefs of present day heroes on the athletic fields of America.

And here is something they should know. Many of the greatest athletes of today, champions in all fields, are deeply religious men — and pray before each contest.

These expressions of faith by athletes do not receive space on the sports pages; hence, their admirers never discover this side of their heroes. Many athletes will not express their religious beliefs openly for fear they will seem like hypocrites. Thus, many people form the mistaken idea that all sports figures are hard-playing, hard-living men, with no interest in religion.

Prays For All

Gunder Hagg, one of the greatest runners in the history of the track, and against whom I had the fortune to compete some years ago, always prayed before each race. During one meet in which Hagg, Bill Hulse, and myself were to run the mile, I asked Gunder with friendly interest what he prayed for.

"Gil," he said, "I was praying for all of us — you, Hulse, and myself." "Didn't you pray that you'd win?" I asked quizzically.

He shook his head, "I just prayed that each one of us would do his best," he replied simply. The perfect answer from a great champion. Hagg then went on to win the race too.

This is only one case, but I know of many other athletes in track alone who prayed regularly before a race. Many were champions in their field, who looked to God to give them strength and that "something extra" which most champions have.

Lessons in Sports

The same idea holds true with religion. Christians are judged according to their effort and the good they can accomplish. Becoming a good Christian takes the same hard work that goes into training for running a race.

Sports can teach great Christian lessons. Defeat, for example, taught me the lesson that I must learn how to examine myself, find the reasons for defeat and overcome them.

Back in 1943 I was winning races consistently. Gradually the idea took root that I was good enough to produce whenever I wanted to. This attitude alone was enough to take the edge off my will to win and prepare me for a licking.

Charged with Forgery

TRURO, N. S., March 27 — (GP)—Fred W. Lawson of Moncton, N. B., and Milford, N. S., today was committed to stand trial in Supreme Court on a charge of forging a bank note.

The note was for \$1,500. George Irving, who said he had signed a blank note given him by Lawson, testified that Lawson had told him he wanted \$75.

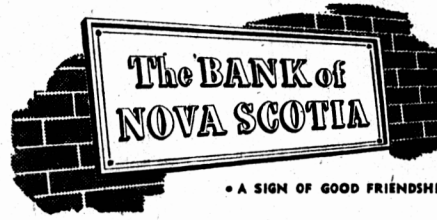
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"Save!
I can't save a nickel
these days!"

Maybe you can't save. You get a few dollars in the old bank account, and... whoosh! It's gone! So give this formula a try. It works for some people... it can work for you.

Whether or not you have a chequing account, open a Savings Account that will mean exactly what its name implies. Make it an account that will be used to save the money you want, to buy the things you want, when you want them... and deposit a small amount regularly. You'll find you won't dip into it so easily if it's solely for savings.

Open that special savings account where the sign of good friendship hangs, at The Bank of Nova Scotia. There's a branch near you, and you'll like the personal service accorded every customer.



E. M. Robinson, Manager, Charlottetown, P.E.I.



Britain Tries Out New Weapons Against Subs

Kensington Hockey

Led by speedy Joe MacKinnon, who performed the hat trick, the Graham's Road Monarchs sent the French River Hawks down to a 5-2 defeat on the night of March 22. This game tied the series at two games for each team. The game was played before a capacity crowd. The ice was fast and the game was cleanly played, not a penalty throughout.

For the winners MacKinnon, R. Wigmore and E. Cole were the pick, while for the losers H. MacKay and W. Duggan turned in smart performances.

The Freetown Royals took a stranglehold on the North Shore Trophy when they sent the Kelvin Monarchs down to a 9-1 defeat on the night of March 23. Freetown needs but one more win to win trophy.

The game was a crowd pleaser throughout with plenty of bodily contact and spills. Both teams were weakened at times by penalties, each side at one time playing three to a side on the forward and defence lines.

It was a wide-open encounter and both goalies were called upon to make some sparkling saves.

For the winners W. Simmons led the parade with three goals followed by Campbell, MacMurdo and Mill with a "brace" each. For the losers G. Woodside, the hard-working defenceman for Kelvin, shot their lone marker.

WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

The Canadian Red Cross is one of 68 similar societies throughout the world.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

Good Body, Good Mind

All athletes have their own formulas for preparing themselves mentally for a contest. Mine is quite simple. Since the majority of track meets are in New York, I have discovered a church that holds a service each Saturday evening at six-thirty. After attending this service, I return to my room and read the Bible or simply rest and think about God. Soon I am completely filled with the quiet peace and assurance. I then see the race in its proper perspective and relative importance.

The rules to be followed for becoming a top athlete can be narrowed down to an essential two: First, one must develop the body. This means clean living, regular sleep, regular meals, and plenty of exercise. Smoking and drinking hurt body efficiency.

A strong body alone is not enough to make a champion. A good mind is also essential. For an athlete must be able to absorb knowledge and coaching and above all to understand the basic principles of sportsmanship. The proper mental attitude is to aim for the top, to concede victory to no one, to be equally a good winner and a good loser, and to look to God for strength and courage.

TOMORROW — Harry Heckmann's manufacturing business failed in 1931, yet today he is prosperous, happy, free from debt, free from worry. In his story he tells how it happened when he "let God take over."

(From the magazine "Guideposts" and the book "The same name" Copyright 1950 by Guideposts Associates Inc., Pawling, New York.)

REMEMBER WHEN

Caughoo, an eight-year-old brown gelding and a 100-10-one long shot, romped home a 20-lengths winner in the 104th running of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England, three years ago today. Caughoo, almost ignored by the bettors, ended the race under jockey Eddie Dempsey in almost a dead silence. The favorites were left behind in heavy mud.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Major Hoople

HOW'S ABOUT ME WEARIN' THIS MANGY OLD MOOSE SKIN WHEN I ESCORT MY ESKIMO RASSLER IN THE RING? IT'LL LOOK LIKE I DISCOVERED HIM WHILST HUNTING FER THE NORTH POLE!



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The Canadian Services Colleges offer young Canadians a 4-year course in Arts and Engineering of recognized university standard. Graduates are commissioned in either the Active or Reserve Force of the Navy, Army or Air Force.

Entrance requirements: Candidates must be over 16 and under 20 years of age as of Jan. 1st, 1950. Candidates must have Senior Matriculation or equivalent.

Fees: Fees are moderate. Board and residence are provided. Earnings from summer training courses are sufficient to defray costs of the first year.

* Naval applicants must be less than 19 years of age on 1st January, 1950 except applicants from French language classical colleges for whom the age limit is 25.

A number of scholarships and bursaries are available in all three services.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY IMMEDIATELY TO: The Registrar, Canadian Services College, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C. The Registrar, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario.

applications must be in by April 30, 1950

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