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been used increasingly for well over a year, with an apparent gain in accuracy, gives credence to recent statements of Defense Secretary McElroy.

The fact that Project Tepee might give America an extra 15 minutes' warning of a missile assault is reassuring, if only to a degree.

The development of Tepee is clearly an outstanding scientific achievement. Ordinary radar is limited, for the most part, to "seeing" in a straight line.

Average Americans will unquestionably agree with the scientist who says it is surprising "that Tepee works at all."

As Others See Us The Monetary Times has devoted its August issue to a special report on the Atlantic Provinces.

Senator Elsie Inman's theory that Prince Edward Island waters possess special curative qualities for quahaugs, lobsters and oysters is mentioned with only an approving note on the extremely edible sea food of this part of the world.

Premier Alex Matheson is given a page of the Monetary Times in which he highlights the way in which fishing and farming have changed in recent years.

Douglas G. Dainton, the publication's business and industry editor, makes a comprehensive survey of Prince Edward Island's finances and prospect, concluding that 1959 holds great promise for this Province.

The great progress being made in developing the tourist industry comes for considerable attention in the report and Cyrus S. Eaton is given as an authority for the possibility of Prince Edward Island becoming one of North America's chief summer playgrounds.

All in all the Monetary Times seems to like what it sees of the Garden of the Gulf.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Although Mr. Eamonn De Valera was re-elected President of Ireland recently, the famous leader failed to get popular acceptance at the same time for a change in the electoral laws.

A recent study by Professor Chauncey D. Harris of the University of Chicago, discloses that the University of Moscow alone has a faculty of 482 geographers.



ME AND MY SHADOW

PUBLIC FORUM

ROME THOUGHTS Sir.—For many months, I have been contemplating writing your Forum, and saying Hello to my native Province.

That is one reason—a among many many others, I so appreciate and enjoy Ellen's Diary as it keeps me in touch with rural life—the seaside and harvest.

I greatly liked Mrs. Dixon's recent column on old houses and her interest in and appreciation of same. I, too, love old houses because I feel they have a charm.

Two examples of that come to mind so clearly today. One was the home in Northbrae—Berkeley—of a cousin (late) of my father's who left the Island I assume even before I was born.

The other home to which I referred was the residence of my oldest and best Oakland friends—the father and mother now passed on—now occupied and beautifully cared for by two daughters.

It was so wonderful for the youth of P.E. Island—especially the little children—to see their Queen in person. Especially so, if it were to young Ernest Prowse being privileged not only to meet the Royal Pair, but to share his coin collection, and his five-gun selection which caught the fancy of the Prince—with the Queen's Consort.

A nice old whom I owe this year's subscription to your paper, hoped to reach her native P.E. Island for another of her quite frequent visits (from Edmonton) in time to take her eldest nephews to see the Queen on the 30th.

contacting—via letter—a relative far from her aid name, yet not weary often, while, as the quotation goes.

I heard a fine sermon this A. M. on the unusual theme, "A Time To Die" but it was a timely topic, at least for me as I needed a bit of jerking up to go about putting my house in order—not literally—to make it a bit easier for those left behind when my clock of life runs out.

Princess Edward Island will be at the height of its beauty at this season—gardens at their best, and still much greenness on account of a wet June. I still see in my mind's eye my sister's Charlottetown lovely, lovely garden with its blaze of color on my visit before leaving my native soil in 1946

By night our colonnades come down. O love, upholding day, for time is deep and shapeless grown: no stanchion anywhere, no stay.

High verticals are sunken prone. Heaven leans upon no thing below. Give over, love. The brightest stone yields up in dark its temporal show.

And rest, Ambitious light has gone. O love, let altitudes repair, till perturbation of the dawn put back our columns onto air.

Norma Farber, in the Christian Science Monitor

lawn, and flowers back a and front that it is a delight to see. A sister when visiting us many years ago from Charlottetown was entertained at afternoon tea in their lovely back garden.

Much as I enjoy the little tikes in moderation, it is not conducive to getting things done. The accumulation of many years' saving of clippings, etc., can become a real problem.

The Poet's Corner

DARK SONG

By night our colonnades come down. O love, upholding day, for time is deep and shapeless grown: no stanchion anywhere, no stay.

High verticals are sunken prone. Heaven leans upon no thing below. Give over, love. The brightest stone yields up in dark its temporal show.

And rest, Ambitious light has gone. O love, let altitudes repair, till perturbation of the dawn put back our columns onto air.

May Occasion Sudden Death

By Herman N. Sundeen, M. D. SOONER or later, just about everyone becomes at least a little concerned about constipation.

Excessive bathroom straining can result in vascular thrombosis which may lead to sudden death.

Now this happens only rarely, but potentially the danger is much greater. As a matter of fact, scientific presentation on the matter was made recently at the annual meeting of the Illinois State Medical Society in Chicago.

This Valsalva is a phenomenon which occurs during straining when the pressure in the chest cavity is forcibly raised to or above a specific degree (at least 40 mm. of mercury) and sustained for eight to ten seconds.

REFLEX CHANGES This results in a series of reflex changes in the circulatory system, including sharp rising and falling of venous and arterial blood pressures.

A team of New York researchers who conducted several tests on the problem report that the venous pressure increased dramatically during the period of strain—as high as 40 to 50 millimeters over the resting period—and then dropped abruptly to the base level with the sudden release of the strain.

This tremendous climb in blood pressure and the sudden drop, the researchers report, can cause a suction action which is capable of detaching a bland thrombus, or coagulation of blood vessels.

The potential danger from such an occurrence is emphasized by the researchers' report that from 50 to 60 per cent of all normal adults of middle age or over have detachable clots, which produce no symptoms, in the veins of the feet or calves.

The warning, therefore, is obvious: whether you are constipated or not, don't strain.

It was very nice when I arrived in late June but a glory to behold later in the summer. A recent letter from a niece just returned to Edmonton after honeymooning in the Garden Of The Gulf said her husband—native of Germany—was so impressed with the fair Isle that he was considering making it his place of residence sometime—what more could be said than that?

While speaking of relatives, it was nice seeing my nephew's picture—James Tail—in your paper. My only gripe it did not do him justice. He is a very handsome young man, and was a quite handsome lad in his mid-twenties when I knew him thirteen years ago this summer. We had lots of fun as he had a keen sense of humor. Ere this reaches its destination, Jim, and his lovely bride will be spending their vacation on the Isle, also his sister Mary Tail, now Mrs. Johnston of British Columbia. I'll be looking forward to wonderful letters upon their return to their homes—such first hand news is always good to one who although away for years and years—still loves her native land.

As Mr. W.M. Whitlaw (Guardian) said in speaking to the Rotary Club said: "The nice thing about Islanders is they are so sure as to where they belong." I could add in their love and loyalty they never forget where they "came from," no matter how long nor how far they may wander from their native homeland. I doubt if folk anywhere are more clanish than Islanders, unless it is in Scotland. I know my family are often amused at my clanishness, of course in a nice way. I think they really are rather glad their parents were British born—Ireland and the Isle, despite them selves, being wholly American in thought and feeling.

We have been having my kind of weather here lately—foggy mornings and lovely sunshine later in the day. Unlike the intense heat of early summer when I know I for one, longed for a good old P.E.I. summer rain storm, at least a few showers to cool the air and save so much watering of garden flowers. And speaking of flowers, my petunias in flower boxes on the back porch in full view as I write never were more gorgeous. All in all, my little garden has been a joy to me this year especially so as I did most of it myself after the initial planting of annuals which I cannot do and my thoughtful daughters take care of. My new neighbors on the canyon—former side are greenhumpers and I get a great pleasure out of their lovely flowers, so much so, but I do not envy them having my old patio and fireplace which they just use for burning as they have a portable barbecue outfit as so many seem to like today.

High time to conclude—long since even I heard someone tell recently this little item which I think might well apply to my writing, i.e., "please excuse my long letter, I didn't have time to write a short one!" It is not lack of time that makes me so voluble, but perhaps lack of formal training. If I ever envied anyone, it would be those who can express themselves clearly and concisely—those who can say more in a single paragraph than I can in a whole page. Au revoir! I'll come again, if I may ere long?

I am, Sir, etc. G.S. GORDON, (MR8, D.J.) Oakland, California

NOTES BY THE WAY

For several months a "policeman" named Emilio Pasetti collected fines from couples he found hugging and kissing in public in Milan. It has now been discovered that Pasetti is not a policeman. He merely put on a false uniform each evening and kept the money he collected.

The problems created by a shortage of qualified teachers are evidently not confined to Britain, for the Athens News reports recently that a nomarch (prefect) in the north of Greece had sent a circular to women teachers in the area asking them "to arrange their pregnancies so that they gave birth during school holidays...to obviate the need for relief teachers."

In La Ronge, Saskatchewan, 140 miles north of Prince Albert, American sport fishermen from the Midwest after lake trout—king size—come by private airplane. Last year more than 600 planes from the United States came to La Ronge. Some anglers go farther afield. The same thing is happening in James Bay, in Northern British Columbia and in remote parts of Quebec. Price is no barrier for the opulent American angler. — London Free Press.

MAXIMS I am a great believer in luck, and I find the harder I work the more I have of it.

OUR YESTERDAYS (From the Guardian Files) TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO (August 19, 1934)

Citizens of Borden were alarmed on Sunday afternoon when fire broke out in the stables at the end of the Abegweit Hotel buildings which are about 100 feet long and include the power house, five garages and stables. The Summerside Fire Department was called and assisted in keeping the fire under control so that the main buildings were saved although badly gutted.

The annual memorial service at the Cornwall Great War Monument held yesterday afternoon, was largely attended. Norman MacFadyen, West River, acted as chairman. Addresses were given by W.S. Hughes, provincial president of the Canadian Legion and Major T.E. MacNutt.

TEN YEARS AGO (August 19, 1949) Dr. W.J. Huls of Davenport, Iowa, who established the foundation herd of Yorkshire swine in the United States with the first carload shipped last September, is at present in the province for another carload. The entire carload will be the choice of Mr. Harold Clay, senior livestock fieldman with the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

Mrs. Mel Upton, Montague, was honored on Friday evening when twenty-seven friends met at the home of Mrs. H.L. MacGregor and tendered her a farewell party. Mr. and Mrs. Upton and their daughter are leaving for Kentville, N.S. where Mr. Upton has been transferred as representative of International Harvester Company.

Whoever wrote the song "Pink Elephants" or said that a few drinks will enable a man to view the world through rose-tinted glasses was not very scientific—gray would have been more like it. Dr. Rollo N. Harger, professor in biochemistry and toxicology at Indiana University, said that the effect of alcohol on vision and hearing is similar to driving with sunglasses in twilight or darkness. His studies also showed that the depressant effect of alcohol on the central nervous system tends to cloud the ability to differentiate between tones.—The New Physician

The Age Old Story Whosoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the same of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.

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